

THE WESTERN HOME MONTHLY

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CHRISTMAS TIME.

'Tis Christmas time, and all around
The family hearth to-night,
The faces wreathed in happy smiles
Are beaming with delight.
The stockings by the chimney hung,
Await the morning's joy.
We count them and they represent
Each little girl and boy.

With what delight they will unload
Their stockings in the morn;
And sometimes, just to play a trick,
Is found an ear of corn.
What merry laughter fills the air
Whenever this is found,
While they, to let all see the joke,
Will gaily pass it round.

The parents and grandparents, too,
In it find much delight;
It makes them happy, just to see
The little faces bright.
How much would their fond hearts not
do
To make the children glad,
And put away all thoughts of care
That ever made them sad.

E'en though perchance a silent tear
Creeps from the mother's eye,
As she looks back to other years,
And heaves a little sigh
For one that's passed beyond the gate
And with them is no more;
She cannot help but thinking now
Of little Eleanor.

And wishing that she too could be
With them this happy night,
As when her little prattle sweet
Would heighten their delight.
They cannot help but miss her face,
As children gather round,
E'en though they know, in God's blest
home,
Their angel may be found.

The cousins, aunts and uncles, too,
Come on the Christmas day,
And bring their presents and good cheer
To make a merry day;
And how the children romp around,
So merry with delight,
Till little ones are all tired out,
And glad to say good-night.

But still the happy little smiles
Play round their lips in dreams,
And though the day has really gone,
E'en still with them it seems.
New dolls and toys and candy too
They will not soon forget,
And the remembrance of the day
Will linger with them yet.

And we whose childhood days have
flown
Look back with tender thought
To days when we, in childhood bright,
The Christmas blessings caught:
When hearts were free from toil and
care,
And merry all the day
Ere we had found that all this life
Was not a joyous play.



From the original painting in the Cathedral at Seville.

MADONNA AND CHILD. By ALONZO CANO.

THE CORONATION

By Elizabeth W. Mainwaring.

"ON Earth be peace, be peace," the angels sang.
"To men goodwill," the last notes earthward rang.
Long stood the shepherds lost in deep amaze,
Fixing upon the Star their awe-struck gaze.
Then one said "Let us find Him: it were meet
We lay our homage at this Saviour's feet."
And each one ran in eager haste to bring
His humble gift unto the new-born King.
But one there was who went with footsteps slow—
He had no gift, no offering to bestow.

Though sore his longing, for too poor was he.
But lo! with eyes downcast, he chanced to see
A little tree which stood hard by the road,
Near to the place o'er which the strange Star glowed.
With sudden inspiration he bent down,
Plucked its few leaves and fashioned a rude crown.
So, joyful, entered at the lowly door,
And to the new-born King his tribute bore.
From their rich store the Wise Men did unfold
Their royal gifts of frankincense and gold;

And what their scanty store could best afford
The reverent shepherds laid before their Lord.
But out of all the offerings which were
So heaped before him—frankincense and myrrh,
Trinkets, and ointments, and the yellow gold—
The Child's hands chose that clumsy wreath to hold.
The Mother laid it gently on His brow:
"The Kings wear crowns," she whispered, "so must thou."
Again they crowned Him for the world to see—
His second crowning was on Calvary.

THE CHRISTMAS STAR.

A LITTLE Star all undismayed
Stepped down the dusky ways of night;
White-footed, smiling, unafraid,
It passed the orbs of greater light.
It held its slender taper high,
The tiny splendors piercing far;
It knew its time to shine was nigh:
For lo! it was the Christmas Star.

A little child knelt in the dark,
With clear eyes raised and lifted face,
She saw the tiny travelling spark
Move on from its appointed place.
The tears welled so she scarce could see,
Its orb of brightness grew a bar.
"Mother," she cried, "it comes to me,
It kissed my eyes—the Christmas Star!"

God knows that both these things are one—
The star that shines, the eye that sees.
The answer to the prayer is shown
Unto the sinner on his knees.
On the long lanes of splintered light
Descends the shining avатар;
But only tears of pure delight
Could bring the holy Christmas Star.

UNFORGOTTEN.

By Elizabeth Stuart Phelps Ward

Star-bright, star-glad, the little eyes
That blaze for me,—my Pleiades.
(Star-cold, star-dim, the crystals hung
Upon the willow, freeze.)

Ring out, sing out, my little throats
That bubble, babble all the day!
(Its tune unfinished, sweet and fine,
—We laid a voice away.)

Clasp close, cling fast, my little arms!
Make of my heart your love-lined nest.
(Oh, folded are the quiet hands
Upon a breathless breast!)

Blessed, I cherish swift and still,
—The laughing quick, the happy dead,
(For precious is the love of love
Grief has inherited.)

And fairest is the shining smile
Whose valor dries the unseen tear.
(To every Christmas festival
I call you, lost and dear!)

Who loveth bravest, loveth best,
Rejoicing as the joyous do,
But Oh! my forgotten! Let
Me come to-night to you!

AN OLD-TIME CHRISTMAS.

CHRISTMAS white with the driven snow,
While the sun shone bright in a wintry glow—
That's the day I used to know
Back in my happy boyhood.

Greetings glad at the dawn of day,
Santy's gifts and a romp at play—
Oh, the Christmas-tide was ever gay
Back in my happy boyhood.

Mother's face with its loving smile,
Bounteous cheer in the good old style—
'Twas a merry Christmas all the while
Back in my happy boyhood.

And now, when my hair is thin and gray,
Comes the bright white snow on a Christmas day
And takes me back long years, away
To the time of my happy boyhood.

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Christmas in Many Countries.

Origin of the Day, Etc.

Strange indeed does it seem that Christmas, one of the most prominent festivals of the Christian year, should have its origin in pagan festivities. "Strange," we say, and yet upon second thought, we find that other festivals of the Christian year may be traced to the same source. Easter, the sacred festival that commemorates the resurrection of the Christ, is an outgrowth of an old pagan festival held in the month of April in honor of the Goddess of Spring. Other Christian festivals have had their birth in Hebrew or pagan rites, and so we find our Christmas celebrations to be far older than Christianity itself.

The barbarous Teutons the Ancient Egyptians, the early Greeks and Romans, centuries before the birth of Christ, held high festival on the twenty-first of December, the date of the winter solstice. The twenty-fifth of December was regarded by the early Church as the day of Christ's birth and its anniversary kept with sacred rites. As Christianity spread, we find that the great days of pagan worship were merged into those of the Christian religion that happened to occur about the same day of the month. Many of the pagan rites and observances were retained, but with a higher and deeper significance.

The joyousness of the Heathen solstice festival remained a part of the Christian festival, but in place of being a mere making upon the occasion of the turning of the sun, the good cheer took on a spiritual meaning of ethical and religious import. "Glory to God in the Highest and on earth peace, good will toward men," became the sentiment that formed a sweet, grave background for all the jollity and quips and cranks that had formerly belonged to the purely pagan festival.

Our Christian carols are an outgrowth of the wild hymns sung by the ancient Romans at the Saturnalia, a feast held on the seventeenth of December in honor of the God Saturn. This ancient feast was kept with the wildest of merriment as a celebration of the end of the toil of the year, when the harvests had been gathered in.

The holly and mistletoe were used as emblems by the "druids of old" in their mystic and savage rites. The mistletoe especially is a horsey emblem, connected for ages with December feasts. In the feast of the Saturnalia it figured even to a greater extent than that at our Christmas banquets. The Scandinavians revered it as being the material from which the arrow was made with which their sun-god, Balder, was slain. The druids regarded it as sacred because it grew upon the holy oak, and at the time of the winter solstice, in ceremonious processions they proceeded to the wood where the mistletoe grew. It was gathered by the priests in greatest reverence, and afterwards distributed to the people in small bits. These little sprays of mistletoe were hung over the house entrance as an offering to the deities of the woods. The modern significance of the mistletoe is a survival of the customs of the ancient Saturnalia.

Even in the words associated with the celebration of our Christmas feast we can find a survival of the past. For instance, in the words yuletide and yule-log we have the ancient Gothic and Saxon word "yule," meaning the festival of the winter solstice.

The custom of burning the yule-log came originally from the Scandinavians, who at the feast of the winter solstice kindled great fires in honor of Thor. The yule-log still has its part in Christmas ceremonies in some districts of England. With shouting and song, the huge log is dragged into the festive hall. Soon its bright flames and merry crackling add to the joyousness of the occasion.

A favorite old yule-tide song runs as follows:—

Welcome be thou, heavenly king,
Welcome born on this morning,
Welcome for whom we shall sing
Welcome Yule.

We might, had we time, tell of numerous other Christmas customs that have their roots in heathenism; but we have before us instances enough to show us how vitally our lives are linked with the far away past, how akin all nations are over the face of the old earth.

Our times are but the outgrowth of the times of old. Yet, let us not blame the times of old for our defects. Let us rather bless them for the richness of our inheritance.

Christmas in Old England.

Far back in the dim vista of the past we see visions of the Christmas days when the world was young. Just as children make the bright and happy joyousness of our Christmas season, so the simple child-like nature of the ancient Briton, Saxon, Norman, is the source from which all the merrymaking of the world's Christmas celebrations has come. We of to-day are of a somewhat graver type of character, sensing the sweet seriousness of the laying of more stress upon its deeper significance.

It is not that our far away ancestors did not recognize the deep truth that the Christmas feast stands for, but the good cheer of the season appealed more

The spirit of the Roundhead made itself felt even across the waters in America, for we find the Court of Massachusetts in 1659 decreeing that "anybody who is found observing abstinence from labor, feasting or in any other way any such day as Christmas Day shall pay for every such offense five shillings."

The English Parliament passed an ordinance in 1652 for Christmas Day of that year not to be kept. It had decreed that holly and ivy were "seditious badges." The Parliament upon this occasion resolved to sit on Christmas Day. A commentator upon this fact remarks with truth that they doubtless had the surely satisfactory time that gloomy religionists of any time or clime enjoy.

Christmas in Germany.

Christmas is heralded in Germany by greens hung from every window and door and garlands spread upon the walks. The Christmas tree which forms so important a part of the German Christmas is kept behind closed doors during its decoration, and the mysteries which "die Mutter" has been preparing are not revealed until the appointed time. At six o'clock on Christmas Eve, the time of suspense is over. The children dance wildly round the lighted trees, and all the warmth of the German family life is at its highest. Christmas Day itself is spent in friendly visits, ending in the evening with music and dancing.

In Germany at some important remote date the first Christmas tree fig-

of peace will be restored by the time another Christmas dawns and that these simple-hearted people may enjoy in their own way the rights that God has given.

Bits of Christmas History.

Christmas of 1525 was known in England as "still Christmas." At this time King Henry VIII. happened to be ill and the usual Christmas rejoicing and singing of carols was forbidden. When we recall the times of terror during the reign of the House of Tudor, we can hardly conceive of any real rejoicing, even at the happy Christmas-time. Every Christmas of this period in England's history might well have been a "still Christmas," so far as any real Christmas spirit was concerned. The songs of any period of a country's history reflect the spirit of the times, and we may catch this reflection from the following bit of a carol written during the Tudor reign:

My sweet little baby, what mean'st thou to cry?
Be still, my blessed babe, though cause thou hast to mourn,
Whose blood most innocent the cruel king hath sworn.
And lo! alas! behold! What slaughter he doth make,
Shedding the blood of infants all, sweet Savior, for Thy sake.
A king is born, they say, which King this king would kill:
Oh! woe, and woful heavy, when wretches have their will.

The custom of singing carols while going from house to house on Christmas Eve and begging Christmas boxes is centuries old. This begging became so troublesome that it was prohibited by law in London.

About the year 1562 the carol changed from a song of revelry and hilarity to one of rather solemn tone. Later, psalms were arranged to be sung as carols. Here are some verses of a carol that voice the spirit of cheer and hospitality:

Lo, now is come our joyful'st feast!
Let every man be jolly;
Each room with ivy leaves is drest,
And every post with holly.
Without the door let sorrow lie,
And if for cold it hap to die,
We'll bury it in a Christmas pye,
And evermore be merry.

The refrain of another carol is:

At Christmas be merry and thankful
withal,
And feast thy poor neighbors, the great
with the small.

There is no certain trace of the celebration of the Nativity until nearly two hundred years after the death of Christ. The singing of sacred music began with the earliest celebrations. The earlier carols were called "manger songs."

Christmas in Canada.

We must not close without a word or two regarding our own Canadian Christmas. It has sometimes been said that a spirit of commercialism pervades our holiday season to such an extent that there is no room in heart or head for thought of the significance of the season. But is not that the spirit that dominates largely in all countries? The gay shops at this season in Paris, Berlin, London and New York testify to this fact. This very stir in the business life of every little village and town in all trade centres of large cities has grown to be a part of the Christmas celebration. We may say in regard to this that commercialism in itself can cause no harm. Let the heart of the buyer and seller be right and all transactions may be a tendency with us to overstep the line in favor of commercialism; but our crowded churches on Christmas day bear testimony to the fact that we have not altogether forgotten the truth for which Christmas stands. How can Christmas in cosmopolitan Canada be described?

The English, Scotch or Irish Canadians tend to keep the festival as did their ancestors. The German Canadians keep it in accord with their native customs, and so we might continue to state in reference to Canadians sprung from other nationalities.

Here in Western Canada where people of all nationalities have gathered together to form a part of a great country, we possess the heritage of all that is best of the world's growth; so in keeping Christmas, whatever the nationality of our forefathers, may we remember the richness of our common inheritance, and in the midst of our Christmas joys forget not why we are joyful.



On Santa Claus's picket-line.

to the state of mental and spiritual development. They were the children of the race, we are the youth. As the youth does not lose all the love for the things of childhood, so we have not lost our love for the simple joys of Christmas time, but consciously or unconsciously we are more absorbed with the divine significance of the truth of the incarnation of God into us and within us.

So much to account for the wild hilarity with which Christmas was celebrated by old England in centuries past. The festivities began on the sixteenth of December and lasted till January sixth, the date of the historic Twelfth-Night. The revelries at court were splendid as well as gay. Open house was kept throughout the realm. Banquets, carnivals and general carousing were the order of the day. The office of the Lord of Mis-Rule brought about much of the license of the old Roman Saturnalia.

Of the simpler joys of these old mention—the wreaths of holly and of mistletoe, the great yule-log and the family feasts.

At the time of the ascendancy of Puritanism much of the free wild spirit of the English Christmas was crushed, and it seems to have never fully revived. In 1643 the Roundhead Parliament abolished the observance of Christmas, and for twelve years Christmas as a general holiday was not kept.

ured as part of the Christmas celebration.

In Paris.

Here we find the same general rejoicing and family gatherings, but a distinctive feature of the French Christmas is the gaiety of the Grand Boulevard.

The Cafes are resplendent in their preparation for the Christmas Eve supper, a much more important affair in the eyes of Paris than is the Christmas dinner.

In Russia.

In face of the terrible scenes of riot and bloodshed that are daily occurring in the heart of Russia as the Christmas-tide draws near, one almost refrains from referring to the happy peace and quiet of a Russian village Christmas; but the following very pretty customs in the rural districts of Russia must not be passed by without notice.

The village folk assemble in the main street of the village, form in decorous procession, and proceed to the stately houses of the village, singing their Christmas carols. At sunset a table is spread. Simple cakes and fish and the ever-present samovar are the features of the feast. A blessed wafer is divided among the people. Later in the evening simple gifts are distributed.

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"About six years ago my stomach seemed to fail me, so much so that everything I ate soured, causing fermentation and chronic indigestion. I was forced to wash out my stomach frequently as nothing seemed to agree with me. I spent hundreds of dollars in search of a remedy. I went to Kellogg's Sanatorium, Battle Creek, Mich. There were 800 patients in attendance there, but the doctors seemed unable to solve my case, and after leaving the sanatorium, a friend advised me to try Kola, Celery and Pepsin Tonic Wine, which I did and made a complete cure. After using it I gained in

weight 42 pounds. I most heartily recommend Kola, Celery and Pepsin Tonic Wine to any person who, like myself, has been thus afflicted and who is spending money in vain search of a cure. It is without doubt a positive cure for sour stomach, fermentation and aggravated cases of indigestion, and a great appetite restorer."—J. C. Cameron, Medicine Hat.

This is but one of the hundreds of testimonials and recommendations in our possession. If you would like to know more about what Kola Tonic Wine has done for others, write for our booklet "Proofs that Prove," and other facts about the Kola Nut from that genius South African Kola tree. This literature is none the less interesting for being free. Write now, mentioning this paper, to the Hygiene Kola Co.; 326 Smith Street, Winnipeg. Manufacturers of Kola Tonic Wine.



The Genuine is Labelled thus.

Kola Wine the beverage is for Sale everywhere over Hotel and Refreshment Counters.

A Mad Christmas.

By F. PHILLIPS OPPENHEIM.



CERTAINLY if there is one time more than another when a bachelor commences to doubt whether his state

of single blessedness is the most desirable form of existence, it is at Christmas-time. The joys of the season are essentially domestic joys; and everyone is either looking forward to convivial meetings with a circle of relations

and friends, or a happy reunion within his own family. At such a time a middle-aged bachelor with no relations feels rather out of it.

Now, although I must plead guilty to many years of bachelorhood, I never was one of the misanthropical type. I was single (observe the past tense) not from principle, but merely from force of circumstances; and I was never addicted to shutting myself up with my books and a cat and growling cynical remarks at the pleasure-seeking world.

On the contrary, I am of a somewhat jovial disposition, and was always fond of society. Christmas-time I liked to spend at a jolly country house, and could turn my hand to charades, dancing, romping with the villagers or children, conjuring, and many other ac-

complishments. In fact, I may say, with due modesty, that I once heard myself described by a country hostess as an "extremely useful sort of man."

The idea of spending Christmas in my solitary rooms, with only my landlady and her domestic to talk to, was a contingency which I had never contemplated for a moment; but last year I was very nearly brought face to face with it. I generally had two or three invitations, at least, to select from, and chose the one where I should be likely to meet the most interesting set of people; but on this occasion my usual invitations did not arrive. The Harwoods, with whom I spent the Christmas before, had lost a child and were in mourning; the Houldens were wintering at Nice (Mrs. Houlden was delicate); and at Houghton Grange both the girls were married, and the Christmas house-parties were things of the past. These were my stock invitations; and as I recollected others amongst my circle of acquaintances to whom something or other had happened since last year, it slowly dawned upon me that if I desired to avoid a Christmas in London, I had better make arrangements to remove myself either to a Northern hydropathic establishment which I had occasionally honored by my presence, or to a Brighton hotel, where I was sure of falling in with some pleasant company. Just as I had arrived at this melancholy decision, however, a letter came which afforded me the greatest satisfaction. It was an invitation to spend a week or two with my old friend, Fred Hallaton, at his place in Leicestershire; and with the vivid recollection before me of a pleasant Christmas spent at Gaulby Hall some three years ago, I lost no time in penning a cordial assent to the welcome invitation. A few days later beheld me, followed by a porter carry-



"He slowly forced me backwards against the outside rail."



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EXCLUSIVELY USED IN CREAMERIES.

EVERY HIGHEST AWARD.

ing my various impediments, on the platform of St. Pancras, prepared to take my journey down to Leicester by the 3.30 Manchester and Liverpool express. The Pullman was crowded with a pack of noisy schoolboys, so I eschewed it and selected an empty first-class carriage. I took possession of my favorite corner seat, with my back to the engine, and wrapping my rug round my knees and unfolding the *Times* glided away from the city of smoke in a remarkably good humor, partly inspired, no doubt, by a capital lunch, and partly by pleasurable anticipation of my forthcoming visit.

Fred met me at Leicester station, and I saw with regret that he was looking pale and ill and much thinner than when I had seen him last. He seemed pleased to see me, however, and greeted me warmly.

During our drive to Gaulby, I hazarded a few remarks, with a view to ascertaining what sort of a party there was collected at the Hall, but I got nothing definite out of him. He was quite unlike his old self, and I came to the conclusion that he must be ill. As we drove up the avenue I leaned out of the window to gaze at the fine old mansion, and it struck me at once as looking cold and uninviting, while the grounds were certainly very much neglected. Something seemed wrong all round, and I began to feel almost sorry I had come. We overtook Mrs. Hallaton at the Hall door, just returned from a walk. She was as gracious and as pleasant as she had ever been to me; but I fancied I could detect in her manner something of the ill-being which seemed to exist around her.

We all three entered together, and the moment we passed through the door I felt convinced that my expectations of a jolly Christmas party were

doomed to disappointment. There were no decorations about, only one doleful-looking servant, and apparently nothing stirring. I felt sure something was wrong, but at any rate I consoled myself with the reflection that I had lost little by coming, as it had been a choice between this and an hotel. But, all the same, I did not feel particularly cheerful as I followed the doleful-looking servant upstairs, along wide corridors, across passages, upstairs again, and then down a long corridor, until at last I reached my room in the west wing.

My surmises were correct. When I

descended, after a prolonged and careful toilet, my host was lounging about in a smoking-jacket, and he and his wife were the only occupants of the room. I was the only guest.

"I've something very serious to say to you, Neillson," he said slowly (Neillson is my name). "I'm going to make a confidant of you, if I may, old man."

I bowed my head and listened.

"You haven't noticed anything particular about my wife, I don't suppose, have you?" he asked, with a searching glance.

I admitted that I had thought her

strangely silent and apparently having some anxiety weighing on her mind.

He laughed—a short uncertain laugh—and leaned over to me confidentially.

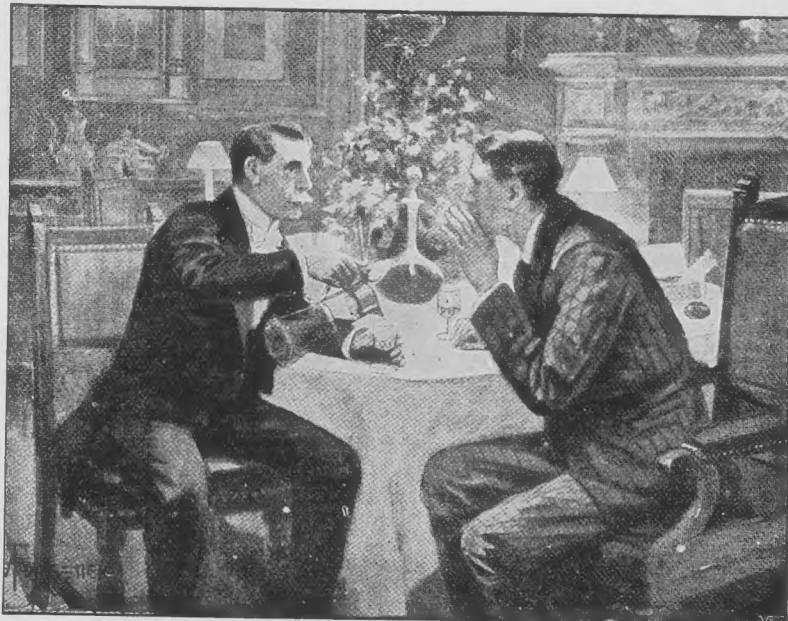
"I rely upon your discretion, you know, Neillson. I wouldn't have it known for the world—but my wife is mad."

"Mad?" I put down the claret jug and stared at him incredulously.

"Yes, mad!" he repeated, impatiently.

"It was the sun in India last year that did the mischief. She would expose herself to it. The doctor whom I have consulted advised me to send her to a private asylum, but I haven't the heart to do it. She's perfectly harmless, you know; but, of course, it's an awful trial to me."

I stammered out an expression of sympathy. To tell the truth, I scarcely knew what to say. I was bewildered at this painful explanation of the gloom which reigned over the house. Presently Fred closed his eyes and left me to digest this strange and unwelcome piece of news. I am naturally somewhat selfish, and before very long my sympathy was diverted in some measure from my host to myself. It occurred to me that it was by no means a pleasant prospect to be a guest in a house the mistress of which was mad. It was not altogether kind of Fred to invite me, I thought, under the circumstances, without some explanation of his wife's state. I began to feel quite an injured man. The only consolation was the claret, and there was no telling how long that would last out. It struck me that Burditt had been a long time bringing up the last bottle. By the by, Burditt was an old friend of mine. Why shouldn't I look him up and have a chat? I was quite tired of my own company, and Fred was fast asleep. So I opened the door softly and made my



"I wouldn't have it known for the world—but my wife is mad."

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The Vitallia Medicine Co., Toronto, Ont.

Dear Sir:—Nearly three years ago a tumor began to grow in my right breast. It rapidly increased in size and caused me incessant sharp shooting pains. I visited my Physician, who, after a thorough examination, pronounced my disease to be Cancer, and advised an immediate operation. I would not submit to the use of the knife, so had the Cancer drawn out by plaster. The disease speedily returned not only in the breast, which had been operated on, but also in the other breast and under the arm. My suffering, both bodily and mental, was intense; so bad in fact that I was often tempted to end my life. I had no appetite; I had no rest at night; and I could not bring my arm down to my side, it caused me so much pain. In December 1899, I heard of your Cancer Remedies and your success in dealing with Cancer. I at once consulted you with the results that I placed my case in your hands. I began to improve while taking the first bottle of your medicine. The pain lessened; the Cancerous Tumors began to soften and diminish in size, until finally I found myself completely cured. To-day there is no sign of a tumor in either breast nor under the arm, and I feel myself to be in perfect health. I can heartily recommend any person suffer-

ing from Cancer to try your treatment with the hope that it may be as beneficial to them as it has been to me. I am respectfully,
Mrs. Susan G.

Dear Sir:—For over four years I have been a great sufferer from running sores on my side and over my stomach. The latter part of this time I was quite unable to work and scarcely able to walk around.

I went to several Doctors; but derived no benefit from their treatment. In July 1901 I wrote and stated my case to you, and immediately commenced using your medicine, and now, thank God, my disease is cured and I am able to work as well as ever. I believe your medicine has been the means of saving my life. I tried every other kind of remedy but found none to do me any good until I began using your "Vitallia" remedy, and now I feel like a new man, and would highly recommend your treatment to any person suffering as I was. I am yours truly
(Sgd.) Joseph George.

Dear Sirs:—In January, 1899, I was attacked with a Cancerous Tumor in my right breast, as large as a hen's egg. I showed it to my Dr. and he informed me that it had probably been growing for several months, and that

I must be operated on at once. I told him I would not consent to an operation. Three weeks after I consulted Madam Paquette of this town, as she has had a great deal of experience with Cancers, and during these 3 weeks the Cancer had grown to be as large as an orange. Madam advised me to write you, and I did so, with the result that I at once commenced using your "Vitallia" Remedies. I took the medicine faithfully, and to-day feel that I am perfectly cured. When I began using your medicine, I could not darn a pair of stockings nor do anything, nor could I sleep at night, but to-day I feel perfectly well and can do as much hard work as I like. I have not had one bit of pain for the last three months, although when I started with your medicine, I was suffering a great deal of pain. I have recommended your "Vitallia" treatment to several persons, and will gladly recommend it to anybody in the future. I remain, Sincerely yours, Mrs. C. G. E.

Dear Sir:—I willingly give you a testimonial as to your treatment of my wife by your "Vitallia Remedies."

In Feb'y, 1897 a small hard bunch appeared in my wife's left breast. It increased in size slowly; and became very painful; some-

times a dull aching pain, and at other times a sharp stinging pain. For nearly 18 months we tried different kinds of remedies, but without any good effect. The bunch continued to slowly increase, the pain became more severe than ever, and her left arm began to be very much affected. Her general health was also very poor, and she was evidently losing ground every day. About this time also an ugly-looking spot appeared on her upper lip. It was accompanied by a stinging burning pain, and we became very much alarmed, as we were satisfied she was a victim of that dreaded disease, Cancer. Seeing your advertisement in the Montreal Herald, I did not lose any time but communicated with you, and my wife immediately commenced to use your "Vitallia." She took it faithfully and steadily, following all of your directions, with the result that to-day, after only a four months' treatment, there is not the slightest sign of any Cancer, either on the lip or in the breast and her general health is very much improved. It is putting it mildly to say that I am highly pleased with your success in treating her; and I can certainly recommend your painless method of treating Cancer to any person afflicted with that disease. I remain your sincere friend, [Sgd] Chas. D.

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way down to the hall. As I passed an open door, Mrs. Hallaton appeared and beckoned me in. I had no alternative but to obey her invitation.

"Mr. Neillson," she said in an agitated tone, "as you are going to stop here for a day or two, there is something connected with this household which you ought to know. Has my husband told you anything?"

I bowed and told her gravely that I knew all, and that she had my profoundest sympathy.

She sighed.

"Perhaps you are surprised that I should ask whether Fred has told you," she said, turning a little away from me. "It seems strange, doesn't it, that one should be mad and be conscious of it? It only comes on in fits and they are terrible."

She shuddered; and so, to tell the truth, did I.

"Such a phase of madness is probably not incurable," I ventured to suggest timidly.

"Incurable! Of course it is not incurable," she answered vehemently.

I edged a little towards the door. I had had no experience in talking with lunatics, and felt anything but comfortable in my present position. Mrs. Hallaton was beginning to look very excited and dangerous.

"Of course, if you are frightened, Mr. Neillson," she said, a little contemptuously, "you can leave us whenever you please. These fits do not come on often, but they are anything but pleasant things when they do come on."

"I should imagine so," I assented, devoutly hoping a fit was not then pending. Soon I managed to make my adieu, and with a sigh of relief found myself once more in the hall. I made my way to Burditt's room, but he had gone to bed; and seeing it was nearly eleven o'clock I decided to follow his example, and, preceded by a servant (I could never have found the way myself), I mounted again the wide stairs and threaded the numerous passages which led to my room. It was at the end of a wide corridor, on either side of which were six doors.

"Does anyone sleep up here?" I asked the man as he bade me good-night.

He pointed to a door exactly opposite mine.

"That is the master's room, sir," he replied, "and the one at the bottom end is Mrs. Hallaton's. No one else sleeps in this part of the house. The servants' rooms are all in the north wing."

I was generally able to sleep at whatever hour I retired; but it was early, and the fire looked tempting, so, instead of immediately undressing, I changed my coat for a smoking-jacket, and lighting a pipe made myself comfortable in an easy-chair. Soon I heard Mrs. Hallaton's light footsteps ascend the stairs, and the door of her room open and close; and a little while afterwards Fred halted outside my door to bid me a cheery good-night, and then entered the room opposite.

How long I sat there I cannot tell, but I fell into a heavy doze; and when I woke up with a sudden start, it was with the uneasy consciousness that something unusual had awakened me. I sprang to my feet and looked fearfully around. The flickering flame of my fire, almost burnt out, was still sufficient to show me that no one had entered the room. But while I stood there with strained senses I heard a sound which made my blood run cold within me, and, although I am no coward, I shivered with fear. It was the half-muffled shriek of a woman in agony, and it came from Mrs. Hallaton's room. For a moment I was powerless to move; then I hastily unlocked the door, and, hurrying down the corridor, knocked at hers. There was no answer. I tried the handle; it was locked; but, listening for a moment, I could hear the sound of a woman gasping for breath. I rushed back along the corridor to Fred's room. The door was closed, but unlocked, and I threw it open.

"Fred!" I cried. But Fred was not there, nor had the bed been slept in. A candle was burning on the dressing-table, and in the right-hand corner of the room was what appeared to be a

hole in the wall; but when I stood before it I saw at once that it was a secret passage running parallel with the corridor. Looking down it, I could see a light at the other end, and, knowing that it must lead into Mrs. Hallaton's room, I caught up the candle and, bending almost double, half ran, half crept along it, until I reached the other extremity and found myself in Mrs. Hallaton's room. I stood upright and glanced half eagerly, half fearfully around.

The room was empty, but the window directly opposite to me was open, and as my eyes fell upon it I stood petrified with a dull, sickening horror, and the candle dropped with a crash from my nerveless fingers. There was a miniature balcony outside the window; and on this stood Fred Hallaton, holding in an embrace, which was certainly not of love, the fainting form of his wife. The moon was shining full on his face, ghostly and demoniacal, with the raging fire of the madman in his eyes, and the imbecile grin of the lunatic on his thin lips. In a moment the truth flashed upon me, and as I stood there gaping and horror-struck, he saw me and burst into a fit of wild laughter.

"Ha, ha, ha! You, Neillson? What a joke! See what a glorious view of the grounds! Come and bend over, man; don't be afraid. Does the height make you dizzy? It's made her"; and he motioned to the insensible figure of his wife, whom he still held clasped in his arms. "Do you know what I am going to do with her? I'm going to chuck her over down there"; and he pointed to the garden below. "A mad woman is no use to anyone. Come and lend me a hand."

Mechanically I rushed to the balcony and strove to wrench from his encircling grasp the fainting form of his wife. Like a flash his imbecile grin vanished, and his eyes filled with a malignant fury, as he let go his grasp of his wife and sprang at me like a tiger-cat. It was in vain that I wrestled with him. His long arms were around me and he held me as if I were

in a vice. I tried to shout for help, but my tongue cleaved to the roof of my mouth, and a faint gurgling was all the sound I could command. Nearer and nearer we drew to the parapet's edge, until at last I could see the lawn below, studded with flower-beds like the pattern of some fancy work; for Gaulby Hall was built high and we were on the third storey. I felt his hot breath in my face, and caught his diabolical look of triumph as he slowly forced me backwards against the outside rail, which creaked and swerved with my weight, and then my struggling feet seemed to part with the earth as with a yell of—

"Leicester! Leicester!" I opened my eyes and sat up with a start. The Times had slipped from my fingers, and the train was slowly steaming into Leicester station, and there, standing upon the platform, smiling and robust, looking the very picture of health, was Fred Hallaton.

The Christmas party at Gaulby Hall was the most enjoyable I was ever at, and the people (the house was crammed full of visitors) the most entertaining and agreeable I ever met. There was one young person especially—a Miss Alice Pratison she was then—with whom I got on remarkably well. I never enjoyed a visit so much in my life as I did that one, nor a ride so much as one afternoon when Miss Pratison and I, after a capital run, rode home together with her little hand in mine, and our horses very close together. Next Christmas, if Alice doesn't object, I mean to have a jolly little house-party of my own.

If your children moan and are restless during sleep, coupled, when awake, with a loss of appetite, pale countenance, picking of the nose, etc., you may depend upon it that the primary cause of the trouble is worms. Mother Graves' Worm Exterminator effectually removes these pests, at once relieving the little sufferers.

Kerrigan's Christmas Sermon.

By L. FRANK TOOKER.

Knocking gently on the slide of the companionway, Kerrigan, at the sharp call of the captain, descended slowly into the cabin, with his cap in his hand.

"Seem' 's the b'ys is gown' ashore, sir," he began in his caressing Irish speech, "I thought I'd like to tak' the run meself, sir. Me shoes is that bad, me toes is blushin' from the shame av their barefaced immodesty." He held up a huge foot, disclosing a shoe near to dissolution. "So, sir—"

"All right, all right," grunted the captain. "How much do you want?"

"Only a thrifle, sir," Kerrigan answered, "fo me shoes, an' a shirt or two, an' some socks, seem' 's these is kapun' company wid me shoes in exposun' me fate. Tin dollars will do, sir, ef ye plaze, an' thank ye kindly."

It was half-past six and a December evening, and only a few lights were flickering along the water-front of the Southern city. The bark lay off in the stream, tugging at her chain. She had reached her anchorage too late that afternoon to haul into her berth, and the eyes of every man aboard were circled with dusky rims from their hard, sleepless battle with a three days' gale outside.

"It beats me why you boys want to go ashore to-night," the captain grumbled good-naturedly, as he leaned far back to take his wallet from his trousers' pocket. "Haven't slept much or any for two nights, have you? Haven't scarcely been dry for a week, either; and now you want to go carousing about town all night! Huh!"

Kerrigan shook his head in gentle sympathy, putting himself outside the captain's depreciation.

"Ut's the trut' ye're sayun', cap'n—God's trut'; but ut's the young blood av thim, sir, thot's cryun' for the fale av the land, an' will not let thim rist. But I'll kape an eye on thim, sir, an' hustle thim aboard in the airly avenun'. I've no mind to stand battun' me eyes on the strates, waitun' for a lot av callow b'ys, while me bunk is a-callun' me. Thrust to me to bring thim back airly an' sober, sir."

He took the money the captain gave him, and backed deferentially away, went slowly up to the deck and over the side of the vessel into the yawl, where his three companions on shore leave waited impatiently for him. Two of the crew who were to bring the yawl back sat listlessly on the thwarts, yawning sleepily.

As he sank to his place in the stern, he took his pipe from his pocket and proceeded to fill it.

"Now pull, ye divils, pull!" he said genially, as the boat splashed away toward shore. "Ut's me thot the ol' mon's putt over ye, to kape ye out av harrm's way an' fetch ye off airly. 'Tom,' says he, 'get thim b'ys aboard as soon as they do be gettun' the kinks out av their legs. Ut's young an' tinner they are, an' I'm thrustun' to yer discretion.' 'Tis a sacred thrust, sir," says I. 'Ut's faather an' mither an' all I'll be to thim, sir—the dirty sons av say-cooks.'"

Frithjof, the big-shouldered, silent Swede, looked over his shoulder and grinned, while the eyes of Nicolao, the Cape Verd islander, sparkled as he murmured: "Massa Kerrigan, nussa-maid for lit' child'en; bes' o' ref'ence." But Sam, the young New-Englander, scoffed back:

"Father and mother! And what do you know of that, you bog-trotting, back-door Moses, found on the steps of a windy mornin'?"

"A Moses, is ut?" answered Kerrigan. "'Tis the thrue word; for ut's me that will be i'adun' ye out av the Agypt yon." The yawl bumped against the landing-stairs, and he began to cough—a pumped-up sort of spasm that would not have deceived a child. "An' the dust av ut!" he groaned, as he climbed to the wharf. "Holy Mither! the Agypt dust av us, an' not an oasis in sight!"

The oases were found later in satisfying number. The swinging doors that opened to them had swung so often before their joyous progress that as the clocks of the city were striking nine

they came, in the pride of their strength, to the glittering front of one for the third time, only to have the doors slammed and locked in their faces.

The four looked at one another in grieved, incredulous surprise. Then Kerrigan's brown, good-natured countenance flattened itself against the glass of the door, and he tapped gently on the pane with his huge, tar-stained fingers.

"Whisht, me sons," he said to the grinning attendants inside; "the joke's on yez. 'T is over-airly for the closun'. Ye're thot cross-eyed ye do be seem' the clock over yer shouldher an' r'adun' ut backwards. 'T is nine o'clock, an' ye think ut a quarther past twelve. Turn yer backs to ut, an' pretind ye're comun' whin ye're gown'; 't will be aisier for ye." He shook the door with a touch of impatience. "Open, I say! Are ye—"

An important-looking, round little man came strutting up, and jerked down the shades, stopping Kerrigan's speech like a blow in the face. He looked at the door blankly and then at his companions.

"Ye're not wantud, lads," he said harshly. "'Tis for yer betthers. 'Tis mistook ye are for naygurs an' little yellow min."

Now a sailor's mind is trained to the meeting of sudden emergencies with incredible swiftness, and with a unanimity that would have been impossible in landmen, the four seamen, without parleying, met the obstacle in their path.

Two doors below, a row of new buildings was going up, with lumber piled at the edge of the sidewalk. Hot with the insult, as they thought it, they hurried thither, seized a floor-beam, and swung back to the closed door. The next moment it fell inward before their battering-ram, with a jingling of glass and splintering of wood.

Out of the uproar of the room the little round man came, furious to confront the four. Kerrigan gave the sign to his shipmates, and the beam dropped to the floor with a crash that sent the man into the air with a leap that he probably had not equalled for years.

"Me card," said Kerrigan, smiling sweetly and pointing to the beam; "putt ut in yer card-resaver. I'm the descendant av kings in me own right, but not too proud to know ye."

Choking with rage, the little man turned to his waiters, crying, "Call the police! Do you hear? Call the police!"

"The polace!" echoed Kerrigan. "'Tis nadeless an' too great an honor. I'm travelun' incognatho, as we say,—which is our custhom among infarriors,—an' shunnun' the poms an' thrappun's av coorts. Let the polace be; they do be overworkked an' too dom extraneous."

Two white-aproned waiters slipped past him, making for the door; but Frithjof blocked the opening, with Sam and Nicolao at his shoulders. All the Swede's normal good-nature was gone. Flushed with anger at what he considered an insult, his face had an ugly look. Nicolao was smiling, but he stood like a cat ready to spring, and the New-Englander's eyes were dancing with the joy of battle. Behind them, the watching crowd in the street momentarily increased, and it shouted with ecstasy of joyous expectation when two policemen pushed through the door, shouldering the huge Swede from their path.

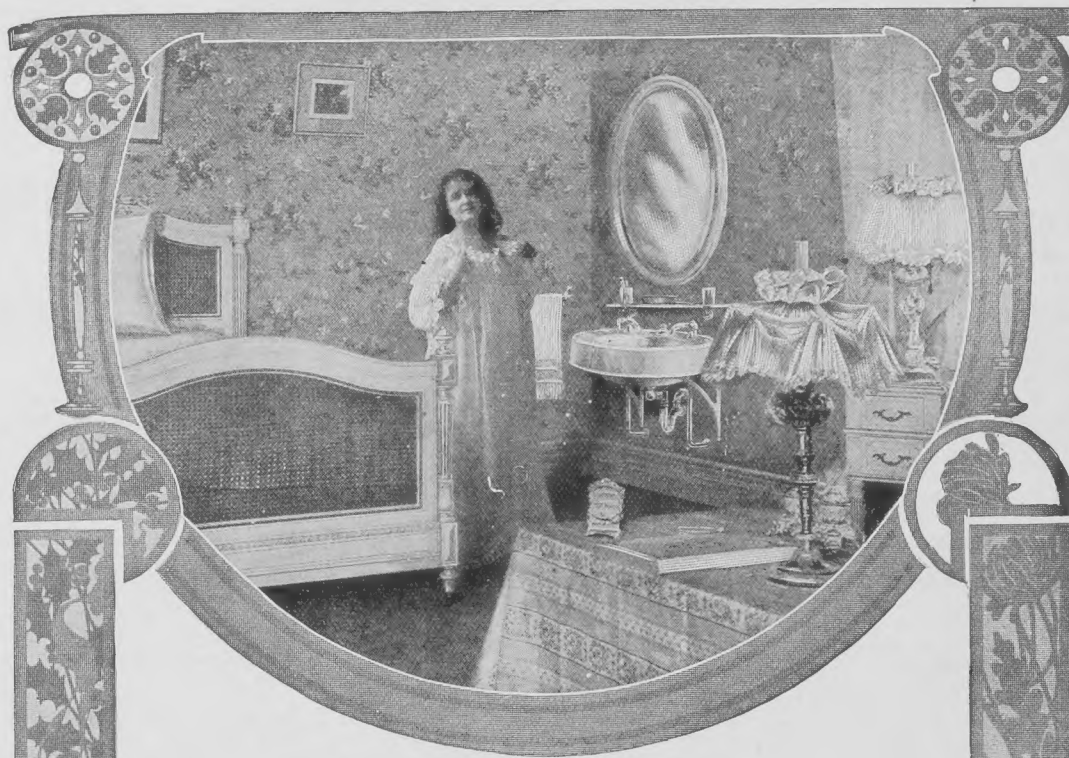
Now Frithjof was not a man to be shouldered when in a rage, and discretion was not his foible. Like the arms of a windmill, his great paws swung wide and crashed down upon the heads of the guardians over the peace, smashing their helmets over their eyes.

Kerrigan, turning, saw it all, and the faces of the officers before they went into eclipse.

"Naygurs!" he roared, with a beautiful simulation of horror. "They're naygurs! The shame av ut!" Then he rushed joyfully into an entangling alliance with his friends.

It was an unequal struggle, and the officers were already down when some excited creature turned out the lights. In the sudden darkness Kerrigan kept his head.

"'Tis the fanally," he whispered hoarsely to his shipmates. "Kape together, but run!"



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"I'm travelun' a cognatho."

As they dashed out into the street the crowd broke and scattered. It was a light-hearted assembly, and its interest was the interest of pleasure, not correction. Laughingly it cheered the fugitives on, and saw them passing unobstructed into outer darkness at the edge of the city market, and was turning away when Kerrigan fell. He had been lumbering on behind his comrades, and had almost gained a refuge under the dark corridors of the market, when his foot slipped. For an instant he lay stunned; then, before he could rise, two policemen pounced upon him from out the shadow of the dark wall, and the crowd's interest had revived and was sending them hot-foot to view his downfall.

Kerrigan was still blinking from the shock when he was led back over the road he had come, the two policemen pertinaciously demanding an explanation of his haste.

"I was lookun' for yez," said Kerrigan.

"Ye found us," answered one of them, laconically. Kerrigan looked up sharply. "Ye're an Irishman," he declared. "Ye're no liar," replied the other—"for wance."

"I tak' shame for ye consortun' wid naygurs," said Kerrigan, sadly. "I came to tell ye so."

"I'm consortun' wid worse this minut'," said his captor.

"Ye know yer mates," Kerrigan replied genially, looking at his other guard. "I've small likun' for Dutchmin meself. Do they call the foorce the mixed pickles?"

He received no answer, and, the pleasure of the social instinct gone, through half-closed eye he looked about him discontentedly. They were rapidly approaching the wrecked saloon, a tail of idlers at their heels. On their left, protected only by planks laid over barrels, yawned the dark abyss of the cellar under the unfinished row of buildings. Kerrigan glanced down, saw nothing but black void, and felt anew the thrill of life.

"What's ut?" he asked, jerking his head toward the unfinished row, and was answered that his captors neither knew nor cared.

"Tis shameless ignorance," declared Kerrigan; "We'll investhigate," and wheeling suddenly, freeing himself, he leaped into the black pit, carrying the barriers with him.

There was a crash below of falling barrels and timber, and then an awe-inspiring silence; but ten minutes later two sad guardians of the peace crawled out of the abyss, extinguished their lanterns, and went preylless back to their beat.

At the same time, in a narrow street on the other side of the market, his leaderless companions, making their way down to the water-front, came upon Kerrigan, sitting sadly on the curb, communing with the past. They hailed him with joy, but he only shook his head sadly at sight of them.

"Here's me wages unspint," he mourned, "an' ivery rasort av pleasure closed to us by the folly av min! 'Tis shameful!" Then he began to sing

in a most dolorous voice.

"The harp that wance through Tara's halls
The soul of music shed,
Now hangs as mute on Tara's walls
As if that soul were fled."

"Oh, the harps av the ould country," he murmured; "an' the eyes av sloe, an' the mists on the hills av a marnun'! Ut all comes back to me so swate, so swate! An' niver a dhrop to dhrown me sorrow!" From his lowly seat he waved his hands to his comrades in farewell. "L'ave me wid me dead, b'yes! L'ave me!"

The three looked at one another in doubt, then Frithjof growled:

"Ay tank you big dom fool!" Stooping suddenly, he seized Kerrigan by the shoulders and lifted him to his feet, adding: "Coom on, now!"

"All right, Swaden," said the sad Kerrigan; "I go, but me heart's bruk."

It was not so completely shattered as to leave him wholly oblivious of the shell, when, as they turned into a lighter street, two girls came laughing along the path. He twisted his moustache and gazed at them sadly.

"Eyes av sloe, eyes av sloe," he murmured—"ut all comes back to me so swate—so swate!"

He shook his head mournfully at the retort discourteous that he received, but Sam and Nicolao giggled. He gazed at them reprovingly.

"Tis a hard worrld," he declared, "whin me—" He stopped short, for they had come to the lighted front of a theater-like building, and from within there floated the sound of singing, and then the applause at its close.

"Beh!" cried Nicolao, excitedly. "Behol' de theayter! Coma 'long een!" Without a moment's hesitation, he entered the vestibule, followed by the others, and, opening an inner door, passed into a darkened room.

Out of the gloom by the entrance an usher stepped softly, and touching Nicolao on the arm, led the way up the aisle, followed by the sailormen. Into a side seat at the very front of the hall he swept them with an elaborate bow, and tiptoed away as an unseen orchestra played the opening strains and a full choir of voices broke softly into the hymn:

"While shepherds watched their flocks by night,
All seated on the ground,
The angel of the Lord came down,
And glory shone around."

As the words of the last line swelled into a rich crescendo of sound, veiled lights began to glimmer above the stage, and with a creaking of a tackle and fall there slowly descended into view a white-clad figure with shining wings, holding a green palmetto-leaf aloft.

The living picture stepped lightly to the stage from the little platform on which she had stood, and, with a profound bow, lowered the palmetto-leaf as the lights of the hall blazed out, and the audience broke into wildly excited applause.

"Holy Mither!" cried Kerrigan, under his breath, "'tis a naygur!"

He glanced swiftly at the audience, now for the first time revealed; every

shining face of delight in the hall except their own was that of a negro.

In a sort of wonder, he turned to his companions. Nicolao was wildly applauding, Frithjof was staring stolidly at the stage, and Sam's face was down in his hands, his body shaking with a violent coughing fit.

He looked up at length with a grave face, and caught Kerrigan's eye.

"What is ut?" asked the Irishman.

His shipmate nodded toward a pine-tree at the back of the stage, decked with candles and gifts.

"Christmas eve and a Christmas tree," he replied. "It's a darky church."

"I was beginnun' to have me suspicions thot ut was a Dootch ball," said Kerrigan, with biting sarcasm. He looked about him. "I tak' ut," he went on, as the result of his observation, "thot we hold sates of honor."

"Yes," answered his mate.

"Then ut's a dacent lot of haythen they are," he declared emphatically, "barrun' the shlight invidjusness av a coffee-colored angel. So let the prosadun's prosade." He began to applaud with all the vigor of his mighty hands.

Kerrigan grew more and more enthusiastic as the exercises went on, and his loudly spoken comments, if frank, were for the most part satisfactorily laudatory. Not till near the close did a momentary cloud appear.

They were lighting the tree, and a file of small children had lined up in front of it to repeat Bible verses. They stood, a twisting line, looking over their shoulders at the gathering glory behind them, impatient for their gifts, and repeating parrot-like the rapid words that were to set them free. Near the middle of the line one stumbled over a long quotation, but came smoothly to a close with the words, "but the scriptures must be 'fied.'" The speaker's small finger went swiftly to her mouth, and she dropped demure eyes. The next child was cannier.

"Now we see th'oo er glass dark'y," he lisped, and looked triumphantly at his next neighbor, who said in a high voice:

"An' Ab'am said, I wull sw'ar."

An audible stir ran through the audience, and a wrinkled little man near the stage rose quickly to his feet and held up a warning hand.

"Mistah Sup'inten'ent," he cried cried excitedly, "Ah rise fo ter appoint an ordeh."

The superintendent bowed affably, after a momentary hesitation.

"Scuse me," said the interrupter, "but Ah 'm 'bleeged fo ter ask whar yo' go'n' fin' dem wuds. Dey don' soun' lak da wuds of ouah Lohd and Mahsteh—er lak da Bible."

The superintendent turned to the young woman who had marshaled the children upon the stage.

"Miss Pickney," he said, "are dem wuds f'om de Holy Book? Dey soun' famillious, but Ah cayn't say right offhan' whar dey come f'om. Are dey?"

"Yessah," she snapped; "dey's co'ect. Ab'aham said 'em, lak he said he said 'em." She glanced scornfully at the doubter. He was not to be crushed so easily, however.

"Den all Ah kin say," he went on excitedly, "is dat den dat chile ain' said enough. He ain' 'splain da 'casion. An' dat ain't all; an' heah's da p'int"—he held up a polemic finger, and faced the audience,—"Ab'am he done lib unner da ol' dispensations, an' some of ol' man Adam was een 'im yit."

He paused so long in his triumph that the next child in line, thinking the incident closed, began to repeat: "Consider the lilies—"

Unheeding, the voice of the man went on:

"So Ab'am say he w'u'd sw'ar. Mebbe some things done gone wrong with 'im, er he had some er Job's troubles; but he ain' done right, an' lit' chillen, dem ain' no advices for yo'—no, ma Lohd!"

He was in full swing now, his voice



"Come back, yez! Ain't yez goun' to give the childer their prisnts?"

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rising, his arms swinging wildly about his head. Kerrigan, looking from him to the stage, saw the sorrowful, uneasy line of little children turning back toward the tree, now fully lighted, and guessed their dismay at the interruption. He turned to the exhorter once more, and leaped into the fray.

"Let the little naygur g'wan!" he called roughly.

A sea of angry eyes flashed upon him, but he heeded it not.

"G'wan little tiger lily!" he roared. "G'wan wid your worrds!" And with the instinct of implicit obedience to the voice of the white man, the child ran glibly through her quotation, and the line filed from the stage.

Marching off, with eyes upon the tree, a heedless boy ran into the frail upright supporting an elaborate arch of paper roses, which, falling on the candles, ignited, and then dropped in a serpent of fire among the children and flamed up toward the roof along the uprights still standing.

Instantly the house was in a wild panic, sweeping toward the door and windows; but Kerrigan saw only the child that he had bidden speak. The last of the line, the blazing wreaths enwrapped her and fired her flimsy white dress. He leaped to his feet, but was borne backward by the maddened rush of screaming creatures making toward the windows behind him.

It was only for an instant. Catching at the back of a seat and bracing himself, he lowered his head, and with a roar like that of an angry bull plowed his way through the frenzied mob and fell sprawling across the stage. The next moment he sprang through the blazing streamers, caught up the child, and holding her face against his breast, smothered the flames or beat them out with his hands.

Another blazing streamer fell across his own shoulders before he had extinguished the burning dress of the child, firing his coat and scorching his cheek; but not until the child was safe did he fling it off impatiently, pull down the remaining uprights, and stamp out the flames. Then, blackened with soot, and scorched, still holding the sobbing child against his breast, he turned and roared:

"Come back! Come back, yez! Ain't yez gown to give the childer their prisints?"

They crept into their seats presently, excited and hysterical; and not till then did Kerrigan leave the stage with the child, sobbing with fright, but little hurt. Going down to his shipmates, he stood the child before them:

"'Tis Christmas eve, an' a little girl in trouble," he said, "hand out yer ducuts!"

Smiling they did as they were bidden, while the audience crowded about them, watching. Kerrigan took their bills with a dissatisfied frown.

"Iv'ry cint, ye thavun' sailormin! Is it av yerselves y'd be thinkun' whin a little child's in trouble? Empty yer pockets, as I've done meself," he ordered.

When he was certain that not a cent was left to the four, he tied the collection in his neckerchief and put it in the hand of the bewildered child.

"'Tis for a new dhress, an' a dolly, an' pink ice-cream, an' what-iver," he told her; "an' a merry Christmas to ye!"

Then he turned to the wildly applauding audience with a deprecatory wave of the hand.

"G'wan wid ye!" he said good-naturedly, and with the first touch of diffidence mortal had ever seen on his face. "Don't ye know the childer is a-waitun' for their prisints?"

The tree was stripped, the last song sung, a prayer of thanksgiving and gratitude to Kerrigan spoken by the pastor, and the audience was making ready to depart, when the superintendent stepped upon the platform, lifted his hand, and said:

"Befoh we depaht, we desiah to signify our appreciations of the splendid cou'age of our visitant among us to-night, an' the gen'rosity dis-

gemman and da balumps of 'em have individualized." He bowed, and a male quartet marched solemnly upon the stage, sang "Rocked in the Cradle of the Deep," and then, as an encore, bowing to Kerrigan, with spirit sang "The Wearing of the Green."

Kerrigan had nodded through the stripping of the tree, but he was thoroughly awake now. His head and foot kept time to the song, and as the last strain ceased he sprang to his feet.

"I niver made a spache in me life, b'ys,—an' the l'ave av yez,—barrun' some incidental remarks I might have intrudged into a coort av justus the marnun' after, by raison av lookun' upon the wine whin ut was red, which is a fagure av spache, me dhrink beun' whisky, which some av ye may know is a horse av anither color, and not bad for the hilt, though betther lit alone, owun' to the carelissniss av min in the use av high explosives; but I wan' to tell ye, in wan worrd, that I tak' ut kindly—yer singun' a song in me honor, an' yer reception, an' the holy ruction ye gave us, whereby I worrked off me sadness av heart by raison av beun' in an inhospitable counthry. Now I wan' to say, we hope we're not intrudin'. We tho't ut was a show whin we perambulated in amongst ye, which ut was av a kind, an' as amusun' as a basket av kittuns an' lively as a counthry



"Lastly an' finally."

fair in me ancestrhal kingdom, though not what we ixpected.

"Now we've heard yer songs an' yer spaches, an' sane yer angel descind, which was marvelous, an' we've listhened to yer advice, which ut was as good as anny I've iver had to contind wid—an', by the same token, as hard to follow. For thot's the quare thng about advice; the betther ut is, the laste likely we are to hade ut, an' thim as nades ut laste hades ut most, an' vicy versy, which is Frinch for the road's no longer wan way t'ither way about.

"Likewise, ut's the nature av the good to be too good an' the bad to be worse nor they nade be, the which I learned by lookin' in me own heart an' makun' philosophical faces at meself in me contrition. So wan thing I've learned—never to putt more sthrain upon me stren'th than ut will bear wid dacency.

"Lastly an' finally, as the pr'achers say, I like yer singun' betther nor yer courage, which ye haven't anny; but in discretion ye're great. An' thot's ut's good points, too, for ut lades away from trouble, an' trouble's a bad neighbor. But ye sing marvelous, an' I say, Sing all ye can, for ut makes the road short an' the worrk aisy; an' ye niver can abstrahct a hin from uts roost whin a song's on yer lips, which is wan snare the less for the legs av thim thot walk in darkness, if the trut's been tould av ye. An' thot's alle-gory.

"An' ye, little childer, alwijs hon-

or yer faathers an' yer mithers, for thot the Good Book tills ye; likewise, ut's common sinse; an' lastly tin to wan ye'll be lathered if ye don't, an' thot hurts."

He ended abruptly, and turned away from the laughing, good-natured throng, already on its slow march to the door. An alarm had been turned in at the first call of fire, but the firemen had come and gone without entering, and the police had come no farther than the door. It was a glimpse of their helmets at the rear of the hall that had brought Kerrigan to a sudden close. Now he turned to the superintendent.

"Docthor," he whispered, "have yez a back dure? There was a little frindly ruction on the strate a little while pravius, in which me frin's here participathed, an' me frin's the polace are yon. Ut's a harrd lot they have, an' I'd spar' thim trouble willun'. If we shlipped out unbeknownst—" He winked, and the superintendent bowed.

Back of them extended a little side addition, and into this the man led them, opening a window.

"It's no door," he began, but Kerrigan caught him up.

"Ut's all wan," he said, as he thrust a long leg through the opening; "dure or windy, ut's a hole for daliv'rance. I was niver wan to scorn the shmall neck av a bottle whin the bung was not contagious."

A moment later the four were swiftly following the directions of their adviser over a fence and across an open lot to a quiet street.

They traveled fast for a space, and then, easy in mind, went on more slowly toward the water-front by roundabout ways.

The New Englander, as was befitting one with inherited conscience, was the first to speak.

"'Twas good advice," he said.

"The which?" asked Kerrigan.

Then another inherited tendency in the Yankee awoke—a sense of the humor of things.

"Any of it," he answered, grinning. "That whisky was good for a man, but better let it alone; that it wasn't worth while being too good, or just as well not to be bad. Oh, you had a crumb of comfort for everyone, Kerrigan."

"An' why not—on Christmas eve, ye carpun' Yankee?" demanded Kerrigan. "Is ut a time for missions an' pinances?"

"Or for the fast?" asked Nicolao, nudging the New-Englander.

For once Kerrigan was silent, remembering his thirsty but penniless state. Then suddenly he smiled, recalling his triumphant oratory.

"Thomas Kerrigan," he said to himself, "if I'd 'a' caught ye airly, ut's a man I'd 'a' made av ye—bar-run' the thirst, which is a dethriment."

Then in silence he went on through the echoing streets, under the quiet stars, with his equally silent shipmates.

"Besom and Stane."

Welcome brithes a' to the 'Peg;
Come, help yerself with feast and keg,
And spiel an' curl an' swoop 'er up,
And win your town the trophy cup.
All those who come on pleasure bent
Can have it to their hearts' content.
For Scotia's noble game is rife,
An' free from aught but pleasant strife.
Hurl down your granites on the ice!
Tee high! In turn! Ah, that looks nice!
Lay up against that, but not too hard!
Hoots, mon, clean through! now gimme a guard!

And so it goes, just as in life,
The game is played in eager strife,
There's good shots; them as goes right through,

Dead hogs, long shots and accidents too.
But never a man makes just the shot
He figures on—but that's man's lot—
Just strive to do the best that lies
Within you, and all else defy!
So, boys, take care; keep well in hand.
'Twill give you more than fairies' wand,

If you're a candidate for fame,
Take my advise and "play the game."

—J. Noble Simms, in Free Press

A Lay Sermon for the Christmas Season.

Once on a time a conversation took place between two friends, one a Jew, the other a Christian. Said the Jew, or, as it happened, the Jewess, a very able and brilliant woman, by the way:

"Come, let us get up a fine new religion: let us take a little of your religion, and a little of my religion, and a little of Chunder Sen's religion, and make up a new religion of our own."

"No, my good friend," said the Christian; "I cannot do it. I am like Stockton's man who was too old to change his diseases. I am too old to change my religion; and besides, I have never quite lived up to it. When I have thoroughly exhausted Christianity as a working religion, I may return to your proposition and assist in the attempt to make a better religion than the one to which I was born."

There is a class of religionists whose happy creed it is to believe not only in entire sanctification, but in their own perfect holiness. We remember the confession, on the part of a kindly and somewhat humorous pastor, of the fearful trouble given him by a superlatively virtuous person, whose piousness seemed to increase in direct proportion to her piety. Not that (God forbid!) this is always the case; but outside of the ranks of the "wholly sanctified" there are a few born or adoptive Christians who are not of the state of mind of the above-quoted respondent,—feeling that, with all their efforts, occasional or continuous, they are still grievously unsatisfactory as Christians. The best of men are apt to be those most convinced of being chief among sinners.

A church-going neighbor of ours, talking the other day about the standards of orthodoxy, stated facts in his own experience tending to prove what all intelligent persons are well aware of, that during the last thirty years the standards have changed, or there has come a change in their interpretation and application,—a lessening of stress. The condition of things indicated is notorious; to some honest souls, to some scholarly, capable, and consistent controversialists, it is deplorable.

Deplorable, unquestionably, it would be if any change in the standards of orthodoxy meant a lessening of the hold of Christian principles upon individuals and nations.

We believe that the Christian spirit does not forbid utterly the use of force between nations and men, but the tendency of the Christian spirit is to wipe out war and cruel strife everywhere.

It is more, and not less, Christianity that the world needs as between peoples and between people, in diplomacy, in public and private business, in all affairs of the state, the family, and the individual. Unselfish kindness, helpfulness, courtesy, gentleness, honorableness, honorable dealing among men,—these are all practical versions of the Golden Rule, and genuine products of the Sermon on the Mount.

In the secret soul there are apprehensions and appreciations of the hidden truth, the deep humanity, of even the dogmas which are so often spoken of, nowadays, with scornful and superior criticism by those who have not studied their philosophical significance or felt their meaning in spiritual experience. The doctrine of atonement, by so many deemed outworn,—how many souls it has helped to cast off an impairing and degrading past, some encumbering sin of the inherited flesh! How many, in dashing aside the shell of form and tradition, despoil themselves of some inner treasure, fit and needful for the spirit's food!

More, and not less, of genuine Christianity is the need of this world. Every intelligent religion may have something to impart to those born to Christianity; but those so born, and the nations thus cradled, will arrive at nobler destinies in the increasing endeavor to follow the spirit of the teachings of the world's one inimitable prophet.



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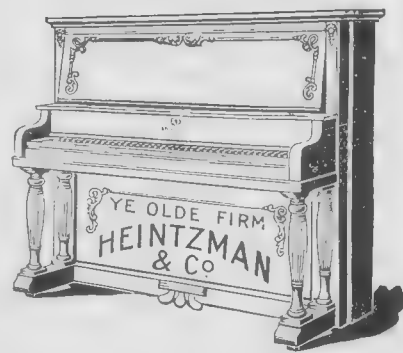


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The Wonderful Christmas Pudding

By William R. Lighton

When, as a bride, Anne Powell went out to share her husband's life on the ranch at Rodriguez she was a thorough stranger to the big West and its ways. It was a far remove from her old home in the New Hampshire hills to the new, for Rodriguez Springs lie beyond the Datils, and the peaks of the Datils rise beyond the wide, bare Plains of San Augustin, where New Mexico touches elbows with Arizona, in the sunlit silence of the Southwestern desert. She had a queen's welcome from the five men employed upon the ranch—a young Englishman, a swarthy Mexican, and three others who, in the manner of the frontier, had come from nowhere in particular and were at home "wherever their hats were off." They were a fine, hardy lot, bravely fighting out their destiny in that remote corner. It was plain that they had exerted themselves to make the place fit for her coming; it was no less plain how difficult their life had been, wanting a woman's hand to smooth the roughness. When they assembled at the first meal of her cooking, and she offered to speak a few words in appreciation of what they had done for her reception, one of them interrupted her with a speech.

"Don't say nothin' about it," he urged. "We're sure glad to see you. There ain't been a woman inside the house in four years till you come. We've had to rustle our own grub for so long, an' do for ourselves, you'd have been welcome if you was black, instead of—, stead of—" No doubt he intended a compliment, but upon his unaccustomed tongue it tailed off into an impotent stammer. The Englishman cut in heartily:

"You get Billy's meaning, Ma'am? He means he'll try to overlook your not being black, so long as he doesn't have to do his share of the cooking any more."

"Yes, that's what I mean," said the confused Billy.

A day or two afterward, while busy with her work in the kitchen, a door swung shut before the wind, and she asked the Mexican to secure it in its place. He brought from the yard a round, gray, boulder-like weight that served the purpose well. When Billy came to his dinner he eyed the fragment with a laugh.

"Hello, Old Ironsides!" he cried, as if in greeting to a friend. When Mrs. Powell glanced up from her task she saw him sitting upon the doorstep, holding the weight in his lap, fingering it almost caressingly.

"Say," he said presently, "I'll bet you don't know what this is you're misusin' so shameful."

"No," she agreed. "Juan brought it in. What is it?"

"It's a puddin'," he answered.

"A pudding-stone?" she queried. "I didn't notice. There was a lot of that on the farm, back in New Hampshire." The Englishman had come up and stood leaning lightly against the door-

frame. Her misunderstanding made him laugh with keen enjoyment.

"Pudding-stone!" he echoed. "That's rich. It wasn't meant for that, though. That's our last year's Christmas pudding. Billy, here, made it."

"Yes," Billy retorted, "an' Johnny Bull her told me how. You know what an accomplice is? Well, that's him." And after a short interval: "Say, Mrs. Powell, have you ever et spotted-pup?"

"Goodness, no!" she answered. "You don't mean to say you boys have been eating dog!"

"It ain't dog," he returned. "It's rice, with dried currants in it. It's a fine puddin', too, till you've et it regular, every dinner-time, for three or four years; then it does get kind o' tedious. I can make it as good as any man in the country; but the boys begun to get pretty much wore out with it, an' Johnny said he'd teach me how to make a mess o' Christmas -puddin', English style. Well, this here's it! She looks English, don't she?" he asked with a grin. "Now you know why

them Johnny Bulls has all got big front teeth; it's because they're brought up to gnaw on such kind of victuals."

The Englishman's handsome teeth shone as he smiled in unaffected good humor. "The trouble was that Billy didn't use judgment," he said. "He tried to make that pudding by main brute strength, when he ought to have known that it needs some intelligence besides—some special genius."

"I reckon it sure does," Billy remarked. He fondled the lump for a little time, turning it over and over upon his knees. "I always will think she had the makin' of a good puddin' in her," he said by-and-by. "I put into her some of pretty near everything in New Mexico—black-strap, an' squawberries, an' bear's marrow, an' yaller currants, an' dried mescal—everything the boys fetched in—everything except bakin'-powder. I know that's what she needed. But Johnny wouldn't let me put none in. I'll leave it to you,

Ma'am: wouldn't she have been bound to have rose some if I had?"

Agasp with laughter she could only nod.

"Of course, she would!" he cried. "I've cooked long enough to know that anything with flour in it has got to swell, or it's no use. Anyway, I got her mixed up an' ready, after a while I didn't have no sack to put her in, an' I tied her up in a piece o' deerskin an' b'iled her for two whole days. That ought to have been enough. She certainly had all the chance any fair-minded puddin' could ask for swellin' an' showin' her strength; but she didn't seem to come up none—not a mite. I got sick o' seein' her an' smellin' her after the second day, an' took her out. That was a whole month before Christmas. Johnny said she'd ought to be kind o' cured some before she was et, an' I laid her out on the roof o' the bunk-house, where she could enjoy the sun. She sure got cured! I reckon mebbe she wasn't used to this climate, an' it was pretty hard on her. I forgot all about her, an' when I wanted her I had to hunt for her half a day; an' then I dug her out of a big snowdrift, where she'd fell off the roof. I had to peel the hide off her with a chisel. Johnny said we'd ought to have the right kind of sauce to burn on her, to kind o' cheer her up an' put her in the right kind o' mind for Christmas; but we didn't have nothin' but some o' that Mexican mescal-drink. I let her soak in that overnight; but the stuff wouldn't burn."

He checked his recital for a moment, holding his handiwork at arm's length, regarding it with the utmost gravity, though his hearers were tearful with their mirth.

"She's been layin' around outdoors for quite a spell," he said, "an' got bleached out a lot, an' kind o' aged an' tired" so you can't rightly judge what she was like when she was young an' at herself. She was sure about the darkest-complected puddin' I 'most ever seen. I mistrusted her a whole lot when I'd got one good, square look at her; she looked that mean-dispositioned. While I was gettin' dinner I worried a little chunk loose from her, to taste, an' I like to never got it cleaned off my teeth. Even English couldn't make her go; we couldn't, none of us. We kept her for an ornament for a while, till one day she rolled off the table an' like to broke my foot, an' then I throwed her out, an' she's been knock-in' 'round an' kind o' shiftin' for herself ever since."

The Englishman broke into the narrative. "We had an old magpie around the place those days—a fine old fellow that we'd made a pet of. The day that pudding was thrown out he found it and pecked a little bit off of it. We'd never suspected that he could talk; but when he'd got the taste in his mouth he screamed, 'Judas Priest! What have I done?' And the next morning we found him dead."

"That's a lie," Billy commented.



UNDER THE MISTLETOE.

From the picture by Beatrice Offor.



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"What kind of a man are you, slandering a poor, helpless old puddin'? Dick Lamson killed that magpie tryin' to teach it to chew tobacco. But I'll tell you what is the truth, Mrs. Powell. There was a feller come down through here from Wingate in June, huntin' Indian relics for some college back East. He worked for days out there in ruins by the barn, diggin' up old jugs and things; an' then one day he comes across this here puddin' layin' out in the yard. He was that tickled; 'My, my!', he says; 'how fortunate! I must have it.' 'Why, what is it?' I says; an' what do you think? He told me it was one o' them stones the Aztecs had used to pound their corn with, to make meal! He said he'd give me a dollar for it; an' I reckon he would, too, if one o' the boys hadn't up an' told him. Wasn't that mean?"

"Oh, Billy!" Mrs. Powell said; "would you have taken his money?"

"Why, sure I would!" he retorted. "Don't every man have to take the consequences of his ignorance? I've paid good money for lots o' things I wouldn't have wanted at all if I'd knowed better. Anyway, that ain't the point. I never could see the sense o' spoilin' a good joke just for nothin'. If Dick had kept his mouth shut that puddin' would have a nice, easy job, right this minute, in some big museum back East, instead o' bein' homeless an' destitute, like she is now."

"No, no, Billy," the Englishman jested, "it isn't a cabinet pudding."

Time sped and winter came, a winter of unwonted severity for that low latitude. In mid-December there were many successive days of continual snowfall, until mountain and plain were piled deep with the drifts. When the storm had passed Powell rode abroad with his men in an effort to discover places in the hills that were clear of snow, where the cattle might be gathered. Sometimes they were gone from home for days together, only Billy being left to do the chores about the ranch-house and to act as protector to the woman.

There was little for Mrs. Powell to

do during the long days; she felt that she was completely shut away from humankind in the heart of that mighty wilderness. And the long, wild nights were doubly trying; then, sitting by the fire or lying alone in her bed, she listened, terrified, to the untamed voices without. The roar of the storm in the near-by pines was bad enough; but far worse was it to hear in the depths of night the savage wail of starved wolves, or the scream of a mountain-lion, disappointed in its hunt. Made bold by hunger, the beasts came down close to the house, foraging. Once Billy shot two gray wolves in the doorway, and once again he killed a lynx that had clambered upon the low house-roof.

After a month of this, one January evening, Mrs. Powell prepared supper and stepped into the yard to call Billy from his work at the barn. Her first cheery cry was answered by a vicious snarl close by. Turning in quick alarm she saw through the dusk the form of a full-grown panther, lean but monstrous, crouched upon the snow only four or five yards away. Timid enough at ordinary times, it had been made desperate by long weeks of want, driven to the last extremity of daring. As she stood, horrified, it crept closer, cutting off her retreat to the house; then gathered its muscular legs and leaped full upon her. Screaming, she put up her arms to shield her face and throat. The beast caught her left wrist between its jaws, and she felt the cruel teeth pierce the flesh. Fainting with fright and pain, she was hurled backward to the ground.

When she recovered consciousness she was seated in her chair before the sitting-room fire, and Billy was bathing her face and forehead with cold water. Already he had bound cloths about her wounded arm.

"You ain't hurt bad," he said. "Just your wrist's tore some. I got there just in time." Then by-and-by, when she was restored to her usual spirit, he laughed irrepressibly. "I sure fixed the old cat," he chuckled. "I killed him

good and plenty. An' what do you reckon I dont it with? Old Ironsides—that old puddin'! She was layin' right beside the doorstep, an' she was the first thing I saw that was loose. I beat his brains out with her."

In the evening of the second day afterward Powell and his men returned from their work afield. When he heard of what had happened, and of the part the pudding had played in the incident, he brought the sorry old relic from the yard.

"We must take care of it after this," he said whimsically. "Here, Anne; you can have it for a footstool." With that he laid it down upon the hearth before the fireplace; and then they went to supper.

When they returned to the sitting-room an hour later Fate had overtaken the pudding. Its constitution must have been indeed peculiar, unique, for in the ardent heat of the pitch-pine fire it had literally melted, and lay in a broad, shapeless, sticky mass upon the hearth. Billy brought a shovel and took up the remains with care, placing them in an empty tobacco-box.

"Poor old pud!" he mourned. "We must do the right thing by her, boys."

In the gray of the early morning Mrs. Powell was awakened by the sound of men's voices joined in a melancholy song. Going to the window she saw them gathered about a shallow hole dug in the frozen soil. Billy was kneeling, laying the coffined pudding in its grave, and the Englishman was solemnly leading. All sang the funeral melody of "Old Cow Pidy."

That night Billy came in from the bunk-house bearing something in his arms. "I've fixed her a tombstone," he said. "I reckoned you'd like to see it." He showed a bit of board upon which he had cut an inscription with his jack-knife:

"Here LAys old Innsides by her hAnd 6 men wAs sAved from deth—('That's us, when we couldn't eat her.' Billy explained.)—Also killed 1 mAgpy Also 1 pefesser wAs fooled bAd And 1 pAnther lost his mind A fAithful old pudding She seen her duty And she done it."

A Christmas Folk-Song.

De win' is blowin' wahmah,
An' hit's blowin' f'om de bay;
Dey's a so't o' mist a-risin'
All erlong de meddah way;
Dev ain't a hint o' frostin'
On de groun' ner in de sky,
An' dey ain't no use in hopin'
Dat de snow'll 'mence to fly.
It's goin' to be a green Christmas,
An' sad de day fu' me.
I wish dis was de las' one
Dat evah I should see.

Dey's dancin' in de cabin,
Dey's spahkin' by de tree;
But dancin' times and spahkin'
Are all done pas' fu' me.
Dey's feastin' in de big house,
Wid all de windahs wide—
Is dat de way fu' people
To meet de Christmas-tide?
It's goin' to be a green Christmas,
No mattah what you say.
Dey's us dat will remembah
An' grieve de comin' day.

Dey's des a bref o' dampness
A-clingin' to my cheek;
De alh's been dahk an' heavy
An' threatenin' fu' a week,
But not wid signs o' wintah,
Dough wintah'd seem so deah—
De wintah's out o' season,
An' Christmas eve is heah.
It's goin' to be a green Christmas,
An' oh, how sad de day!
Go ax de hongry chu'chya'd,
An' see what hit will say.

Dey's Allen on de hillside,
An' Marfy in de plain;
Fu' Christmas was like springtime,
An' come wid sun an' rain.
Dey's Ca'line, John an' Susie,
Wid only dis one lef';
An' now de curse is comin'
Wid murder in hits pref.
It's goin' to be a green Christmas—
Des hyeah my words an' see:
Refo' de summah beckons
Dey's many'll weep wid me.

The Christmas Dance at "The Oaks."

By LAURA SPENCER PORTOR.

The firelight flickered on the rich old mahogany and the dark rows of books. Mingled with it, the soft glow of candles fell on the Christmas greens which hung from the pillars and cornices. An old negro man-servant moved about noiselessly, arranging glasses and cake-baskets on a large silver tray. Once he frowned deeply and bent close to one of the candles to inspect a silver bowl. Then he polished it with one of the long tails of his coat:

"I 'clar ter gracious! De niggers yer at Ole Oaks is des ez triflin' an' wuthless! It's des scannerlous, puffickly scannerlous! Dat's de bowl Gin-nel Washin'ton drink out of, too! Look lek dese yer Ole Oak niggers ain't got no se'f-respec' fer nobody! I done tole dat triflin' little Moze! But sho! Marse Phil he 'oon't mek 'em wuk, an' Marse Ranny he's des young an' he don't keer, an' Ole Oaks is des gettin' teetotally ruint; an' all des 'cause it ain't got no mistis. An' dat's 'cause Marse Phil he des 'oon't quit steddin' 'bout Miss Betty Page yonduh!"

He nodded toward a portrait which hung over the mantel. From the shifting shadows and its frame of Christmas greens the delicate face of a girl looked out. The old negro continued his polishing:

"I say to 'im one day—'Marse Phil, honey, you des ought to quit dat foolishness. Miss Betty she's daid a long while,' I say, 'an' she 'oon't come back no mo'! Yond's Miss Virginny Carter. Miss Jinny cert'ny is pretty an' sweet; an' she cert'ny is got good raisin'. Um—umph! If Marse Phil was to marry Miss Jinny, an' fotch her yer to Ole Oaks, it sholy would be a diffunt place, it would dat!"

He raised his head as a fresh burst of music came from the long parlors across the hall.

"Des listen to Ole Zeke's fiddle! Dey gwine ter dance deyselves to deaf!" He stepped to the doorway and stood watching the dancers. Then a gleam of pleasure lighted up his face. "Um—umph! Yond's Marse Phil an' Miss Jinny! Des watch 'em! Dar you go, Marse Phil, honey! Fo'wud an' back agin! Ain't he gran'! Yond's Marse Ranny, too—but sho! Marse Ranny he des don't hole a taller-dip to Marse Phil!"

When the last gay strains had ceased he came back into the room. He stood looking at the portrait a moment, then he went to it and made a grave bow. "Sarvant, Miss Betty!" he said solemnly. "Please, ma'am, Miss Betty, 'oon't you please ter let go of Marse Phil? I know you is daid, Miss Betty, but you 'oon't let go o' Marse Phil. He done love you fo' sech a long wile, Miss Betty, chile; an' Ole Oaks hit cert'ny is des hankerin' fer a mistis. Cou'se dis yer is Chris'mus Eve, an' der's a heap o' folks, but mos'ly hit's des ez lonesome. You know des how lonesome it gits! Please, ma'am, Miss Betty, ain't you got de golden streets, an' de sea of glass, an' de walls of pearl an' jasper, an' Marse Phil he ain't got nothin' but des we-all. An' Ole Oaks cert'ny do need a mistis, Miss Betty!"

He turned guiltily at a step in the hall and his master entered the room.

"Is the tray ready, Jeff? Miss Molly says it's time. You know we got Miss Molly over from Fairview especially to manage our Christmas for us, so we must do exactly what she says. Miss Molly says to have plenty of black cake." He inspected the tray carefully.

Jeff bustled about importantly. Once he looked up slyly:

"I seen you, Marse Phil! You cert'ny kin dance! An' Miss Jinny she look des lek a angel."

Colonel Clayton straightened up. "Jeff, you black rascal! Were you watching us dance?" A half-whimsical pleasure came in his face. "Oh, I can dance if I choose. Besides, it's Christ-

mas Eve; and I am only forty-four—Let me see—am I forty-four?"

He drew one hand down thoughtfully over his hair. Jeff was at his elbow with the silver bowl.

"Des look at dat, Marse Phil! Ain't dat a shame!" He pointed with one bony finger. "Des look at dat spec! I cyarn' mek dem niggers wuk—you 'oon't mek 'em, an' Marse Ranny he 'oon't." He put the bowl down disconsolately and shook his head. "I tell you, Marse Phil, honey, Ole Oaks cert'ny do need a mistis, dat it do. I des wisht you'd gimme one fer a Chris'mus gif' ternity. Yes, I des wisht ter gracious you'd give me an' all de Ole Oak niggers to Miss Jinny right spang ternity!" He looked at his master keenly an instant. "Marse Phil, honey, I kin tell a angel des ez good ez you kin!"

The Colonel smiled to himself: "'Pon my soul, I believe you can." He went to the fire and stood looking into it thoughtfully. The clink of a glass recalled him. He turned about sharply: "What are you about, you iaggard! How long ago did I tell you to take those things in! Miss Molly will be scolding us both."

He turned to the fire again as Jeff bore away the tray. The old darky's words repeated themselves to him vaguely. Yes, Old Oaks was lonely. Who knew it better than he? Sometimes on such a night as this the laughter of guests made it glad, but usually how lonely it was—bleak, even, sometimes. It was lonely, as his own life was, for a woman's thought, a woman's touch, a woman's presence, and yet—Such longings were laid away in him so long ago, he thought. Why should the delicate fingers of a girl have lifted them up again to-night? How lightly her hand had rested in his as he led her through the dance. Some dream in him rose up to meet the memory. Always to have her presence near him; to hear her light laugh through the grim old house. What a different place it would make of it; what a different life his would be!

He turned sharply. Even then, with several others, she was going past the door, and her light laughter rang through him with a subtle charm. He found himself going toward her, holding out his two hands.

"Miss Virginia! Won't you come into my library a minute? See, isn't it pretty?"

He watched her as she stepped through the doorway and came in, looking all about her.

"Oh, how pretty! Did Uncle Jeff trim this, too?"

The Colonel nodded:

"Yes—that is, he made the very worst set of little plantation niggers in Virginia do it." She was standing before the fireplace now. "Poor old Uncle Jeff! He complains of them a good bit. He says there's nobody to make them mind. He has an idea that if there was a woman here things would be very different; but with just such good-for-nothing bachelors as Ranny and I—well, perhaps they don't think we need much attention. Everything on Jeff. What do you reckon he was saying to me here only a moment ago!—begging me to make a Christmas gift of him and all the other Old Oaks darkies to some one who would look after them better than I do. Thankless! Bless my soul, no! It's not that—but he's got it in his faithful old head that I'm lonely—and he says he is. You see he thinks I ought to have more happiness, such happiness as every man needs to have—a home, such a home as a woman's presence makes."

He paused a moment to watch the frail beauty of the girl beside him as she stood looking into the fire; then his eyes turned to it also. "I've had a very great deal in my life, but not according to Jeff's notions. I've got my law, you know, good friends, good books, good dogs and horses, and the hunt. I've got my nephew, Randolph,



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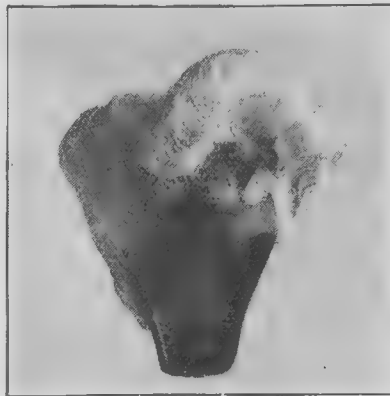
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and a finer boy than Ranny never drew on riding-boots. I have good and sweet memories in my life, too, very good 'other days.' You know the song—Miss Molly always plays it for me. She knows I love it:

"'Oft in the stilly night,
Ere slumber's chains has bound me,
Fond memory brings the light
Of other days around me."

"When I was a bit younger I had much happiness, very much; and good and sweet memories are not the least of our blessings. But all this counts very little with Jeff. He thinks I ought to have someone to spoil me, like other men. Some one for whom I could live every hour of the day, give my whole self in serving. It is true—such things make life very wonderful; they make better men of us."

His voice had fallen into a great earnestness; he recovered himself and spoke more lightly: "You see, Jeff thinks I need bettering." He smiled oddly. "I think I do."

There was silence a moment, then her eyes met his warmly and reproachfully.

"No, not you! You of all people, who are so fine already!"

The Colonel bent over her hand gallantly, his heart knocking with a swift, uncertain happiness.

There was an instant only that the flames lapped lazily in the silence; then there was Miss Molly, importantly, in the doorway.

"Oh, here you are! Philip! Virginia, come, my dear. We need you. I want everybody to help sing. I've got out the songs you like best, Philip."

She passed on again. Uncle Jeff, returning, entered by another door and stood unseen in the shadows watching his master. The Colonel offered Virginia his arm. "We will come back here, shall we? I should like to tell you more about the Christmas gift Jeff wants me to make—more about myself, too. We live lonely lives here at Old Oaks, and it is very good to talk to you; you seem to understand."

They left the room. Uncle Jeff watched them go. Then he went to the fire where they had stood, and rocked himself with happiness. His dream was coming true! His master would not be lonely any more now. Old Oaks would have a mistress, would be as it used to be in the old days before his own old mistress died. He was going to be a Christmas gift after all. He made a low bow to the portrait. "Tank ye, ma'am, Miss Betty! Tank ye, ma'am!"

From the parlor, where Miss Molly was at the piano, there tinkled a gay prelude. Then a chorus of voices joined in the Christmas song. The old man listened until the last notes died away. Then he took up the candles one by one and blew out the lights. When the last one was gone he straightened up and surveyed the room, tiptoed over to a chair in the shadow of the door and seated himself cautiously.

"When Marse Phil an' Miss Jinny dey come back, dey kin jes' set dar in de fa'rlight," he said, "den dey 'oon't be skeert."

He sat a long while in the shadows, listening, yet not listening to the songs that were sung. He was dreaming of the time to be. There would be life and stir and happiness in the old place; and in his master's life all that he had longed for might be there—all that his master's life so much needed. Once he nodded, and then—she herself, the mistress of the Old Oaks that was to be, came into the room, brushing close to him, not seeing him. He could have touched the white folds of her gown as she went by him.

"There are so few moments when I may have you to myself." It was Randolph's voice. He drew a chair closer to the fire for her and half knelt beside her. "How good it is, how wonderfully good it is to have you here! Old Oaks looks gay enough now, but when the garlands are down and the guests are gone, and only my uncle and I are left—ah, I promise you, we are lonely enough, we two."

She turned to him lightly:

"Fie! Are you lonely, too? So is

Colonel Clayton; so is Uncle Jeff, I hear. Indeed, I do believe it is only a piece of gallantry—a homage you pay to the ladies—when you say you are lonely without us. Yet you may hardly expect me to pity you." She looked about the room, warm and full of charm in the firelight. "How full of cheer it is!"

Randolph bent his head over her hand devotedly:

"Yes, but this is no time to judge, while you are in it. When you are gone, ah, when you are gone—you don't know how lonely it will seem. There is an old love song which my uncle sings—"

She drew her hand away:

"No, no more of your devotedness and your rich old compliments to-night.

looking into the fire, its light flickering down softly over her.

"No, no. Not to-night. No more such things to-night. You see I was standing here with him only a little while ago, and he spoke to me of her; at least he spoke of the 'other days' in his life, you know, and I knew and understood. Love like that—ah, it is very wonderful—very beautiful! I used to believe that only women loved so well as that." She turned to him. "If I listened to you—you who have your very ways and speech from him—you might even make me believe—that you—~~you, too~~—"

Randolph caught her hands in his hotly:

"But you do believe it! Ah, my dear, how could it be otherwise! You

It was Virginia's voice which broke the silence. She was looking up at the old portrait again wistfully:

"It is she, not I, who should have kept loneliness away from Old Oaks. I have thought of her so often. Sometimes I can almost see her going through the great rooms. They were engaged, were so near, so very near, their happiness—and then—"

Randolph's voice broke in on hers:

"It is she who might have kept, yes, and who does keep, loneliness away for him. Though she is dead these eighteen years she is not dead to him."

There was silence between them a moment. They stood looking at the portrait; then Randolph went on passionately:

"But oh, my dear, that is his life, and this—this is ours! Tell me that you care for me. It is Christmas Eve! Give me the gift!"

She swayed from him a little, as though to resist the power that was about him, and closed her eyes:

"Tell me once again how much you love me!"

But Randolph took her in his arms and held her close.

"You do love me, then!"

"Yes, yes"—her voice was low, and full of a great love—"as I think she must have loved him!"

While he held her and pressed his lips to her hair Colonel Clayton stepped out of the room softly. His head was bent. Uncle Jeff shrank back deeper into the shadow. From the parlor came the voices of the guests in chorus:

"Oft in the stilly night,
Ere slumber's chain has bound me,
Fond memory brings the light
Of other days around me."

The Editor's Scrap Book.

A well-known Church dignitary tells a good story of an East End woman and the Boer war. This good creature, like many other denizens of the East, regards the Boers as black savages. "Ah!" she exclaimed, "black or white, heathen or Christian, they're all mothers' sons, every one on 'em. The Queen can't bear this horrid war, she can't. But there, bless her, she can't say nuffin'. It's as much as her place is worth!"

In his new volume of poems, "The Finer Spirit," Mr. T. W. H. Crosland pays the following tribute to "Audrey," the good and unlearned, home-and-housekeeping wife of the brilliant "Touchstone":

Touchstone, shaping a career,
Shines at each exclusive house:—
"Such a clever man, my dear,
Tied to—just a 'country mouse'!"

"Married ere he dreamed of us,
Ere he knew what gifts he had—
Strange that Fate should yoke him thus,
And very, very, very sad!"

Touchstone (let them mark it well),
When the social round is trod,
Bored by dame and demoiselle—
Goes home softly, praising God.

"We've had a terrible time in our flat this autumn."

"Sickness?"

"No, we got our folding-bed open and can't get it shut."

The S.P.C.A. inspector insisted that the horse was unfit for work in consequence of lack of food.

"Well, that's a good 'un!" replied Coster. "He's got a bushel and a half of oats at home now, only he ain't got no time to eat 'em."

Surgeon (addressing students at the hospital): The muscle of the left leg of the patient has contracted till it is considerably shorter than the right leg, therefore he limps. Now, what would you do under such circumstances?

Intelligent Student: Limp, too!

One of the local correspondents of a contemporary evidently finds "sermons in stones and good in everything." Recently he wrote: "Yesterday was another delightful day. During the afternoon Her Majesty's ship Daring arrived, with the corpse of a foreign seaman in tow."



You have your uncle's ways, and he—he learned them long ago from all these old books, perhaps. No, not from them either." She looked thoughtfully into the fire. "I think he learned them in the 'other days' he talks about. I think with him they are very real. I think he learned them for her."

She glanced up to the old portrait which looked out at them steadily from its frame of Christmas cedar.

Randolph was hurrying on hotly:

"But I—I have learned nothing save what my love for you has taught me; and I say to you nothing but from deep down, very far deep down. Let me tell you!"

She drew away from him half lightly, half pleadingly, and rose and stood

know my love so well! You know that with all that is good and true in me I love you—must always love you; and the thought of you is my very dream by night, my guide by day; that everywhere I turn I find you. Yet when I look for you—the real you—how far away you are! It is that I long for—to look up always and find—the actual you. Ah, my dear, love me! love me a little! See, Old Oaks is lonely for you!"

There was a step in the hall, but neither noticed it. Colonel Clayton stood inside the doorway, looking as though unsure of what he saw. Near him old Jeff leaned forward in the shadows, his face full of dismay.

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- 1 lb. Fancy Mixed Popular Biscuits
- 1 lb. Table Raisins
- 1 lb. Mixed Nuts
- 5 lbs. Apples

Hamper H52 \$5.25.

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- 1 lb. Cape Cod Cranberries,
- 1 Plum Pudding, 1 lb.
- 1 lb. New Table Figs
- 3 Tins Tomatoes, Corn or Peas
- 1 Package Mince Meat
- 1 Tin Red Currant or Black Currant Jelly, C. & B.
- 1 lb. Mixed Nuts
- 1 lb. Table Raisins
- 1 Box Somebody's Luggage
- 6 lbs. Apples
- 1 lb. Fancy French Cream Candy
- 1 lb. English Fancy Mixed Biscuits

Hamper H53 \$5.90.

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- 1 Plum Pudding 2 lbs.
- 1 Package Mince Meat
- 1 lb. Fancy Table Figs
- 3 Tins Tomatoes, Peas or Corn
- 1 lb. New Table Raisins
- 1 lb. New Mixed Nuts
- 1 Box Somebody's Luggage
- 5 lbs. Table Apples
- 1 Jar English Barley Sugar
- 1 Jar C. & B. Marmalade
- 1 lb. French Cream Candy
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- 1 Plum Pudding, 3 lbs.
- 3 Tins Tomatoes, Corn or Peas
- 2 lbs. Fancy Table Raisins
- 1 Jar Goodwillie's Fruit
- 1 lb. Fancy Table Figs
- 2 lbs. Fancy Mixed Nuts
- 1 lb. Fancy Mixed Biscuits (English)
- 1 Dozen Oranges
- 1 lb. Malaga Grapes
- 1 lb. French Cream Candy
- 1 Pot C. & B. Raspberry Jam
- 1 lb. Tetley's 40-cent. Tea
- 1 Box Somebody's Luggage
- 1 Bottle Finest Old Port
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Hamper H55 \$11.50.

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- 1 Plum Pudding, 2 lbs.
- 2 lbs. Cape Cod Cranberries
- 1 Pail Wetthey's Mince Meat, 7 lbs.
- 2 lbs. Fancy Table Raisins
- 2 lbs. New Mixed Nuts
- 1 lb. New Table Figs
- 5 lbs. Apples
- 1 Box Fancy Confectionery
- 2 Tins Tomatoes, Corn or Peas
- 1 Dozen Oranges
- 1 lb. Malaga Grapes
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- 1 Tin Bowlby's Peas, 3 lbs.
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- 1 " Smith & Druce Sloe Gin
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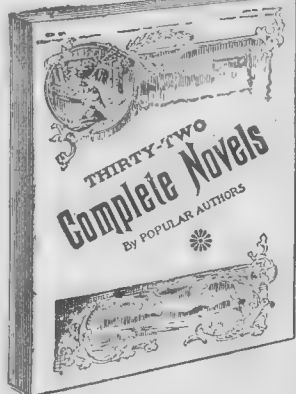
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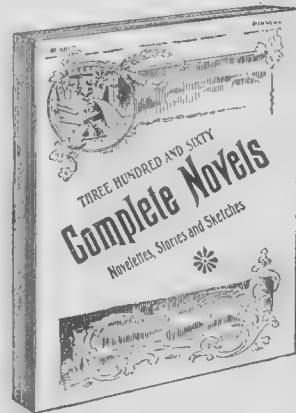
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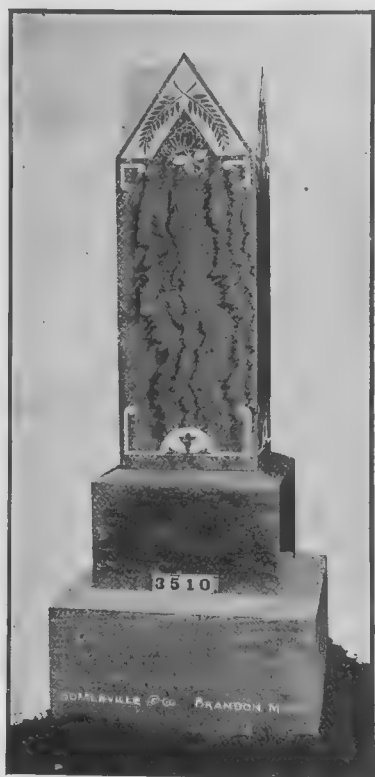


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Little Jean's Christmas Eve.

By W. S. HAMILTON.

It was Christmas Eve in the year of grace 1704, and seldom has that time-honored day been visited with weather so singularly appropriate to the occasion. In the majority of places a perfect hurricane had raged all day, to the great annoyance of people in general and shopkeepers in particular, whose Christmas profits threatened to dwindle away to vanishing point; and now when night fell, the wind, as if not yet satisfied with the havoc it had already wrought, increased more and more in violence and caused all prudent-minded folks to gather round their respective hearths and congratulate themselves that they had a home to shelter them and were not obliged to be in the blizzard without.

In common with the rest, the little town of Saint Cecile, situated not far from the Auvergues in Southern France, was experiencing the generally prevailing inclement weather, though it was partly sheltered by the mountains behind it. There, after darkness had set in, passing through the streets, one might have heard but for the howling of the wind, the tiny voices and childish prattle of the merry youngsters, all eagerly expectant of the morrow's joyous festival and perchance catch a glimpse of the mystic snap-dragon as he waggled his body fiercely about and caused transitory terror to the younger children who gathered even closer around their mother's knee. And then suddenly the door opens and with a shout of glee the children rush towards their father, who enters, carrying a huge yule-log. What a blaze! How excitedly do they run for chairs and nestle around the fireside and listen to the same old stories of fairies of long ago. With what relish do they follow the fortunes of the wicked fairy and the good princess. And how they clap their hands when the brave knight rescues her from the haunted tower and marries her (the good princess—not the wicked fairy), and they live happily ever after. And so the time was spent

in revelry and happiness.

Meantime outside the wind roared, and the snow came down thick and fast, nearly blinding the few pedestrians who had the misfortune to be out. But among all the brilliantly-lighted houses one stood out in marked contrast, for at the end of the Rue Babette was a little thatched house, which, but for a slight glimmer of light in one of the upper windows, might have been thought empty, so dark and dismal did it look in comparison to the others. No merry laughter came from within; no snap-dragon bent itself into grotesque shapes on the tables; no yule-log blazed merrily and cheered up the grate—all was silent as the grave. The solitary candle burning in the upper room scarcely served to light up the four walls, but it sufficed to give some idea of the dim interior. The apartment was poorly furnished, yet scrupulously clean and tidy (though God alone knows how the scantiness of the furniture could have made it otherwise). On a low truckle bed at the end of the room lay a little boy of some six or seven years; one hand was on his forehead, thereby keeping the golden curls which encircled his head from falling over his feverish little face, while the other rested in those of his mother, who was bending over him and with anxious, tear-stained eyes, watching every movement of the dying child. Yes, dying child; for had not the village doctor only that morning solemnly assured her that the little one had seen his last Christmas, and that the same day which had given birth to the Holiest Child would see the departure from this world of strife of one whose soul was quite as spotless.

But Jean Baptiste refused to listen to such a prophecy. They were trying to frighten him, that was all; just a blind to make him give up his beloved absinthe. He knew better. His little Jean, the one thing which made his absinthe take second place in his affections, his boy—no, he wouldn't die.

The doctor's advice he scorned, and he even refused to listen to the solemn words of warning of the good abbe, who had more than once during the last few days earnestly besought him to give up his accursed liquor and spend a few hours by the side of his dying child. Meanwhile the mother still knelt by the bedside, watching with anguish of heart the little frame whose life was so rapidly ebbing away. Outside nothing could be heard but the roar of the storm, but from time to time, as the wind lulled, the sound of joyous laughter and merriment were wafted into the sick-chamber, until the wind, as if ashamed of allowing such sacrilege, raged more furiously than ever. At length the child began to show signs of returning consciousness, gradually his deep eyes opened, and a beautiful smile lighted up his flushed little face as he saw his mother bending over him. He did not speak, but with trembling hand felt beneath the pillow and drew forth a small, roughly-constructed violin, his own workmanship, made from an old box and five strings which the kind abbe had given him just a year ago on that never-to-be-forgotten Christmas, when for the first time he had been able to realize his youthful ambitions and start his career as a musician. Placing the instrument to his shoulder, he produced a crudely-constructed bow, and raising himself up in bed began to play. He drew the bow lightly across the strings, which emitted a sound so harmonious that even the storm seemed to abate its fury and listen to the magic notes, but the next moment the violin fell on the bed, and the little player, from sheer exhaustion, sank back on his pillow. An expression of disappointment crossed his weary little face, and his mother, chafing his hot hands in her own, whispered words of consolation in his ear.

"Not to-night, mon petit; not to-night."

"Ah, if I could play once more—just once," murmured the sick boy, "I should die happy"; and with a sigh he closed his eyes and remained motionless, though still grasping with one hand his precious property.

Meantime Jean Baptiste was having what he called "a good time" at the "Jolie Femme," the little village inn. It would be idle to pretend that he was not more than a little disturbed inwardly about his child's health, and try as he might he could not convince his conscience that the malady was as trifling as he said. But anyway one o'clock on the morning of Christmas Day found him and two or three of his boon companions still ensconced in the snug little bar, drinking their own health and everybody else's, when they were suddenly startled by the door being flung open and the abbe entering. All shame-facedly rose to their feet, but the abbe, not heeding them, motioned to Jean to follow him outside. Jean obeyed, an indefinable feeling of some dread news sobering him instantly.

"Jean," said the priest sternly, when they were alone, "how can you drink and make merry when your child is dying—even if he isn't dead already?"

"Dead!" gasped the wretched father, his face blanching. "Oh, say not so. It is impossible. Oh, no, he won't die!"

And seizing his cap, he rushed into the darkness, dragging the abbe with him. Against the blinding snow and rain they half ran, half stumbled along, often being nearly carried off their feet, but they pressed on and soon reached the Rue Babette, and passed the little church, which even then was pealing forth its chime of tinkling bells, announcing the joyous tidings of the birth of the Savior; but they heard them not, neither perchance did they notice a star shining ahead—a star so bright that many astrologers were puzzled to know which it was, and which seemed to increase in brilliance every moment. At length they reached their destination and smartly knocked at the door. A moment later they were let in by the grief-stricken mother.

"Not too late?" her husband cried. "He is still alive?"

The woman nodded her head, and began to lead them upstairs, when—what was that? Far above the shriek of the wind arose a sound so sweet, yet

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so piercing, that for a moment they stood as if inanimate.

The wonderful melody appeared to come from the violin upstairs—I say appeared to come, because, apart from the excellent rendering, it seemed impossible that it could be produced from any earthly instrument. For a moment the abbe and his two companions listened in silent wonder to the mystic strains; then partly recovering from their bewilderment, hastily ascended the stairs to the room where the dying child

lay, and, noiselessly opening the door, entered.

And what a sight met their astonished gaze! A heavenly light pervaded the room, and in the midst of it the child, his face transfigured with an unearthly joy, the golden curls seeming to form a halo around his little face, sat in bed, playing the exquisite melody which in very truth filled the air with sweetness. How long the enchanted music lasted I cannot say, but to the three awe-stricken listeners it

seemed an eternity of joy, as it did to the monk in the Golden Legend as he heard the warbling of the heavenly bird. But suddenly, as he played a chord so divine that it eclipsed even the previous celestial sounds—one so gentle, yet powerful, that in spite of the storm it was wafted into every house in the neighborhood, the boy, with a smile at an invisible Someone, sank back on his pillow, and the music ceased. He was playing the rest in heaven.

Many years have rolled by since that eventful night. St. Cecile is now an important manufacturing centre, and one of its sights is the magnificent cathedral at the end of the Rue Babette. If ever you are passing that way, dear reader, you would do well to enter and visit the shrine which encloses a little crudely-fashioned violin, and read the inscription, which will once again remind you of LITTLE JEAN'S LAST CHRISTMAS EVE.



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Laurette's Christmas Gift.

It was a marriage "for love;" there was no denying that.

Many a wealthier, wiser, prettier and more prudent girl would have been glad to have the Rev. Beranger Haslem—in his own congregation, too—but he must needs pick up this strange wildling from some outlandish place, and set at the head of his influential city church, as "pastor's wife," and seeing that she had no money, family, nor expectations, what else could he have chosen her for, but blind, stupid love? And yet, but four months after the "coming home," behold Laurette in her husband's study, where he sits with corrugated brow before his half-written sermon, not crouching lovingly on the footstool beside him, with her dainty toy-work in her lap, as the normal run of idyls would have it, but standing before him, the table between them, passionate tears in her eyes, reproach, despair on her countenance, her hands clasped in a frenzy of woe!

"Why did you ever bring me here?" she shudders out in tragic, breathless gasps; "not because you loved me. Ah, no, Beranger, never that! Don't seek to comfort me by your cold assurances. I know better now!"

"My dear! my dear!" expostulates Mr. Haslem, gently, but in rather a discouraged tone, as if he was finding his better half a bit of a handful to manage.

Mr. Haslem is a great man; his heart is in his work, and his true desire is to do his duty in the sphere in which God has placed him; but if he had not also placed his heart in the keeping of this restless, eager girl, he would never have taken her to be the companion of his life; consequently, these wild words fall almost like an outrage on his ears, though he assures himself she can surely never mean them, nor do him such injustice.

"Yes, yes, I know that I only trouble you!" cries Laurette, the burning tears beginning to fall over her scorching cheeks—"that I have no place here but to cause you anxiety—that but for me you would be a happier and more successful man. I know all that so well! I am no comfort to you, no advantage in your work, and I have come to—"

"Laurette," interrupts he, wildly; have I ever said anything like this to you?"

"Oh, no, no! You are too patient and good, but I know—I know you never would have chosen me, Beranger, but that you took pity on my great love for you, which I, poor fool! could not hide!"

"Why will you torture yourself thus, dear? Do you find me unkind or neglectful to you, that you should fancy such things?"

"No, too kind; too considerate!" murmurs the young wife, wringing her hot hands; "too uncomplaining for it to be real. Don't I know what your wife should be? Why didn't you marry a wise, useful young lady, whose poor, foolish heart would not torment you with so much love and yearning? You don't need my worship—it is only extravagance to you!"

"I thought I wanted it, Laurette, or I would not have asked you for it," sighs Mr. Haslem, feeling words to be idle, while she will twist them so strangely.

"But you know better now," gasps Laurette, with a hysterical laugh, "and so do I, to my despair! Oh, Beranger, never think that I blamed you!"

She stands a moment, whitening to the lips, gazing at him in indecision, as if she longed even yet to cast herself at his feet, and implore his tenderness or forgiveness, but his eyes are on his unfinished sermon, longing as it seems, and she turns

away and creeps softly from the room as if crushed.

"My darling," begins the young husband, looking up, and then he discovers that he is alone.

"After all," he muses, "it is better to leave her to come to reason by herself—she always does—and then I can tell her, perhaps, more strongly than I have ever done, how deep and strong my love is for her. Poor little Laurette! I wonder why she doubts me?"

But it is Saturday evening, and his sermon must be finished, so he puts away domestic perplexities with an effort, and plunges into theology.

With all his excellencies—and he is truly an affectionate, ever-thoughtful husband—Mr. Haslem does not altogether understand the way to treat his Laurette.

She is passionately loving, impulsive, diffident, and full of nervous, generous, impossible fancies; he, calm, strong, well-balanced, earnest in affection, inflexible in duty.

She is stung to frenzy by some words which malice has poured into her ear, burdened with thoughts and cares, and hours of pain, whose meanings she dares not understand, but which drive her fevered, craving heart the closer to him; and he, all unconscious of the teeming, surging fancies, all unknowing of those sorrowful, heavy hours, wonders at the inequality of her spirits, and her many exactions, while he loves her none the less nor neglects his duties a whit the more.

You might call them, at this stage of the Idyl, Snow and Fire, and wonder little at the sequel.

It was close on Sunday morning when the pastor put away his work and thought of rest. Never mind, it was a good sermon, and before leaving his study he prayed humbly that it might be blessed to some among his flock, perhaps even to his own ewe lamb.

Laurette had not yet retired. Foolish girl, she must be sitting alone down stairs waiting for him.

The gas was not lit in the parlor, but at the sound of his steps in the hall the housekeeper, an elderly woman with a peculiarly cold eye, came up from the kitchen regions, a note in her hand.

"Mis' Haslem has gone out, sir, and she told me not to disturb you on no account till you would come down, and to give you this note. I expect, sir," said the woman, demurely smoothing down her apron, while her stealthy eye watched her master's face, "she's gone to spend the evening at some of them friends of hers, and wants you to go for her. It's a rainy night for you to go out after your work, sir, but—he! he! you'll not get the comfort with a young wife that you had when you was your own master!"

But Mr. Haslem was deaf to old Martha's words of wisdom.

He had torn open the note, and read what turned him cold and blind as stone.

This from his own little wife!

"I am going away—out of your life for ever, Beranger. I have thought it all over, and it is best. After a while marry again, for I shall be dead; and don't make such another mistake. Take her you should have taken but for me. Oh, my love, I never blamed you!"

LAURETTE.

"The Lord is your sun and shield, and He will watch over her you mourn, and preserve her from harm," said good Elder Crayton, when, a week later, he bent over his young pastor's pillow, and held his burning hand in his. "And perhaps this will be blessed to the wayward child, and ordered for her and your more lasting happiness. Be not disquieted; nothing is suspected as yet among the people, and we must keep her name spotless. They think you took her to her home to see some sick relative, and I will explain her continued absence."

So this wise friend stood between the crushed minister and the cruel darts of slander—told all enquirers that Mrs. Haslem had been "sent by the Lord to fulfil a mission elsewhere," and, meanwhile, prayed hard

good to come out of the great ill. But six months passed away, and Beranger Haslem was still desolate. It was vaguely reported that Mrs. Haslem was nursing some dying relative, perhaps with a cloud over her name, hence the pastor's taciturnity and sadness. The truth was never once suspected, and he it was to poor Laurette's credit, none, on the most slanderous, dreamed of associating wrong with her.

Six months, and Christmas Eve. Mr. Haslem is once more in his study, working at his Christmas sermon, with care and weary sadness in his pale face—a heart fighting for truth and much despair within.

The room had not that bright, airy air it wore six months ago, though old Martha prided herself on making the best care of "her minister." The fire burned dimly, half-smothered in ashes; the books were piled anyhow; the little sewing-chair waited on the hearth—waited still!

On this night the child of the world was born—the Holy Babe who was to bring such joy.

Suddenly the door was opened wide, but silently, and Laurette stood there, the snow on her poor garments, a great, quivering light glowing on her white face. And in her outstretched arms, while her lips moved speechlessly and her hollow eyes appealed, she held a sleeping babe!

Was it a phantom?

He sprang up, scattering books and manuscript, and faced her, trembling and wondering—afraid that she might vanish away.

"Beranger!" breathed Laurette, timidly, "I've brought you a Christmas gift—our child!"

"My God!" ejaculated Mr. Haslem; "is this possible?"

He put his arm around them, and, scarce conscious, drew them to the bedside, placed her in the vacant chair, fell on his knees before her, and trembling exceedingly, pressed them both to his heart.

"Oh, Lord, Thou hast been kind and pitiful!" he gasped.

"Are you glad?" whispered the eldest Laurette, between quivering heart-beats; "or shall I leave him with you, and go away and leave you in peace?"

He tightened his embrace, and moaned as he kissed her.

"Still doubting, my darling—my darling? Oh, how could you desert me so? Am I so poor a husband to you as that?"

"Oh, tell me to stay! Let me hear you bid me welcome!" rang out the young voice, with its old, passionate, yearning cadence.

"God witness between us that my heart is entirely set upon you," cried Beranger, solemnly; "and that I have known no moment of happiness since I lost you. I never loved another—I never desired other woman than you; and though I might have seemed cold in my manner, darling—I always loved you first and best, and deepest of all earthly gifts to me!"

"How good—how good God has been to send me back to you!" wept Laurette, winding her arms about him she had so mistrusted. "I didn't think it possible you would forgive and take me home; I thought you would be stern and hard, as good men often are to the weak and wicked."

"Why did you go, dearest?" whispered Beranger, fondly.

"I'm not going to—yes, I'll never conceal any trouble from you again," said the young wife, determinately; "and this was what turned me wild altogether. Old Martha never liked my coming here, and always was telling me what changed times you had—how none of your friends would come to the house because they weren't pleased with your choice, and how unhappy you seemed to be; and at last she told me there was a young lady you had been engaged to, a good, pious, energetic worker in the church, that the congregation would have been delighted with—Miss Vanson, you know—and ah, me! when I compared my useless self to her, and remembered how my love must have made you take me out of pity, I couldn't—couldn't stay to be a burden—"

"Hush, my beloved wife; don't cry on this happy, white night of our lives! That was all false, and Martha shall find a place elsewhere. Now tell me about this little fellow."

They both pored over the soft waxen face of the sleeping infant, joy in the mother's and in the father's eyes.

"He came three weeks ago," murmured Laurette, blushing happily, "and it was to give him to you I lived and worked so hard. He kept me from despair and wrong many a dark day, and so, as soon as I could travel, we came."

"Our little boy," breathed the pastor, softly kissing him, and then with tender, but most grieving reproach, he cried: "Oh, how could you leave me, and battle through it all alone—and I never knew!"

So that was Laurette's Christmas gift to Beranger Haslem.

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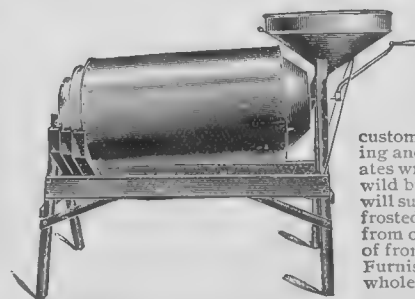
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BEEMAN & CO., 127-129-131 Higgins Avenue, Winnipeg, Man.

Christmas Sweets and Christmas Menus.

To make maple panache, which is a very delicious Christmas sweet, grate one pound of maple sugar; add one cupful of milk; stir over the fire until the sugar is dissolved and then boil until the syrup forms a soft ball when dropped in cold water. Take from the fire; stir for a moment until it begins to thicken; then add hastily half a pint of pecan meats and turn mixture into a square greased pan. When partly cold, mark into small squares with a greased knife.

Peppermint Drops.

Add half a pint of water to one pound of granulated sugar, stir until the sugar is dissolved; add six drops of the best oil of peppermint, and boil for five minutes. Take from the fire and stir just enough to make the syrup slightly cloudy. Pour at once into tiny greased patty-pans.

To have peppermint drops just right pour the mixture quickly; do not dip it out or the whole mass will granulate and harden.

Walnut Molasses Candy.

Put into a large saucepan one pint of good New Orleans or Porto Rico molasses, one cupful of brown or maple sugar, one tablespoonful of butter, one tablespoonful of vinegar. Mix and stir until they boil. Boil slowly until the syrup hardens when dropped into ice water. Take from the fire and pour it over black walnuts that have been put in a greased shallow pan. When partly cooled cut into bars.

Nut Crackle.

Cover the bottom of a greased shallow pan thickly with mixed nuts—almonds, pecans, English, walnuts and peanuts. Put one pound of granulated sugar into a saucepan over the fire and stir until it is melted, being careful not to allow it to burn. Pour at once over the nuts and stand aside to cool. This is a popular sweet.

The Best of All Cakes.

Seed and chop a quarter of a pound of dates; mix with them one cupful

of seeded raisins, and dust them with half a cupful of flour. Dissolve a level teaspoonful of baking soda in two tablespoonfuls of warm water; add it to half a pint of very thick sour cream; stir a moment and add one cupful of brown sugar, half a tumblerful of currant or blackberry jelly, a tablespoonful of cinnamon, a teaspoonful of allspice, and two cupfuls and a half of flour; beat thoroughly; add the fruit; mix well, and turn into a greased square bread-pan. Bake in a very slow oven for one hour and a half. Keep in a cake-box one week before cutting. If the cream is thick and sour this cake will be quite equal to plain fruit-cake.

Nut Cream Cakes.

Add a quarter of a cupful of butter to half a pint of boiling water. Boil until the butter is melted; then stir in hastily half a pint of flour. When the dough is smooth stand it aside to cool. When cool, add one egg, unbeaten; mix; add a second egg; beat and then add a third egg. When the mixture is light and creamy drop it by tablespoonfuls in greased pans. Bake in a moderate oven for half an hour, or until the cakes are very light in weight. While they are baking beat a quarter of a cupful of butter and

half a cupful of powdered sugar until very light; add the yolk of one egg, beat, and stir in half a cupful of mixed chopped nuts. When the cakes are cool, make an incision at one side and put in a teaspoonful of the nut mixture. Dust the cakes with powdered sugar. These must be used the day they are filled. The cakes may be kept a day or two, but must be rewarmed before filling.

Fig Cake.

Wash and chop two pounds of pulled figs. Beat half a pound of butter to cream; add the same weight of sugar; beat again and add five eggs well beaten, without separating. Dust the fruit with half a cupful of flour. Add half a cupful of grape juice, the juice of an orange, and half a nutmeg, grated, to the sugar mixture; mix; add one pint of flour; beat and then stir in the fruit. Bake in a five-pound fruit-pan, in a moderate oven for four hours or steam three hours and bake one.

English Plum Pudding.

Shred a quarter of a pound of candied orange peel and the same amount of citron. Mix them with a pound of currants and dust with six tablespoonfuls of flour. Chop half a pound of suet, add to it half a pound of fine stale breadcrumbs, a nutmeg, grated, and the yellow rind of an orange, grated, and the fruit. Mix well. Beat three eggs without separating; add a quarter of a cupful of brown sugar and half a cupful of grape juice. Mix all the ingredients together and pack them down in a round mould or kettle. Cover and boil or steam continuously for six hours.

Several puddings may be made once by this recipe and put aside to reheat at Christmastime. When putting the batter in the mould or kettle leave room for the pudding to swell.

A Simple Christmas Sauce.

Beat two eggs, one cupful of powdered sugar and a quarter of a cupful of butter together for ten minutes. Add the juice of an orange, one tablespoonful of lemon juice or vinegar, a quarter of a grated nutmeg, a teaspoonful of vanilla and one cupful of boiling water. Cook and stir over the water until hot and about the consistency of cream. Use at once.

Christmas Jelly.

Cover one box of gelatine with half a pint of cold water and soak for half an hour. Chop and drain one quart of peaches. Add to them the juice of four oranges, two sliced bananas and half a cupful of sugar. Add to the gelatine one pint and a half of boiling water. Stir for a moment and pour over the fruit. Turn into a mould and stand in the refrigerator overnight. When ready to serve turn out on a pretty china or glass dish. Serve with plain or whipped cream.

A Dainty Christmas Pudding.

Add half a cupful of powdered sugar to one pint of good thick cream and whip it to a stiff froth. At serving-time heap it in a large dessert-dish; cover first with chopped candied cherries and then with chopped almonds. Dust over all a little powdered sugar and serve with macaroons or with any small fancy cakes.

SOME CHRISTMAS MENUS.

Every one should have just as good a dinner on Christmas Day as one's purse will allow. If far away from the market-places the materials at hand should be served in the very best and daintiest manner and particular attention be given to the table decoration. If holly is out of the question, use cedar, pine, or any accessible green. Myrtle, ground pine, small red apples and partridge berries all lend themselves admirably to the decoration of the Christmas table.

Breakfast Menus

Baked Apples, Cream	Oatmeal, Cream
Broiled Fish	Hamburg Steak
Fried Mush	Brown Sauce,
Graham Gems Coffee	Corn Bread Coffee

Luncheon Menus

Oatmeal,	Fried Smelts, Sauce
Whipped Cream	Tartar
Chons	Bread Butter
Creamed Potatoes	Crackers Cheese
Toast Coffee	Coffee
Hot Cereal over Sliced	Fish Croquettes
Bananas, Cream	Peas Brown Bread
Steamed Eggs Rolls	Coffee

Dinner Menus

Stewed Prunes	Scalloped Oysters
Farina, Cream	Muffins
Broiled Sweetbreads	Celery
Whole Wheat Gems	Lemon Jelly
Coffee	Fruit Cookies
Fruit	
Beauregard Egg Toast	Broiled Oysters
Cocoa, Whipped Cream	Brown Bread
	Cabbage with
Creamed Chipped Beef	French Dressing
Date Gems	Brown Bread
Coffee	Coffee

Broiled Bacon, Eggs	Creamed Chicken
Short Bread	Milk Biscuits
Tea	Wafers Cocoa
	Whipped Cream

Not One Machine has been Returned

We have been sending out our Sewing Machines for Free Trial for nearly 5 years. They have gone to every part of Canada, from Prince Edward Island to British Columbia, without one dollar being sent in advance. Not one of these machines has ever been returned. Every one sent out has proved satisfactory, and has been retained and paid for. Our booklet contains four pages of letters received from those who have tried them.

We take no risk in sending out our sewing machines on Free Trial. They are better in all essential features than any of the high-priced machines, and they cost only about half as much. We have 9 styles, varying in price from \$13.00 to \$33.50. For \$21.50 we furnish a machine guaranteed for 20 years, and with more hardened and tempered parts than any of the high-priced machines. Let us send you one on Free Trial and then test it and compare it with the high-priced machines in your own home. Our little pamphlet, "All About Sewing Machines," explains their important parts and tells how to test them. It will be sent to any address on application.

Read the following letters from pleased customers:

Russell, Man., Oct. 30, 1905.

Windsor Supply Co., Windsor, Ont.:

Dear Sirs,—Your letter to hand, and in reply would say I am very sorry you have not received the money before this, as I left it with the Postmaster and sent you a receipt. I thought you would notify him and that you would have your money long ago. You will find enclosed a post office order for \$45. I am well pleased with the Separator, and also the Sewing Machine I received last winter. Yours truly,

W. S. GARNETT.

We take great pleasure in recommending the machine whenever we have the opportunity, as it is the best machine we ever saw, in every respect. Often my wife wonders if it is sewing, it runs so lightly. I have run the treadle and balance wheel for three and a half minutes with one starting. As to the price, my mother-in-law says she would trade her \$75 Singer machine for the Matron any time. There is no comparison between the two machines. Wishing you every success. I remain yours truly,

GEORGE GOODWIN.

McTaggart P. O., Assa.

Bridgeport, C. B., N. S., Oct. 27, 1905.

Windsor Supply Co., Windsor, Ont.:

Gentlemen,—The Matron Sewing Machine I purchased from you one month ago has proved itself to be a first-class up-to-date machine. I prefer it to any other, and could not get one as good in this country for \$50. It was in good order when it reached us, not a scratch on it. I have not yet tried the attachments, but they are all right. Thank you very much for the scissors. MISS JANE LAWRENSON.

Cape Breton, N. S.

Meklin, Man., June 17, 1904.

The Windsor Supply Co., Windsor, Ont.:

Gentlemen,—The Matron Sewing Machine we got from you gives entire satisfaction, and it is equal to any machine I have ever seen at any price. Wishing you every success. I am, yours sincerely,

JOHN DUFF.

Dunkin, Que., June 26, 1905.

The Windsor Supply Co., Windsor, Ont.:

Gentlemen,—Your Matron Sewing Machine was received in good order, but delayed writing, as I wanted to try the attachments, and am well satisfied with them and the machine. Everybody that has seen it likes it also. Very truly yours,

DENISE LAGUE.

From One Who Purchased a Sewing

Machine Three Years Ago.

Clanwilliam, Man., February, 10, 1906.

The Windsor Supply Co., Windsor, Ont.:

Dear Sirs,—I want you to send me some machine needles for the Matron which I got from you nearly three years ago, and as I have not a catalogue I do not know the price of them, but will enclose 25c. I am still

SEWING MACHINES

AT PRICES FROM

\$13.00

UP TO

\$33.00

as well pleased with the machine as I

was at first. I remain, yours truly,

MRS. HENRY MUNRO.

Deacon, Ont., January 2, 1906.

The Windsor Supply Co., Windsor, Ont.:

Dear Sirs,—Your Sewing Machine came to hand safely on the 19th of December to Golden Lake station. Mrs. McMillan wishes to say that she likes the sewing machine very much, and finds it easy to run; also to thank you for the Buttonhole Scissors which she likes very much.

I will do what I can to sell a machine for you. We tell about it and show it to everyone who comes in. Yours respectfully,

A. J. McMILLAN.

Regina, Sask., January 16, 1906.

The Windsor Supply Co., Windsor, Ont.:

Dear Sirs,—I received your Sewing Machine all right, without a scratch. I like it very much. I think it is well worth the money. If I can sell any of them I will, but so many have sewing machines. I will recommend it whenever I get a chance. Yours truly,

MRS. D. A. MACLENNAN, Box No. 584.

Attercliffe, Ont., January 12, 1906.

The Windsor Supply Co., Windsor, Ont.:

Dear Friends,—I must say that my Sewing Machine, which I purchased from you some time ago, works fine, and I like it splendidly. It does its work good in every way, just as good as a \$50.00 machine I used to have three years ago. Yours truly,

MRS. R. BOWMAN.

Is Delighted with the Sweetheart

Sewing Machine.

Brandon, Man., Jan. 8, 1906.

The Windsor Supply Co., Windsor, Ont.:

Gentlemen,—All that I can say about the Sweetheart Sewing Machine is that

A Handsome Christmas Gift



ONLY \$33.50.

Mrs. Anderson is delighted with it, and thinks no sewing machine is its superior. I am showing it to my friends and they are surprised, and when they are able to buy one they will ask me to do it. Yours truly,

S. ANDERSON.

Windsor, N. S., March 19, 1906.

The Windsor Supply Co., Windsor, Ont.:

Gentlemen,—Enclosed find 50c., for which please send needles for Matron

Machine, assorted sizes, mostly fours, for fine work.

Machine continues to give entire satisfaction.

Yours truly, MRS. R. MAYNARD.

Quyon Co., Pontiac, Que., April 13, '06.

The Windsor Supply Co., Windsor, Ont.:

Gentlemen,—Received your favor of the 12th inst. with enclosure of needles for Matron Sewing Machine, for which please receive herewith 60c. in stamps. The Matron Machine we got from you runs lighter, and I am sure does just as nice sewing as any of the high-priced machines.

Yours respectfully, GUTHRIE BROS.

Richard's Landing, Ont., Jan. 17, '06.

Dear Sir,—In regard to Sewing Machine, I would not exchange my machine for one which the agents ask \$50.00 for here. Mine is a \$28.50 "Matron."

MRS. S. H. FERRIS.

Regina, Sask., Feb. 2, 1906.

The Windsor Supply Co., Windsor, Ont.:

Gentlemen,—We received the Sewing Machine in good condition two weeks after shipping, and as far as we have used it, it has given the best of satisfaction. We also received the Shoemaker's outfits, which we have sold, and are sending the money for the same with this letter.

THOMAS GARDNER.

WINDSOR SUPPLY COMPANY, Windsor Ontario.

- Baked Apples
Nut Rolls,
Tomato Sauce
Whole Wheat Bread
Coffee
- Hot Farina over
 stewed Figs, Cream
Poached Eggs Toast
Coffee
- Broiled Birds on
Toast Celery Salad
Crackers Cheese
Coffee
- Cream of Tomato Soup
Croutons
Cold Beef, Aspic
Horseradish Sauce
Brown Bread Tea
- Bouillon
Creamed Chipped
Beef Corn Bread
Tea
- ****
- Christmas Dinners**
- Tomato Soup
Croutons
Roast Chicken
Oyster or Giblet
Sauce
Cranberry Jelly
Browned Mashed
Potatoes
Creamed Onions
Cabbage Salad
Wafers
Brown Betty with
Raisins
Cider Sauce
Coffee
Home-made Peanut
Brittle & Chocolates
- Oysters on Half-
Shell
Crackers
Tabasco Sauce
Horseradish
English Brown Soup
Bread Sticks
Roasted Ducks,
Walnut Stuffing
Currant Jelly
Rice Croquettes
Canned Peas in
Turnips
Lettuce Salad
Wafers Cheese
Hamburg Cream
Coffee
Mixed Fruits
and Nuts
- Oyster Cocktail
Turkish Soup, Croutons
Celery Olives
Roasted Ribs of Beef
Brown Sauce
Browned Sweet
Potatoes
Canned Corn
Cold Slaw
Plum Pudding
Hard Sauce
Coffee
Candies Nuts
- Brown Stock Soup
Croutons
Roasted Capon,
Oyster Sauce
Cranberry Jelly
Sweet and White
Potatoes
Stewed Celery
Apple & Cabbage Salad
in Apple Cases
Wafers, Neufchatel
Cheese
Huntsman Pudding
Orange Sauce
Coffee Bonbons
Salted Almonds
- ****
- Vegetarian Dinner**
- Mock Oyster Soup
Crackers
Rice Timbale with
Mushrooms
Mock Turkey
(Nuts & Hominy)
Tomato Sauce
Cranberry Jelly
Boiled Onions
Apple & Chicory Salad
Wafers
Plum Pudding
(without suet),
Jelly Sauce
Bonbons Salted Nuts
Coffee
- Tongue in Aspic,
Sauce Tartar
Bread and Butter
Sandwiches
Tea
- Cold Turkey
Mayonnaise of
Celery
Rolls, Butter,
Canned Peaches
Brot Forte
- Minced Turkey
Sandwiches
Celery Olives
Ginger Wafers
Cocoa
- Bouillon
Boned Chicken in Aspic
Rolls
Chicory with Mayon-
naise
Preserved Straw-
berries
Macaroons
- ****
- A Fish Dinner**
- Oysters on Half-Shell
Crackers
Horseradish,
Tabasco Sauce
Lemon
Cream of Spinach
Soup
Boiled Cod
Sauce Hollandaise
Potato Balls
Scalloped Tomatoes
Waldorf Salad
A Plain Gateau
Crackers Cheese
Coffee
Nuts
Candies
Fruits
- In the Chafing-Dish**
- Creamed Sweet-
breads
and Mushrooms
Butter
Chicory Salad
Wafers
Neufchatel Cheese
Coffee
- Turkey a la Bordelaise
with Peas
Brown Bread
Sandwiches Olives
Celery Fruit Cake Tea
- ****
- Summer Menus**
- Chopped Fruit
Sandwiches
Cocoa
Sponge Fingers
Broiled Oysters
Toast Coffee
- Creamed Oysters
Buttered Biscuits
Celery
Lemon Jelly
Nut Cream Cake
Coffee



AN ILLOGICAL REVENGE.

MRS. MARMADUKE: Girls who are disappointed in love, Mr. Surplice, generally plunge headlong into Church work.

MR. SURPLICE: Yes. But I don't see why the clergy should be punished for what other men don't do.

Smart Little Snakes.

A little snake was recently presented to the Paris Museum of Natural History whose capabilities in the way of swallowing are the wonder of all observers.

The snake is only about the thickness of a man's finger and was caught in the act of swallowing a duck's egg. The question is, how does it manage to get down its throat such a thing as a duck's egg, not only so much larger than itself, but hard and perfectly smooth?

A probable supposition is that a couple of membraneous folds which have been discovered, one on each side of the mouth, lay hold upon the shell like cupping glasses and thus work it into the throat. But after the egg has passed through the distended jaws it would seem as if its bulk and solidity when lodged in a comparatively inelastic portion of the digestive tube, whose juices were unable to dissolve the shell, would prove fatal to the animal.

This snake has no teeth, but so-called gular teeth are present, being really the tips of the long inferior spines of the first eight or nine vertebrae protruding through its food passage. When the shell is broken by the gular teeth it is ejected and the fluid passes into the stomach.

EASTERN CANADA EXCURSIONS

Via Canadian
Northern Railway **\$40.00**

From Winnipeg to points in Eastern Canada, Montreal and West. Proportionately low rates to points East of Montreal, and from points outside of Winnipeg.

Tickets on Sale daily November 24th until December 31st, 1906.

Return Limit 3 months, with privilege of Extension upon payment of a small amount to Agent at destination.

Liberal Stop Over Privileges.

Low Rates to Great Britain and Europe

Home Visitors' Excursions to St. Paul, Minneapolis, Duluth and points in Iowa, Missouri, Illinois, Nebraska and Wisconsin.

Tickets on sale at all stations in Saskatchewan and Alberta, December 1st to 31st, inclusive, at very reduced rates.

Return Limit three months from date of sale.

¶ Train Service Unexcelled,

¶ First-class Sleeping and Dining Car Service.

¶ Compartment, Library, Observation Cars between Winnipeg and St. Paul

¶ Fast Time—Excellent Service—Safety.

Any Agent of the Canadian Northern Railway will be pleased to give fullest information. Or write

E. H. Shaw

Traffic Manager, Winnipeg

CANADIAN
NORTHERN

Small Youth (to chemist): If you please, you'll find the smell in the bottle, and I want twopenn'orth of it.

Smith—"Brown is getting to be quite absentminded of late, isn't he?"

Griffin—"Why, I haven't noticed it."

Smith—"Well, he is. The other day he happened to look in the mirror at home, and he asked his wife what she was doing with that fellow's picture in the house."

Sporting Goods as Xmas Gifts.

ALMOST everyone indulges in some out-door sport or game, or enjoys some indoor amusement; and any suitable gift to increase the enjoyment of these pastimes will be more appreciated than any ordinary present. Think this over, then send for our illustrated catalogues, which will suggest any number of suitable gifts, and at prices to suit all pockets. Catalogue No. 38 is of Summer Sporting Goods and No. 39 of Fall and Winter Sporting Goods. A post-card with name and address will secure these by return mail.

The HINGSTON SMITH ARMS CO.,
LIMITED, WINNIPEG.

The Famous "McCulloch" Skate.



Used by all the leading professional and amateur skaters.

Unexcelled as a Christmas Gift for the Boy or Girl.

Owing to the great demand for the "McCulloch" Skate this season, it is necessary to order at once. Write for illustrated Booklet.

Special Rates for Club Orders.

McCulloch & Boswell, THE GRANITE RINK,
ELLICE AVENUE, WINNIPEG.

Every intelligent farmer knows that it pays to cook feed for live stock. It is not the amount that is eaten that fattens; it is the amount that is digested. All grains contain large quantities of starch, and starch is not digestible until cooked. The heat of the stomach is not sufficient to make the starchy substances digestible, and so a considerable portion of the grain eaten raw does not benefit the animals as it should. OUR WINDSOR COOKER supplies a safe, simple, cheap means of cooking feed. The outside casing or jacket is made of strong cold rolled boiler steel, supported at the bottom with a heavy wrought iron band. Inside the casing is a cast iron flue, which protects the steel jacket, so that it lasts indefinitely and throws the fire and smoke up around the kettle before it passes into the pipe. In this way the entire outside of the kettle is brought into direct contact with the fire, enabling the user to cook the food in the shortest possible time. The fire-door is 12x15 inches—the largest of any cooker made, enabling the use of wood up to 3 ft. in length. The entire height is only 30 inches, making it convenient for filling and emptying. The kettle is made of very smooth cast iron, which neither rusts nor burns out. In addition to being a feed cooker, you can also use it for heating water on wash day, for rendering lard, making soap, boiling maple sugar, scalding hogs, washing milk cans and pails, etc.

The Windsor Stock Feed Cooker



PRICES.			
Gals.	Gals.	Wt.	Price.
15	12½	100	\$ 9 00
20	16½	130	10 00
30	25	225	12 00
40	33½	250	14 00
50	41½	275	15 00
65	54½	300	16 50
75	62½	375	20 00

Millbrook, Ont., April 24, 1905.
Windsor Supply Co.,
Windsor, Ont.

Gentlemen,—Please find enclosed stamps for Elgin Wrench. It is a little dandy. I am much pleased with Feed Cooker. It is the best one we have ever used, as it takes so little wood to fire it.

Sincerely yours,
JOHN L. PATTERSON.

Waneta, B. C., February 5, 1906.
Windsor Supply Co.,
Windsor, Ont.

Dear Sirs,—I duly received yours of January 17, and thank you for your trouble re freight charges. In regard to the merits of the Feed Cooker itself it does its work splendidly; altogether it is all you claim for it.

Yours truly, MATTHEW HILL.

Address: Windsor Supply Co., Windsor, Ont.



The Children's Christmas.

If you want a jolly and original method of spending Christmas evening in the home by all means have a "Shadow Santa Claus Entertainment." This will delight the younger folks and also afford amusement to the older members of the household. It requires much less work and preparation than a Christmas tree and may easily be arranged in almost any home—a sheet, a lamp and some cardboard being about all the material necessary, except the rigging up of Santa Claus, and supplying him with a small band of sleigh-bells.

Rooms connected by double doors are the best for an entertainment of this kind, but a single room can be used with a sheet stretched either across one end or over the doorway. The sheet should be stretched taut, and behind it should be placed in a cardboard chimney-piece cut out, with different-sized stockings hanging before it. Then a lamp should be set on a low stand so as to throw a reflection of the chimney and fireplace on the sheet. Of course, all other lights are turned down or extinguished in both rooms if the sheet is stretched between folding doors.

It is a pretty idea to have music, first a Christmas carol, then a lively march accompanied by a jangle of sleigh-bells, first faintly heard, then growing louder, when suddenly the shadow of a sleigh drawn by reindeer passes across the upper part of the sheet. This can be arranged by means of a little skill in drawing and then cutting out the figures from a piece of cardboard, and passing them before the lamp.

If this is not practical a shadow of Santa Claus might suddenly drop from above and come out of the open fireplace. This can be effected by the one personating Santa Claus stepping over the lamp and coming through the opening left in the cardboard fireplace. Santa Claus should have a long beard, a shaggy coat and cap, and a pack on his back.

While soft music is being played or a little lullaby, Santa Claus can do some pantomime work, tiptoeing cautiously about, putting his finger to his lips, setting down his pack, and holding his sides with laughter at the length or smallness of some of the stockings.

Then he opens his pack and begins to put the different presents in the various stockings, standing on one side of the chimney so that his reflection may be seen, while the lookers-on before the sheet are deeply interested in trying to guess what the presents may be, judging from the shadows they cast.

Santa Claus may be startled once or twice by some imaginary noise, listen attentively, hurriedly grab his pack and prepare for flight, then grow quiet again and proceed with his task. When the presents are distributed he goes up the chimney, the sleigh-bells grow fainter and fainter, the lights are turned on, the sheet is raised at one end and the audience permitted to go to where the stockings hang.

After an inspection "behind the scenes" light refreshments may be served and more shadow pictures given, or else charades and games occupy the remainder of the evening. An attractive feature of the entertainment might be reading or reciting of "Twas the Night Before Christmas."

A Christmas Umbrella Game.

Take a large umbrella—an old one will do—wind the handle with bright yellow ribbon, line the body with red percaline as near to the color of holly berries as possible. Be sure to shape the lining so that it will not sag. Cover the outside with green percaline and finish the top with sprigs of holly and a bow of red and green ribbon. Trim the edge of the umbrella with a row of tiny bells, wind the ribs with crepe or tissue paper the same color as the lining; do this the last thing so that it will not come undone.

Select small appropriate gifts for the young guests; conceal them within dainty wrappings and tie them with ribbon to the ribs of the umbrella. When ready for the game let the children form a circle and choose one of their number to stand in the centre and hold the umbrella. The children may then dance around singing:

"Merrily 'round this Christmas ring,
Dancing gaily as we sing,
What would this umbrella bring
If we changed to hippetty-hop
And our hostess called out 'stop'?"

When singing "hippetty-hop" let the children hop around instead of dancing, and when the hostess calls out "stop" the child with the umbrella raises it over his head and the present which sways longest belongs to him. He unties it, and as he does so he hands the umbrella to another child, whose place he takes in the circle, and so on until all the children have had a chance to hold the umbrella and re-

ceive one of the gifts which hang from it.

After the game the umbrella may be given to the child who receives the largest number of votes as a souvenir of the evening.

A Doll's Christmas Tree.

A pretty and a novel child's party may take the form of a doll's Christmas tree. In the centre of the room place a tree about four feet tall, decorate it prettily and hang upon it presents appropriate for dolls only—tiny animals, dolls' jewelry, home-made doll garments and small bags of candy.

Around the room, against the wall place chairs for the real mothers, in a circle; in front of these place chairs for the make-believe mothers, and in front of this circle place a collection of dolls' chairs, sofas and stools for the dolls themselves.

The dolls, of course, are the guests of honor, the invitations to them having been written on dolls' stationery, presumably by the doll of the hostess.

Have a small boy of eight dressed to represent Santa Claus, Junior, and a low him, when all the guests are seated, to distribute the presents from the tree to the dolls.

The refreshments at a dolls' party may be served on dolls' tables and each little mother sit beside her doll as she eats ice-cream served in small saucers and cakes cut in small shapes.

A Picnic in an Enchanted Orchard.

Instead of the usual large tree, have several small ones. Select sturdy little trees, and plant them in tubs around the room, the size of the trees varying with the size of the room and the number of guests to be provided for. On a tree lighted with red tapers, tie bright red apples with red ribbons; on two more trees lighted with yellow tapers tie oranges and bananas with yellow ribbons; on another, with pale green tapers, tie bunches of pale-green grapes with pale-green ribbons.

Let the candy and nut trees be rose-colored and lighted with rose-colored tapers. Have the candy and nuts in small bags made of pink crepe paper tied on with pink ribbons.

At an appointed time let Santa Claus arrive, laden with baskets, and after he has presented each child with one, let him accompany him from tree to tree, gathering the fruit.

An Old-Fashioned Christmas Party.

These invitations, written on sheets of white notepaper, at the top of which were painted sprays of holly, could be sent out to a number of children a week before Christmas:

Mr. and Mrs. James —
invite you to spend
Christmas Eve
with their daughter
Violet.

Santa Claus will call
for you at 6.00 p.m.

Street —

Promptly at six o'clock on the day appointed a sleigh drawn by two horses with their harness strung with sleigh-bells, and old Santa Claus resplendent in a suit of red and brown, and looking decidedly jolly, called, as arranged, for each invited guest, and while driving from house to house entertained them with tales of the "North Pole," his workshop and his reindeer. The merry party drove to the residence of the hostess and found it decorated with holly and mistletoe. Each child was first asked to guess the number of berries on a large piece of mistletoe which hung from one of the chandeliers. The one guessing nearest the correct number received a stickpin bearing a tiny enameled spray of mistletoe.

Then came romping old-fashioned games, after which a Christmas carol was sung and the children marched in to supper. A star-shaped table had been arranged for the occasion. In its centre was a rather small but handsomely decorated tree. The refreshments consisted of turkey sandwiches, cocoa, lemon jelly with whipper cream, sponge cake, bonbons and nuts. The sponge cake was baked in small star-shaped pans, and ornamented with red and white icing.

When supper was over Santa Claus took from the tree a number of small stockings and gave one to each child. Each one contained bonbons and a small gift.

After two Christmas recitations by a "grown-up," Santa Claus bade his host and hostess "Good-night," and the merry children drove off with him.

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A Christmas Costume Party.

The invitations for a Christmas party of this sort should be enclosed in white envelopes decorated with holly and read as follows:—

Master —, as "Winter,"
and Miss —, as "Christmas,"
will be glad to receive the
"Months"
on Thursday evening,
December the twenty-fourth.

In the lower left-hand corner of each, above the address, should be indicated the character which the little guest is to represent, as, for instance: "Please represent July." Have the little host and hostess represent "Winter" and "Christmas."

When the children arrive let them find a throne built of dry-woods boxes, covered with Canton flannel with the fuzzy side out, well sprinkled with diamond dust and tufts of cotton, and above the throne a canopy made of evergreen boughs. Dip some of the boughs first in a weak solution of gum-arabic and then in flour, and sprinkle them with diamond dust; hang others in alum water until crystals form over the foliage.

Dress the little host in a suit of white cambric well bespangled with crystal beads and glass pendants. Let him wear white slippers and stockings, and over one shoulder a white shawl covered with artificial frost. On his head place a jaunty white beaver hat decorated with a long white plume.

The little hostess should wear a white dress of soft, fluffy material, trimmed with holly and mistletoe, and red stockings and slippers.

Seated upon the throne, beside one another, they should receive their guests, who should appear in the characters indicated upon their invitations. After all the children have been welcomed let them form in line, with "Winter" and "Christmas" leading, and march up stairs and down to the music of piano and violin.

The children might then be shown some views of Bethlehem and the Christ-Child and told or read a Christmas story. Just before going-home time some "grown-up" person, dressed to represent Santa Claus, might come in and deposit his pack in the dining-room and distribute some little gifts. Then some simple refreshments might be served before the children go home.

Suggestions for Christmas Fun.

From the date of our first Christmas tree, which was a very small affair, we have carefully put away the decorations from year to year and have discovered that new and expensive trimmings are not necessary to make an effective and brilliant tree. As the children grow older a larger tree has been selected each year, until our tree has attained as great a height as the room will permit. Our plan has varied from year to year. The week before Christmas Santa Claus sends a letter of instructions to the family: he always asks to have the tree decorated and made ready early on Christmas Eve. This is a great delight to the children.

One year he asked us to leave the window nearest the tree unfastened, and to have the room closed by 9 p.m. on Christmas Eve, as he was so behindhand with his orders that he

couldn't take time to come down the chimney. Soon after nine the tinkle of bells and the prancing, the hurry and bustle of one in great haste were heard outside, and the window was opened and closed. When the room was entered a little before seven on Christmas morning it was found that Santa Claus had left a large sackful of gifts, which were distributed with great merriment.

Some years he appears suddenly, himself distributing gifts; again he empties his pack and with a merry laugh is off in a jiffy.

Early in last December Santa Claus sent word that he had ordered an airship which would pass over our house on Christmas Eve, and as this was his first trip in this way he asked us to aid him by fastening a large basket or hamper as near the top of the house as possible. All things being ready, we watched eagerly. Presently a whistle was heard, a red light was seen slowly drifting towards us, and then a noise like the crashing of trees

in a storm was heard, followed by stillness and darkness. But such a frolic as we had, for there was the queerest mixture of presents in that basket. The next morning we found that under something which looked like snow at the foot of our Christmas tree there were hidden additional gifts for each one.

The Song of the Wires.

What song do ye sing, O wires,
Ye lyres of the league-long string?
Ye girdle the globe with your tires;
O, say, what song do ye sing?

Then with modulant, vibrant tone,
Like the humming of myriad wings,
The resonant world-begirt zone
In full diapason rings:

"We sing of the life of men,
Of the strife in the life of men,
Of the unsheathed claws of men,
As they grasp and tear and rend,
Knowing kinsman, nor foeman, nor friend,
Till the corpse of the true soul-self
Ground to heel in the war for pelf,
Proves in the unnatural strife
Not life, but death in life.

We sing the death of men,
The last, gasping breath of men,
Which in common helplessness blends
Kinsmen and foemen and friends;
Flashed through our throbbing nerves
Love's message of sympathy serves:
'Tis the fragrance of faded wreath;
Not death, but life in death."

Ay, we shall not lose her quite;
By and by,
When our eyes have better sight,
Growing used to larger light,
Her fair path we shall descry.
God will guide our feet aright,
Graciously.

We shall find her some rare day
Soon or late;
We shall find her at her play,
Blithe as when she fled away;
So we will not wall our fate;
Though our heads and hearts be gray,
We can wait.
—By Stanley Lawrence.



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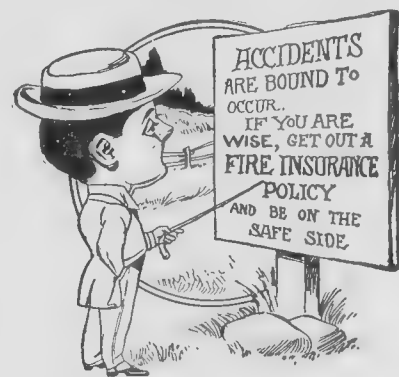
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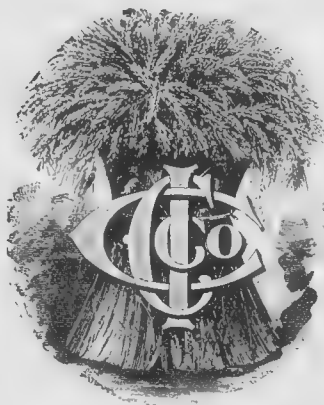
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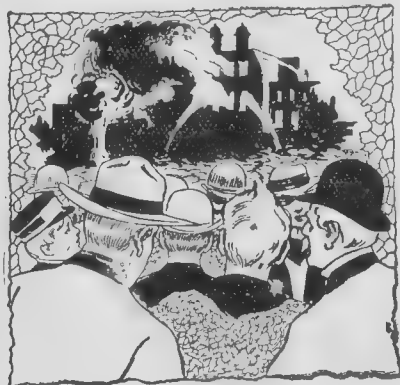
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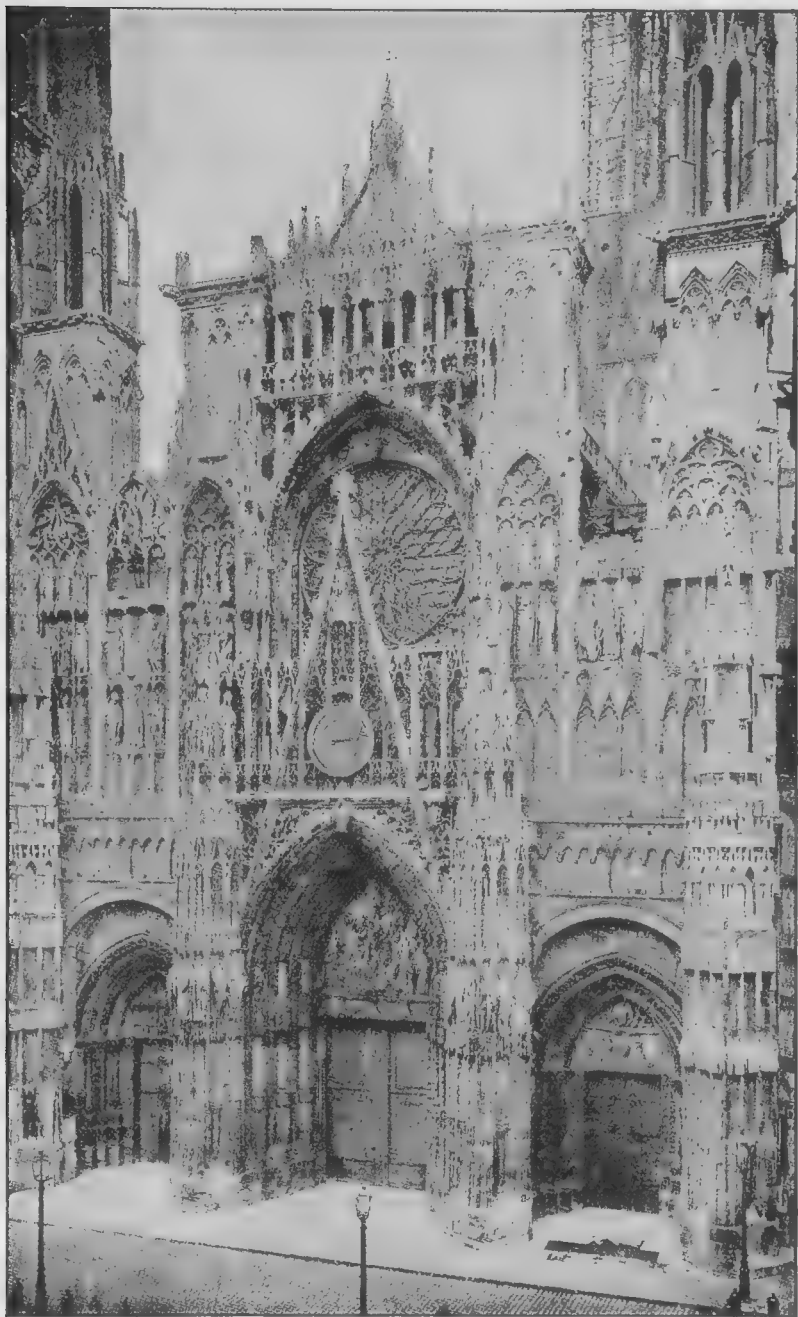
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Appropriate epitaphs for the graves of many otherwise prosperous lives. Forethought is a money maker and money saver. Afterthought consists principally of regrets.

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The Cathedrals of France.

By BARR FERREE.



The Cathedral of Rouen, west front.

Comparisons in art are invidious. The cathedrals of England are as truly the glory of that country as those of France are of its continental rival and hereditary foe, but no one can fail to recognize the superior architectural glory of those of France, or ignore the fact that Gothic architecture originated in the Ile de France, where it underwent its utmost logical development, and from whence it was disseminated throughout Europe. But the two groups of churches should not be compared. The development of the art of each was characteristic and distinct, and each corresponded best to the needs of the people among whom it was produced, and where it clearly illustrated its own conditions and limitations. The Gothic cathedral, wherever it was built, thoroughly reflected the life of its time and the character of its makers. It is this which makes it great, which gives it its art, and makes it speak to us in this nineteenth century with the powerful voice of the deeply religious and artistic life of the Middle Ages, as plainly and as distinctly as it spoke in the thirteenth.

The cathedrals of France, par excellence, those which are its greatest glory, give it its broadest distinction, form, in a word, its most renowned and perfect churches, are those of the Ile de France, the Royal Domain, the seat of the monarchy, that which was truly France when they were built, and from whence a great architectural movement spread over the whole of modern France, and thence into all of Western

Europe. The steps in this architectural progress were not confined to the cathedrals. The monasteries were quite as important links in the chain; more so, in some instances, perhaps, for the monks were the greatest of Christian builders, and carried their art, their methods, their style wherever they formed communities—which is equivalent to all Western Europe. Russia was, of course, quite outside this line of progress, and in North Africa and Eastern Asia indigenous forms of architecture existed better suited to the climate than the style of Northern France.

It was a sacred duty with the monks to labor with their own hands in the building of their churches and conventual buildings. Each brother, from the abbot to the humblest, deemed it a pious duty to aid in God's work by building churches in His honor. The identity of the Gothic style throughout Europe is primarily due to this cause. But after the monks came the lay builders, trained originally under monastic direction, who, like their predecessors, traveled from one part of Europe to another, each with its own rules of design and of construction, peculiarly his own property, and likewise helping to distribute a single style of architecture over wide areas. And though local differences quickly sprang up, though nationalistic forms speedily developed, the lay workers never lost their influence, and only disappeared when the Gothic ceased to be a living style, and the formal period which preceded the Renaissance began.

Cathedral building, the buildings of secular bishops, succeeded monastery building, the buildings of the religious orders, just as the lay workers succeeded the clerical laborers. The monks began the architectural revival of the twelfth century; the secular bishops carried it to its utmost logical point in the thirteenth. Yet the building of monastery churches did not die out; the abbey church of St. Ouen, in Rouen, one of the latest Gothic churches in Europe, is larger than the Gothic cathedral of that city.

In the thirteenth century the cathedral was the centre of the life of the city. Its huge walls towered high above the surrounding buildings, and travelers were first assured of their approach to a city by the spires and towers in the distant landscape. The market-place of the town, in many instances, was directly in front of the great cathedral porch, so that it was but a step from the business of this world to care for the next. The church was public meeting-place and town hall; a place of resort as well as of worship, and was used alike for theatrical spectacles and for the holiest ceremonies of religion, without thought of profanation or fear of pollution. The bishop was a civil and ecclesiastical personage. In every city his rights, privileges, and powers exceeded those of any modern bishop, and in many he was the sovereign himself, and ranked with the lordliest peers of France. Popular interest and fellowship in the cathedrals and in the hierarchy they represented was thus commanded on every score. Religion, common interests, political privileges, such as they were, a sense of common property, all these united the people and the church in the strongest bonds. People went to the cathedral to wor-

ship, to receive the sacraments of religion, to witness holy miracle plays, and even to indulge in sports and pastimes of a more profane nature. They went to the priests for learning, and gained such knowledge as they had in the retirement of the cathedral cloister, the forerunners of the universities and the modern schools. The noblest use they made of their artistic talents was in glorifying God in decorating and beautifying His churches. If they were sick, the church cared for them. If they were needy, the church ministered to their wants. If they were in trouble, and sought safety from the avenger of evil, the church offered them an asylum. If they had occasion to take long journeys, they found food and beds at the monastic houses along the highways. The church entered into every phase of life, took part in every human interest, surrounded the people with every care and every necessity. It is no wonder that under such conditions, and in such a society, the building of cathedrals should have been the occasion of great outbursts of popular enthusiasm, nor that the cathedrals themselves should illustrate most completely the life and spirit of the times. The medieval cathedral had a social and political significance that no Christian edifice before nor since has had, or perhaps can ever have. This is its real meaning, and this still lives in the solemn, cold stone bulk of its structural fabric.

And the mystery of the cathedral is the greater when one remembers that this wonderful medieval life, which we only half know as yet and which we can scarce understand, much less appreciate in this so different age, was expressed with a marvelous imagery of art and architecture, with



The Cathedral of Tours.

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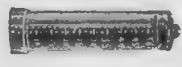
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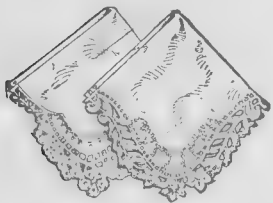
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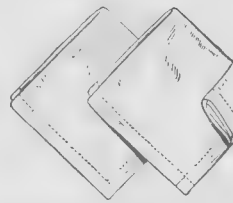
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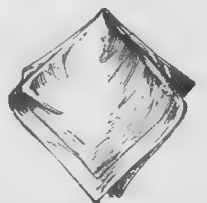
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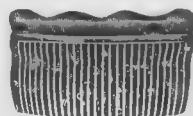
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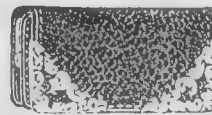
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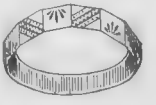
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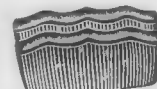
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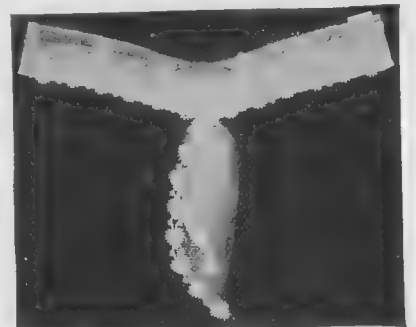
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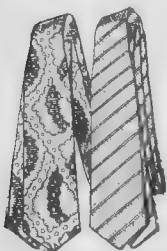
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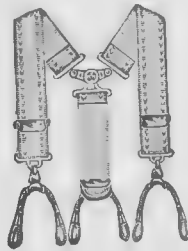
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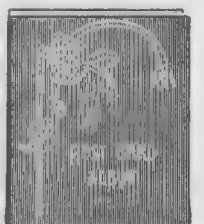
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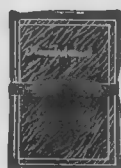
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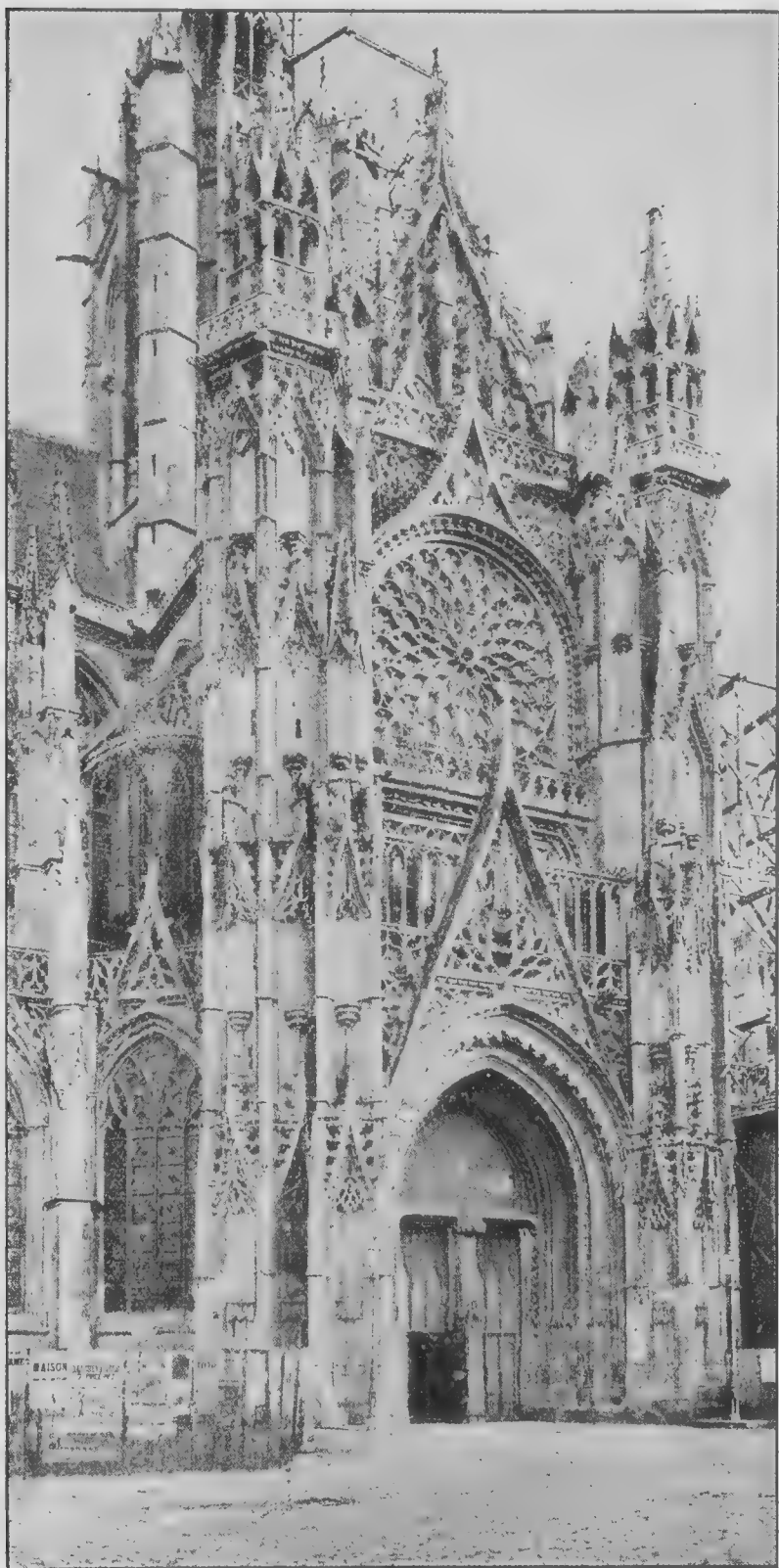
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a vividness of imagination, a care and attention to detail, a superbness of artistic resource that have never been surpassed if, indeed, they have been approached in any time. Yet, wonderful as the art of the cathedral is, it was no mere wanton exercise of the imagination. Every part of the most complicated cathedral was carefully adjusted to every other, was as nicely calculated and as boldly executed as any notable piece of modern engineering. Every portion of a well ordered Gothic structure performed a useful and necessary function. The high vaults of the nave were the fundamental element. These must be high enough to permit the introduction of windows beneath them that would admit light over the roofs of the aisles. This was the great architectural problem of the Middle Ages, and Gothic architecture was developed in striving to solve it. How this was done and where and why, we need not stop to inquire. But it is useful to keep in mind the fact that the buttresses and flying buttresses, which, in the hands of the French builders, became so marked an ornamental feature, performed the useful and necessary work of carrying the vault thrusts, which were further held in check by the pinnacles placed on the buttresses. The walls in a thor-

oughly developed Gothic church—thoroughly developed, that is, in the sense of illustrating Gothic principles in their fullest phase of development—are mere curtains between the buttresses. It thus became possible to introduce windows of great size, wholly filling the space between the buttresses, and reaching quite to the vaulting ribs in the aisles and the clearstory of the nave. The fundamental Gothic principle of building was the concentration of weights and thrusts upon certain strong structural points, which, in the church, were the buttresses. This accomplished, it was the builders' task to give this structural frame an artistic form, which should make it beautiful without hiding its structural nature.

How successfully this was accomplished every student of architecture and every traveler in France is thoroughly aware. In the purest Gothic the construction is never hidden by the ornament, but the ornament helps the construction, points its meaning, gives its signification. Truth is never ignored nor are pains taken to hide what might readily have been masked behind ornamental screens. The familiar and majestic front of the cathedral of Notre Dame of Paris is the type of many similar fronts. The triple division of the body of the



Transept door, Evreux.



Choir Screen and side aisle, Amiens.

church into nave and aisles, the latter in this case being doubled on each side of the central bay, is shown in the triple division of the front, with its central portion flanked by two towers. The doorways are wide-spreading, open porches, inviting all who will to enter without let or hindrance. Sculptured statues of saints and virtues form a natural and appropriate decoration to the walls of these porches, while the dramatic scenes sculptured over the doorways themselves point further lessons of faith and hope. The Last Judgment, the most solemn and awful fact in Christian theology, fills the space over the central doorway, an enduring warning to the wayward, a constant reminder to the faithful. A gallery of sculptured figures of the kings of Judah is carried across the front over the portal openings, and marks the dividing line between the upper and the central portion of the façade.

In the central section the triple horizontal division is marked with equal strength by two windows in the tower divisions, and by a circular or rose window in the middle—a form of opening which, while not exclusively French, received its finest and noblest form in French hands. Above is the division of the façade, a high gallery of open-work arches stretching across the front from tower to tower, binding the whole into one complete harmonious design. Over all rises the first section of the towers, with their double, long twin windows of exquisite proportion and design. Nothing could be simpler, yet it is one of the most sublime creations of the architect's work in the whole world. It served as the type of many west fronts of other cathedrals built about the same time. A more varied form is found in the cathedral of Laon, a richer aspect in the cathedral of Amiens, and its most sumptuous expression in the cathedral of Reims; but notwithstanding the irresistible grandeur of the later forms, one returns again and again to Notre Dame with renewed satisfaction in its beauty, with renewed en-

joyment of its chasteness, with renewed appreciation of its solemnity and its dignity.

Of all the cathedrals of Europe, that of Reims is the richest in sculptured decoration. Its vast west front is a miracle of architectural sculpture, and illustrates the utmost steps taken by the Gothic builders in the structural decoration of their churches. For lavishly rich as this ornament is, it closely follows structural lines, and is kept closely within the bounds of architectural limits. In general idea the west front of Reims is identical with that of Notre Dame, the chief difference being in the transference of the king's gallery from immediately over the first division to the crown of the façade. The porches are deeper, more wide-spreading, and grander than those of the cathedral of Paris. The recessed walls are decorated with stately statues of saints placed on pedestals. The interior surfaces of the high portal arches are filled with innumerable figures of the heavenly hosts, each with its own base and canopy. Strangely enough, the tympanums over the doorways have no sculptured scenes: the Last Judgment, which should accompany the figures in the arches of the central doorway, was never carved. The space over all three doorways is filled with glass, an unusual arrangement in itself, but especially so in a church which, like that of Reims, is so richly and marvelously carved. But the cathedral has its sculptured Last Judgment over a walled-up doorway in the north transept, and it is one of the most refined and noble interpretations of this great Christian event given by any medieval artist. The whole of Christian theology, and life, and hope might almost be said to be carved upon these doorways, and in language that needed no schooling to understand, in words that needed no preacher to utter them, in symbols that required no mystic meaning to adapt them to their place and their work.

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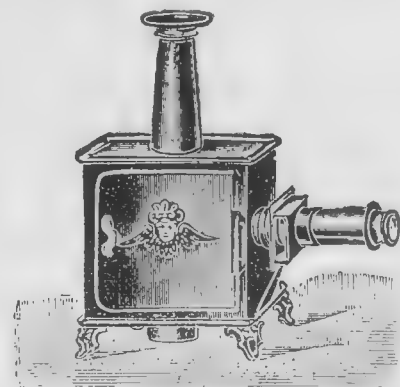
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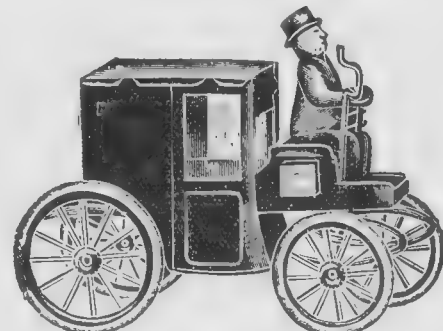
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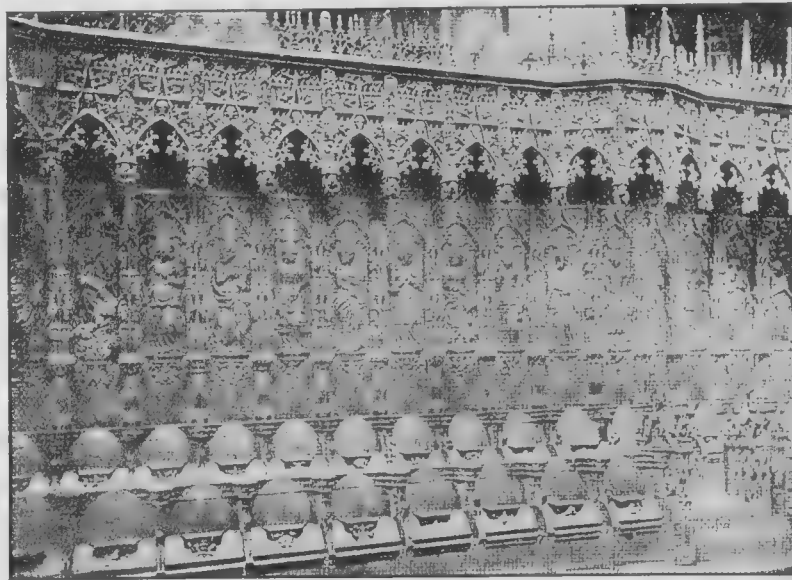


Interior, Reims.

knowledge, the appearance of a great cathedral, as that of Reims, on a feast day or upon some public festival. The ravages of time have not been kind to these great buildings, and some will tell us that the hand of the restorer and the improver has been more harsh. But, whatever the cause, the greatest of them is but a reflection of its former self in the heyday of its prosperity and popularity. The art of the Gothic church was so perfectly balanced, each form of decoration so helped each other form, and all together so thoroughly made up the whole, that injury to a part was injury to the whole, and the disappearance of one subsidiary art materially altered the effect of those that remained. No greater calamity has befallen the cathedrals of France than the loss of their stained glass. Much yet remains; Reims itself still has a goodly quantity, that of the choir of Tours is still intact, Le Mans and Bourges have numerous splendid windows, and, most superb of all in this respect, the cathedral of Chartres still retains most of its original glass in its one hundred and twenty-eight windows. But, with the exception of this last cathedral, it is quite impossible to obtain to-day a correct notion of the interior of a medieval cathedral in its original and unchanged beauty. The sculpture and the glass were the two chief forms of decoration in the interior, but gaily-colored tapestries were hung between the columns on festal occasions, the altars were covered with richly-jeweled furniture of solid gold, encrusted with the rarest gems, the garments of the bishops and the priests at the altar added to the splendour of the effect, to which the rich and varied costumes of the worshippers were an important adjunct.

But, if we cannot now reproduce the actual appearance of the cathedral in the Middle Ages, we can still enjoy

their architectural form, still appreciate the majesty of their lofty vaults and high, soaring arches, still walk the aisles through which twenty generations have walked, touch the stones they have touched, see the forms they saw, experience, if we will, the emotions they experienced when the worship of God was surrounded with all the artistic work of an artistic age. Among so many it is difficult to choose a type, hard to say this and this alone is the finest of



The Stalls, Auch.

them all. The cathedral of Paris, with its double aisles on each side of the nave, and an outer row of chapels beyond—practically a seven-aisled church; Laon, with its single aisle and its chapels and its gallery over the aisles—a feature, by the way, that exists in the cathedral of Paris; Chartres, with its single aisle, without chapels; Amiens, similarly planned, with chapels; Bourges, double-aisled, with chapels; Tours, and Rouen, and Coutances, each with single aisles, and many more similarly planned, each has its own majesty and dignity, each its own claim upon the reverential student, each its own individuality and impressiveness. Before these monuments of art degrees of comparison fade away. One can but drink in the beauty of each, learn its lessons as best one may, and carry away from them lasting lessons of the power of religion and the marvelous works it has called into existence.

The thirteenth century was one of the most brilliant in the history of humanity and of progress. The two final crusades were preached and fought in it. Its first years comprised the reign of the greatest of the popes, yet it had scarcely closed when the papacy had fallen so low as to begin the "Babylonish Captivity" at Avignon. Nearly every state of Western Europe then laid its foundation of representative government.

Feudalism all but reached its end, and the modern spirit first rose in the breasts of men. The commercial towns of Northern Europe reached unexampled heights of prosperity and greatness. Many of the greatest sovereigns, true kings, imbued with the truest kingly principles, ruled beneficially and well. Its roll of great men included St. Bonaventure, St. Dominic, and St. Francis of Assisi; Dante and Roger Bacon; Simon de Montfort, and Stephen Langton. The great continental universities took their rise. In politics, in education, in philosophers, in ecclesiastics, in rulers, the century stands out in the pages of time as one of the most notable and brilliant in history. And, with all this ceaseless activity, with all this beginning of a new order of things, this generation of thought, this upheaval of society—for such it was in the end—there was, in France, an unexampled activity in church building. Cathedrals that astound us by their tremendous size, not less than by their wonderful art, were projected, begun, and practically completed within a very few years.

Pilgrims gathered from all parts of Europe to take part, with their own hands, in the building of the cathedral of Chartres. The populace of Laon spared neither enthusiasm nor labor in rebuilding their cathedral, and to perpetuate the part their horses and oxen had in the work—for the city is on a high and steep hill—they placed images of their dumb helpers in the towers, whence for six hundred years they have looked down



THE TOWERS OF LAON.

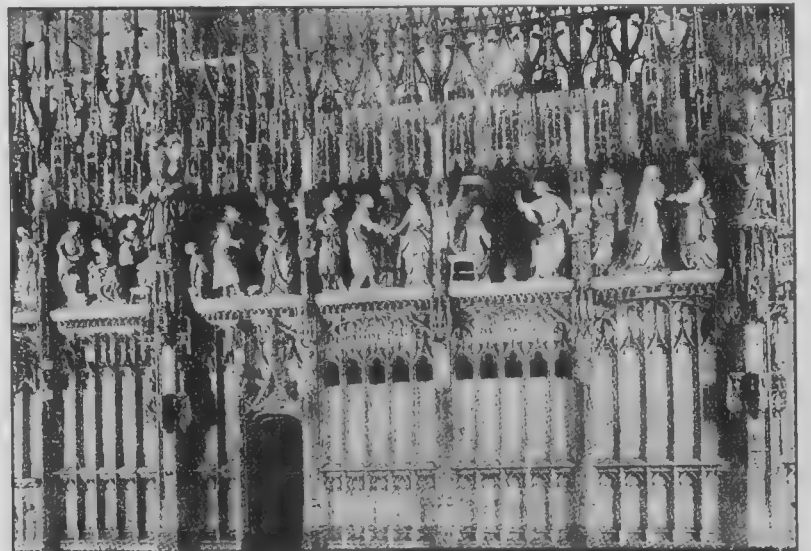
copal revenue in itself, from the episcopal estates, the offerings of the faithful of the diocese, the contributions of the cathedral chapter, and especially of its dignitaries and officers, and, lastly, special donations made for the building of the cathedral.

The balance-sheet of a cathedral of the thirteenth century is too fragmentary a document to enable us to make any just estimate of the actual sums received or of the source whence they were obtained. Gigantic as the funds that were needed must have been, they seem always to have been forthcoming, and many a modern church builder, at his wit's ends for money and supplies, must look with regret upon the medieval bishops, who could gather the vast sums needed for their tremendous enterprises. That there was no limit to their necessities, and that they were not backward in soliciting donations, is evident from the letters of appeal to other dioceses that have been preserved, as well as collections made and obtained in foreign parts. Apparently nothing was left undone that could hasten the work, and while in some instances the original plans subsequently proved too large for practical execution, while signs of economy may still be traced in many of the cathedrals, enough money was obtained, and that in a quantity and within a duration of time that seems almost marvelous to modern minds, to accomplish lasting and superb work in architecture.

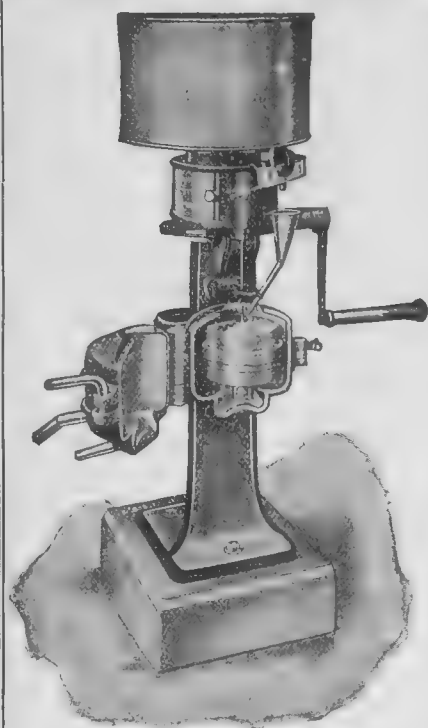
Family pride, and the desire to associate one's name in perpetuity with the cathedral of one's native town, led to the custom, from the close of the thirteenth century, of endowing chapels, by willing to the bishop and his chapter sufficient money to pay for building a chapel and maintaining a priest in connection with it. While to-day the side chapels that crowd the aisle walls of most of the medieval cathedrals seem integral parts of the



From the south portal, Le Mans.



Choir Screen, Chartres.



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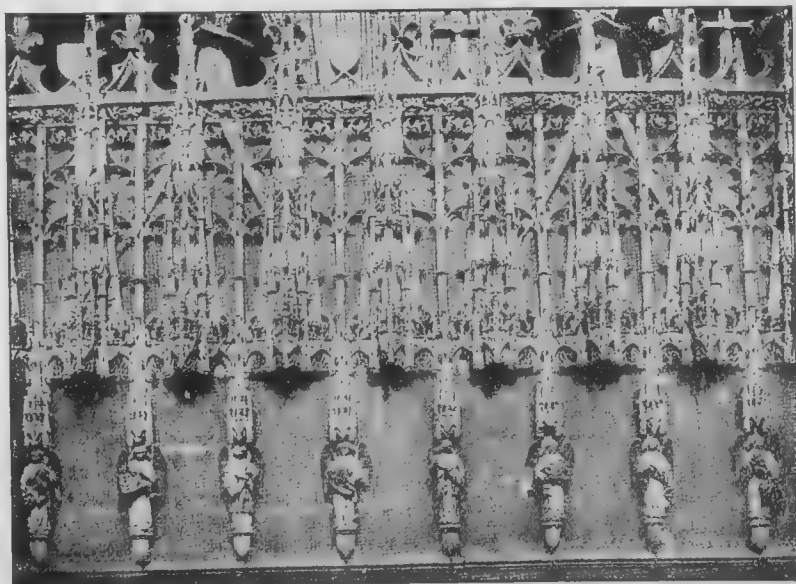
edifice, they are really, most of them, additions of the fourteenth and fifteenth centuries, and the observant traveler may, if he look sharply enough, discern the outline of the primitive buttress in the upper portion of their walls.

The plan of the French cathedrals followed the usual cruciform type, but embraced many special points of its own. The most important of these was the clustered apse, or chevet, to give it its French name. The characteristic English east end is a flat wall, with a large window of painted glass. This is also found in France, the cathedral of Laon, together with a number of smaller churches in the same district, being closed in this manner. But the chevet was the special French method. The end of the choir was drawn as a semicircle or polygon, and around this a group of chapels were built, opening into the church, and forming a striking and beautiful ending to the architectural perspective of the nave, and incidentally calling for the exercise of great ingenuity in the arrangement of the vaults around the circular or polygonal aisle.

The towers were another feature that had special treatment at the hands of the French builders. The normal French plan provided for seven towers, two on the west front, two on each of the transept fronts, and a central spire. Unlike the usual English system, this central tower was usually a small, slender spire, of which that of the cathedral of Amiens is a good typical example. It simply marked the centre of the church, and was quite without the structural significance of the English central tower. But, if the French did not develop this feature, they far surpassed their insular neighbors by the strength and dignity of the façade

towers. These were strongly developed, and were intended to be crowned with spires, though those of Notre Dame, and of many another cathedral, were never completed. Sometimes two additional towers were added beyond the transepts, making nine in all. Unfortunately, this splendid scheme was never carried out in its entirety in any church. The nearest approach we now have to it is seen in the cathedral of Laon, whose many spireless towers form a picturesque group of unusual beauty.

English cathedrals have, perhaps, a closer interest to Americans than the French, because their history and their forms are more familiar to us. Yet this interest is solely one of association and of custom, and rests on no real basis. English and French are alike the product of the same intellectual and religious movements, churches of the same religion, inspired by the same motives to a large extent;—there is no reason why a greater familiarity with the one should blind us to the overpowering artistic value of the other. Nor are associations less noteworthy. The English cathedrals have a sentimental interest; the French cathedrals have a tragic interest of even greater moment. The close of the last century, which witnessed the overthrow of the monarchy of France, all but witnessed the overthrow of its cathedrals. Many were condemned to be sold; in many the sale was consummated, and the cathedrals of Arras and of Cambrai were actually destroyed in the imaginary march of modern improvements. Yet the physical injury done these buildings was small, in one sense, though actually enormous in amount, to the indignities put upon the religion that produced them. The orgies of pagan Rome did not surpass in vindictiveness and debau-



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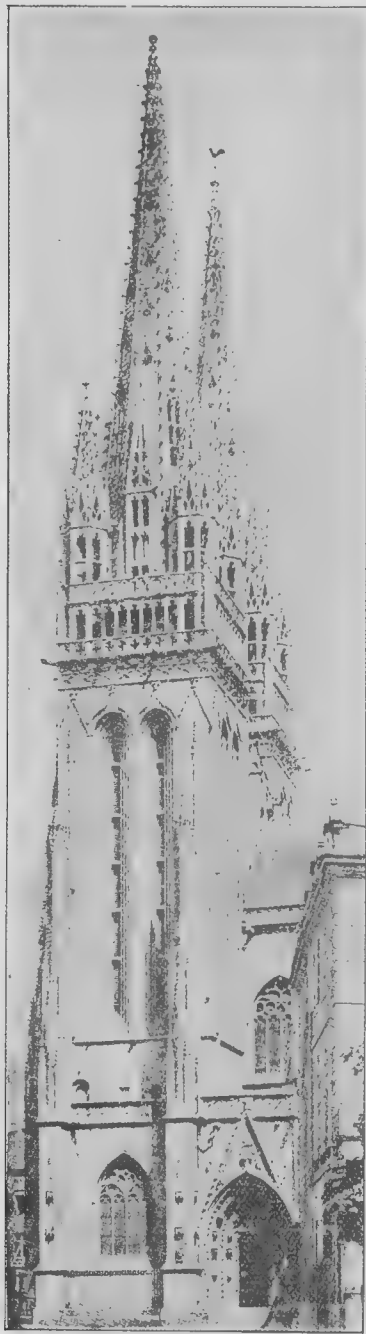
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chery those of the newly-made pagans of the Revolution perpetrated in the holy places of Christian religion. The Church of God became the Temple of Reason, in which, by that strange inversion of fact and motive which characterized the Revolution, the wildest and most unreasoning scenes were enacted. Singers of the opera held high carnival at the altars of the Most High, and churches that once had been thronged by pilgrims were crowded by the men who sought to direct the destinies of France and of Europe by seeking inspiration from women of the town. God had been abolished by the simple process of Act of Assembly; the triumph of



THE TOWERS OF QUIMPER.

the innovators was marked by subjecting His house to the most unseemly abuses.

These came to an end almost as suddenly as they had begun. The indignities put upon religion were forgotten, the polluted churches purified, but the structural harm was irreparable. Broken statues and carvings, destroyed windows, dismantled altars, looted treasures, met the eye on every hand. Much has been done in the past century to repair these damages, but the pristine glory of these buildings has gone for ever. But for what we have we may be thankful. The reaction came in the nick of time. Had the disorders of the Revolution been continued a few months longer, a hundred cathedrals would have been swept from the earth, and modern art and modern men been without some of their noblest inspirations, some of their greatest treasures, some of the most remarkable monuments of a time in which art and religion enjoyed a closeness of interest and of fellowship that has never been equalled.



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THE VISIT OF MRS. ST. NICK.

BY MINNIE REID FRENCH.

O'er the mountains of Northland, snow covered and high,
The stars shone like gems in the clear winter sky.
With big Christmas bundles heaped full was the sleigh,
And 'twas time for St. Nick to be off and away.

But inside the castle where Santa Claus stayed
Everywhere were alarm and confusion displayed,
For with fever and chills he had taken his bed,
And his good wife declared she would go in his stead.

For the long frosty trip she had hurriedly dressed;
A soft furry muffler protected her chest;
St. Nick's Christmas boots and his mittens she wore,
And his big overcoat that came down to the floor.

Not giving him time to command her to stay,
She shut fast the door, hurried down to the sleigh;
With a flourish of whip she sprang into the seat,
And off dashed the reindeer with swift flying feet.

Like the wind they flew over the road, snowy white,
Though Mrs. St. Nick held the lines very tight;
Expecting each moment to death to be hurled,
She flew down the glaciers, down, down to the world.

The first roof she climbed was so steep and so tall
She was stricken with terror for fear she should fall,
But the chimney was reached, and now for the test!
A bundle she chose which was one of the best;

And breathing, for safety, a short fervent prayer,
She gathered her skirts with a resolute air;
With a glance all around, and too nervous to speak,
Down the long, sooty chimney she fled with a shriek.

Though bewildered, at first, by the soft rosy glow,
She beheld a large room, chairs set back in a row,
And a tree decked with candles and bright tinsel strings,
Which stood in the midst of such beautiful things!

She took out the list which St. Nick had prepared,
At the gifts set apart for each household she stared
She had not half enough for this beautiful tree,
And must go back for more, but, "How can I?" thought she.

She was tiptoeing out through the wide entrance hall
(The chimney she fancied a trifle too small),
When a letter she saw lying under the door;
"To Santa" was all the inscription it bore.

She read it, of course, and it said, "Santa, dear,
We send you this note, for we know you'll come here,
And we thought we would write to you, sister and I,
So you wouldn't forget us this year, and pass by.

"We have tried to be good, though nobody cares
If we are cold and hungry and don't say our prayers,
And we thought you might spare us just one little thing
From the wonderful number of presents you bring.

"I've written down here our number and street;
The stairway is bad, so watch out for your feet;
And come through the door, 'cause the chimney won't do;
So good-bye, with much love, and a kiss for you, too."

Mrs. St. Nick wiped the tears from her eyes,
Then gazed at her list in the greatest surprise,
For neither their names nor the street could she find,
"What!" cried she. "St. Nick is bereft of his mind!"

"Poor fellow, no wonder he got things so mixed;
He was worried and ill, but that soon shall be fixed!
I'll divide those big bundles, that's just what I'll do.
There's enough for rich people and poor people, too!"

A word to the reindeer, and once more the sleigh
O'er the snow through the broad thoroughfares dashed away;
Then up three flights of stairs from a dark, narrow street
To a cold, dismal attic, she guided her feet.

At the end of her journey a door stood ajar,
And a light, burning dimly within like a star,
Revealed a bare room where the poorest might stay,
And a pallet on which the two little ones lay.

No kind mother hand had made smooth their poor bed,
Or in tenderness lain on each fair childish head,
And the pitiful stockings they'd hung with such care
Told a sorrowful story of want and despair.

But Mrs. St. Nick set to work to correct
The mistakes which were caused by old Santa's neglect,
And many a poor little waif he had passed
Woke next morning to find a real Christmas at last.

She thought of the homes into which she had gone,
As starlight gave place to the gray Christmas dawn,
And said, as returning, she scaled the bleak heights,
"It takes a shrewd woman to set things to rights!"



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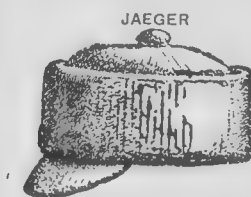
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THE RAYMOND LINE

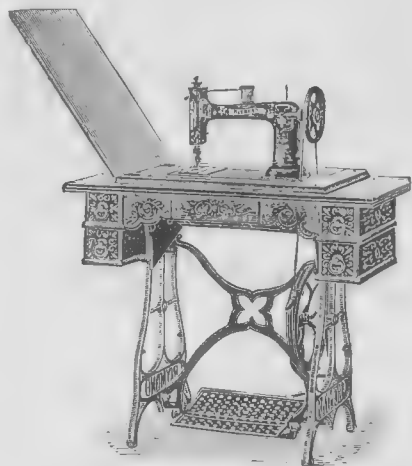
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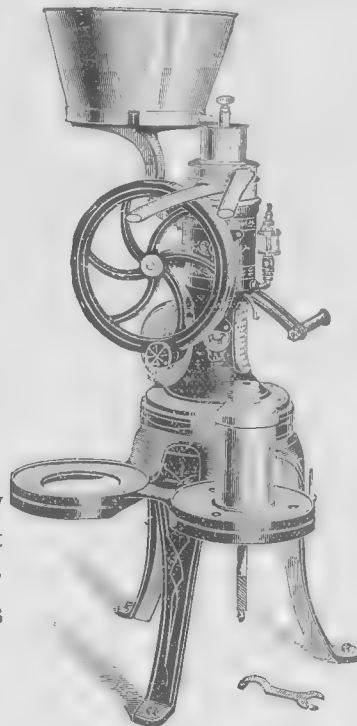
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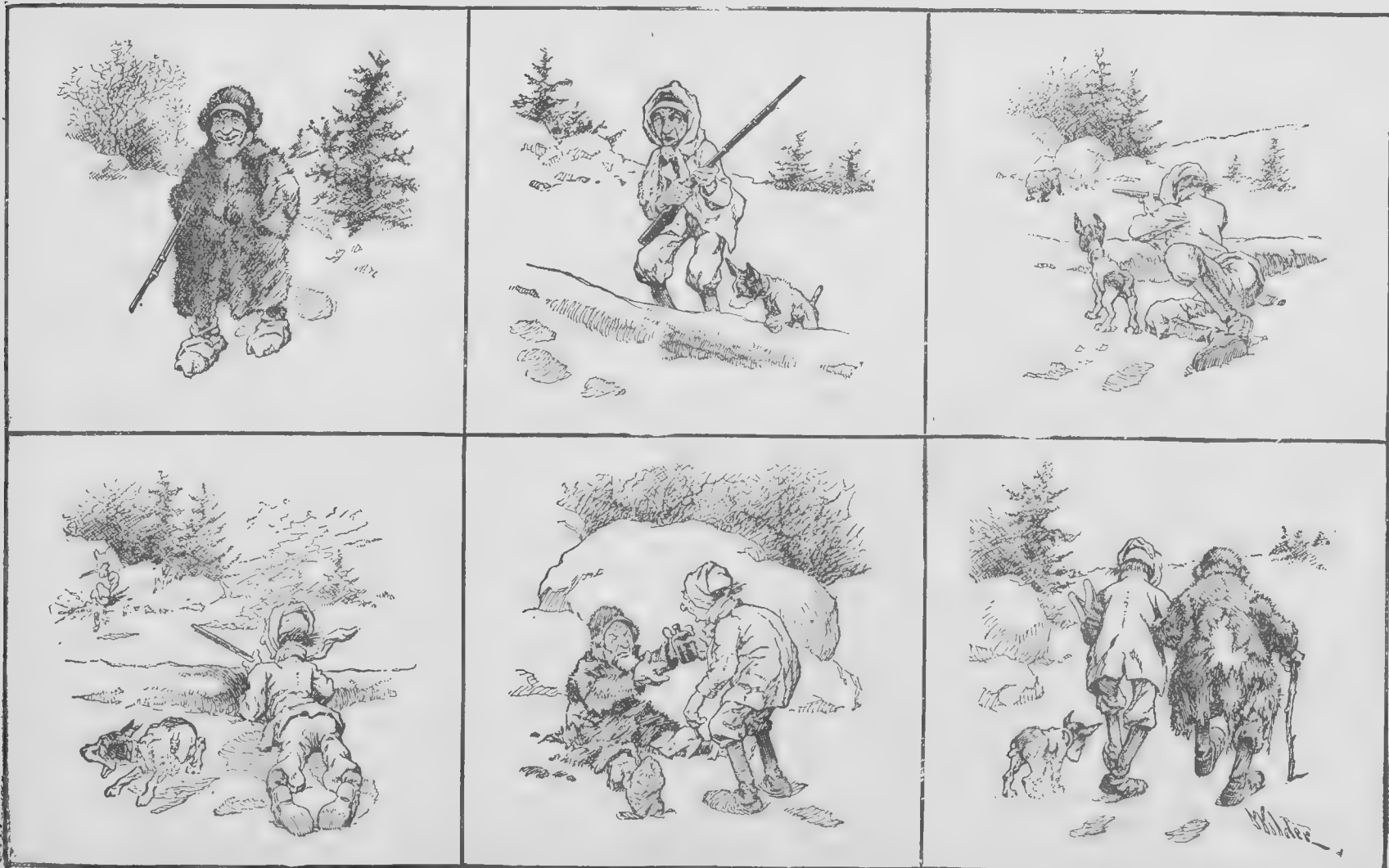
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WINNIPEG.

THE CALL OF THE WILD.



Christmas with Trapper Lewis.

By ED. E. E.

Those accustomed to family re-unions and hearty Christmas cheer at home will hardly understand how blue I felt upon the morning of December 24th. No joyous greetings, no strengthening of home ties, no merry house-party pranks for me. Home, with all its holiday pleasures, lay many snowy miles away, and grim circumstances forbade any flight in that direction. The one vacant chair was not to be warmed by me.

It is bad enough to be compelled to miss such good things of this life, but it is worse when one is so situated that he cannot even purchase some sort of makeshift amusement—at least something to help kill the holiday and natural unpleasant musings. I felt that I was truly in a bad fix, a very shuttlecock of fate. A snug was reposed deep in my pocket, yet I was virtually a pauper—money would not purchase one thing I desired. I might reach home the day after Christmas, but better than that no man could expect. I was simply snowed up.

The first view of the wretched little village was disheartening. Snow, snow, snow—three feet deep on the level and twice that depth in the lesser drifts. No possibility of the daily train getting anywhere, except into some huge mound of snow; no possibility of making connection at the junction, and no likelihood of getting far beyond that point if the through train were caught.

The village never looked meaner or more God-forsaken. From my position on the steps of the one hotel I could command the entire lay-out. Across the crooked street were the general store and a half-dozen roofs of lowly shanties; upon my side, a few more humble, half-buried structures. Beyond them, upon every side, about a quarter of a mile of "clearin"; beyond that, hemming in the view, as though to hide the crude attempt at civilization, an unbroken wall of mighty trees—the magnificent Canadian woods. For miles upon miles these wonderful trees stood, shoulder to shoulder, arms locked, silently bearing uncounted tons of snow, and defying mortal to break through their ranks afoot. Above the dark hemlock towered the loftier spears of the pine, while gray masses told where maple and beech crowned irregular ridges. At any other time the picture would not have been without a wild beauty of its own, but to my mind the trees were sullen prison-walls.

Aimlessly my eye followed the edge of the timber, and, all unexpectedly, detected a sign of life. Something gray moved against the wood's dusky rim, and at last I could make out a human figure plodding across the clearing. I watched it curiously till it had advanced half-way over the open; then the clouds above my Christmas prospect began to lift. Only one man in all those woods had that short, wiry figure, and only one man would be likely to come in from that direction. It was surely Lewis, the one man who could help me over Christmas Day.

I had never thought of him as being available, for I knew that his trapper's main camp was located fifteen miles away, on Trout Creek, and there was small likelihood of his wanting anything in the village at that time. Yet there he was, a ministering angel sent to tend a lonely prisoner.

"Well, Canada," said he, "I made sartin you was off home by now. Reckon you wont make her in time nuther; snow's piled six ways, an' you can bet no train'll get through nowheres in particular. I've had some traps ordered to the store two weeks now, an' I 'lowed I'd step over an' see what'n blazes Taylor's tryin' to do about 'em. I want some fixin's in the line of Christmas grub, too, so I calculated to make one jog of the whole outfit."

"Where's your son?" I asked, for I knew that the pair trapped together.

"Oh, he's over to the lake," replied Lewis; "an' it's kind of a cod on me, too," he added, "for we reckoned on havin' a square feed together Christmas Day. He'll never show up now, for it'll be hard trampin' over his way sure, so I reckon the old hos'll have to chew

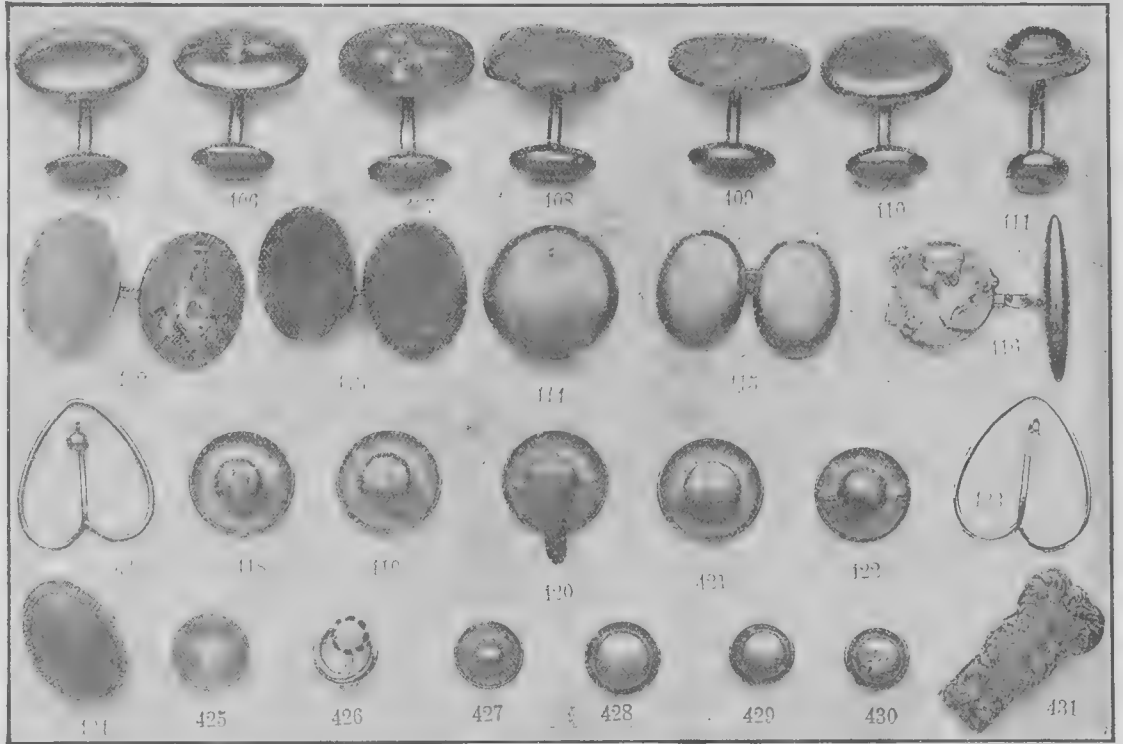
his oats alone. Too bad for a feller to be all alone, ain't it?"

Before I had time for more questions, Lewis exclaimed: "Say, Canada,

what's the matter with you goin' back 'long of me? You can't get out of here by train; there ain't no horse sense in your stoppin' here kickin' agin the luck. S'pose you rig out kinder sry, and we'll have dinner together, and cover my line of traps 'fore you come in?"

I was soon ready, and Lewis had his traps and small groceries packed with-

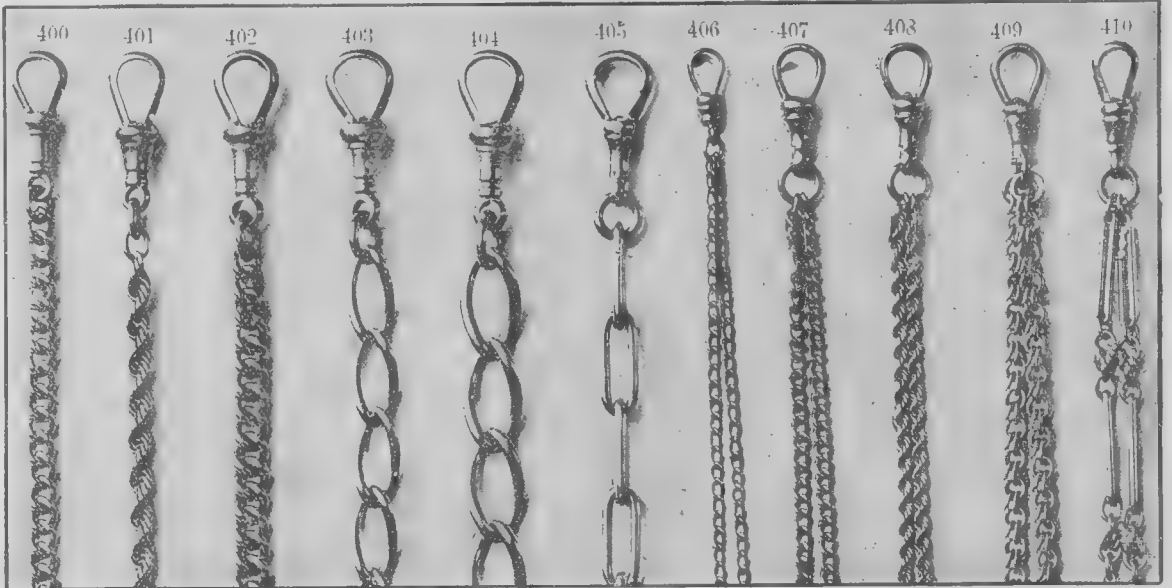
in an hour. My pack weighed no more than twenty pounds, after a few of Lewis's parcels had been added, but I marveled when I tried a one-handed lift of what the old trapper himself proposed to carry. His pack must have weighed at least fifty pounds—and that for a small, old man to carry fifteen miles through the timber.



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405 14k. gold, pearl crescent	\$10.00	416 14k. gold, fancy link	\$ 1.00	424 Gold tie clip	\$ 2.00
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412 14k. gold filled, plain oval	1.00	421 10k. gold, collar button	1.50	431 14k. gold-filled, stud, Each	.30
413 14k. gold, amethyst set	12.00	422 14k. gold-filled collar button	.25	432 14k. gold, stud	1.15
414 14k. gold, Masonic link, heavy	16.75	423 10k. gold, collar button	1.50	433 14k. gold, stud	.85
415 14k. gold, flat oval link, heavy	14.50	424 14k. gold-filled collar button	1.50	434 10k. gold, stud	.85
416 10k. gold, flat oval link, heavy	11.00	425 10k. gold, collar button	1.25	435 14k. gold-filled, stud	.30
417 14k. gold, plain round button	6.50	426 Pair 14k. gold tie holders, with pearls	5.00	436 14k. gold, diamond chip set	2.00
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Jewelers and Silversmiths,

WINNIPEG.

Our outside garbs were alike, excepting foot-gear—fur caps, leather coats, rough trousers, and lumbermen's long, heavy stockings, and a couple of pairs of socks. I wore buckskin moccasins, with which Lewis would have nothing to do—he, like most woodsmen, preferring the low, heelless rubber, worn over a felt boot. He was right, too, for the rubber is better than any moccasin for all-round work in every sort of weather. His snowshoes were the big, oval, heavy-framed, flat style, so common in the woods, while mine were lighter of frame, turned up a trifle in front, and having long tails behind.

He chose a new route, tramping steadily ahead to break the trail. By the time we had penetrated a mile into the woods, I had forgotten all about my troubles, for it was no child's task, even to follow such a pace-maker. He instinctively picked out the best going; his shoes creaked as steadily as the ticking of a clock, and his spare body never seemed to feel the cumbersome pack.

The work, for work it was, paid us well. The air was just keen enough to prevent overheating, and the solemn silence of the woods was, as it always is, soothing as the touch of a mother's hand. Animal life, unless cautiously sought for, is seldom visible in the big woods. The trees are like a huge, green mantle of silence, wrapping a slumbering world. Wind and fire are the only disturbers which can fill the woods with jarring sound. The stroke of axe, the crash of falling tree, the rip of a rifle-shot, are so muffled by crowding growths as to be almost unnoticed at a very short distance. In a broad forest they are like the plump of a pebble into a silent pool.

But the apparent lack of animal life is misleading. The forest has many tenants, busy by night or by day, and the trained eye can detect proofs of who they are, where they dwell, whither they went, and what they did by the way. We saw much written evidence to which each after his kind had affixed his mark. Lewis seldom paused over these, but he saw everything. A silent motion of his hand, or the word necessary to name some creature, called my attention to the trail he had noticed. Here a fox had run a bee-line to some chosen spot, leaving a single row of prints of his neat pads. In a ravine, where the water gurgled deep under the snow, two mink had double-dotted the course of the brook to where a large pool of lazy, black water lay exposed. Trout were in the pool, and the mink knew all about it. A larger trail to a massive pine showed where a marten had gone aloft after something. Many tiny marks as though a leaf had slid along dragging its stem, told of the timorous travels of wood mice, while small, widely-separated prints, betrayed the routes of squirrels from tree to tree. Farther on, where the ground was lower, lay the triangular prints of the hare, pointing like guiding Vs in all directions except the direction actually taken by the maker of them.

Once Lewis halted and grunted "Link." Upon the snow was proof of the blackest crime. A much-indented surface, some tufts of hair almost like down, a tinge of pink, and a row of prints the size of a man's fist leading to a thicket, told part of the story. A glance about told the rest. More prints to a low-lying tree; a break in the snowy drapery a few feet from the ground, proved where the sly cat had sneaked and crouched for the final drop upon the unsuspecting hare.

Here the dainty traces of the ruffed grouse led from snowy clump to massive root, like a trim row of inverted Ts; and there three longer steps, with marks upon either side, told where the alert bird had flushed in haste. Reynard's sign lies here again—he is the cause of many a hasty departure.

The winds were graying to uncertain light when we at last reached the long slope leading down to Trout Creek. I was thoroughly weary. My feet and muscles were getting sore, and my trifling pack weighed a ton. Lewis, however, was fresh as paint, though pretty well warmed by his work.

I had begun to hope for a speedy chance to stretch at full length, but it was an hour later before we reached his snug log shanty.

"Here we are, Canady!" he sung out.

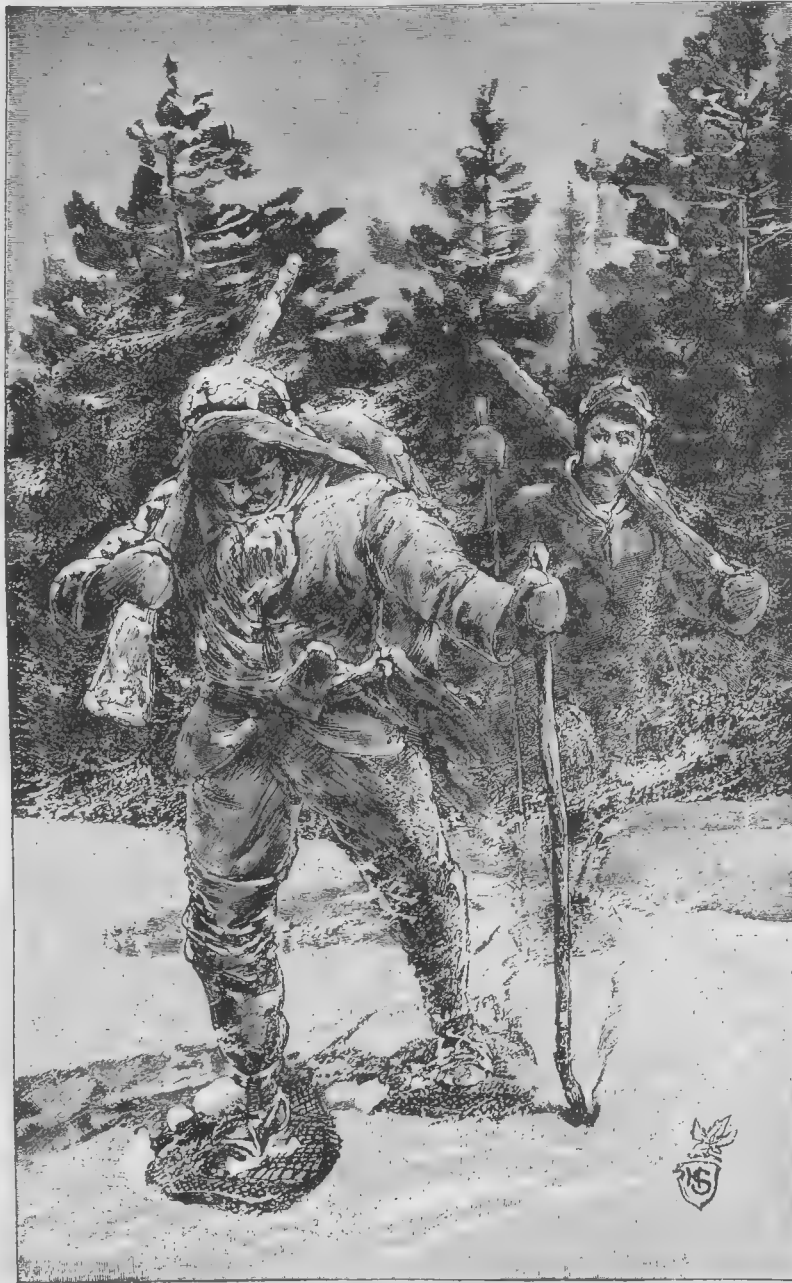
"Step in an' make yourself to home. I'll bet that baby pack weighs enough now; I've heard you gruntin' like a mired hoss for the last half-hour."

The shanty was small, but very comfortable. Lewis and his son had made a miniature log house of it, for it was intended to serve several seasons. At one end were two bunks, at one side a small window, at the other end an old cook-stove, the pipe of which passed through the roof. Two rude benches and a table, made of part of a packing-box, completed the furniture proper. A couple of small boxes fixed to the wall, a larger box and a small barrel, in the corners near the stove, held the supplies; while a few pegs and a rough rack supported rifle, pouches and such tin utensils as were ever hung up.

Lewis soon had a fire going, and almost before I was ready, the fry-pan gave forth welcome aroma of pork and venison, which, with plenty of bread and tea, composed our meal. It was

still longer; and, for convenience, they had two permanent camps. This length of lines, with the fact that the men were sometimes alone for a month at a time, will give an idea of the sort of work they did for the small sum they could expect to clear—not more than \$350 in a good season.

They could depend upon a few bear and an occasional wolf; but the bulk of their catch was composed of muskrat, fox, lynx, mink, fisher and marten. Mink were quite plentiful, but the pelts commanded a very small price. The trappers relied almost entirely upon steel traps. Heavy deadfalls took a bear once in a while, but made traps were not bothered with for smaller creatures. The baits used were parts of hares, grouse, squirrels, fish, the genital parts of female foxes, and a vile-smelling compound of Lewis's own brewing, in which one's nose could detect asa-fetida, oil of anise, fish-oil and perhaps a few other traces of Blest Araby. This



Breaking the Trail.

good, too. Not nearly so good as some writers claim the rough forest fare to be, but quite good enough for two hungry and not over-fastidious men to thoroughly enjoy.

I was roused, hours after, by the angry sizzling of boiling grease, and through an evil-smelling, blue haze, I made out the figure of Lewis bending over his fry-pan.

"Canady, you snored like a hog, long as I heard you; tumble out now, an' a merry Christmas to you!" was his polite greeting.

It was morning, or, rather, something that Lewis called morning, and I tumbled out forthwith, for I knew that he would make an early start for his line of traps.

This line was about twelve miles long as already laid out, though it would be much longer when Lewis got his new lot of traps out. His son had a line

was sometimes put upon the bait, and sometimes used as a drag to lead an animal to the trap. A piece of raw flesh was also used as a drag.

When we were ready to start Lewis looked long and anxiously about, then said in a disgusted tone, "D— poor Christmas luck, Canady. Them new traps must wait. It's liable to snow like all outdoors afore we get back. I reckon I'll just take the rifle an' a little ile. We can tend the traps an' tote home any critters. It'll be hard shoein' fore night."

The line of traps began at a point some distance down the creek; then it passed over a ridge, through a cedar-swamp, and along another ridge; thence through a long ravine, over still another ridge, and terminated at a point a mile behind the shanty. It was a triangle, and a mighty rough one.

Lewis carried a keen, light axe and

a greasy old canvas pouch, in which was a bottle of his bait mixture and some heads of grouse and fish, and fragments of a hare. My only burden was the old man's Winchester.

The first trap, for mink, was at a bit of fast water, where ice never made. The trap lay just beneath the water, in a tiny cove. In a small recess, apparently natural, but in reality made by Lewis, lay the bait, a bit of fish. The chain of the trap was affixed to a sliding-pole, so arranged that the first struggle of a captured mink would be almost certain to tumble the animal into deep water, where the weight of the trap would drown it.

Lewis placed a drop of his mixture near the bait, and then led the way to a second trap similarly set. A third trap proved to be undisturbed, but the fourth one yielded a good-sized mink. Lewis drew the dripping body from the water, released it from the trap, shook the water from the matted, brown fur, and reset the trap. Then he swung the mink by a cord from his shoulder, and turned deeper into the woods.

For the first time I noticed his "blaze"—a tiny cut high in the bark of trees far apart. Presumably the blaze was purposely made light and high up to prevent a stranger from locating the line.

The next trap was a considerable distance from the water, and instead of the sliding-pole it had a spring-pole, stout and long enough to lift a small captive beyond the reach of lynx, fox, fisher or marten. It had not attracted a victim.

While we were at this trap Lewis's keen eye detected a big hare squatted under the projecting end of a log. How he ever noticed the white fur against the snow was a mystery to me, as I could hardly make the creature out after he had called my attention to it. In obedience to his directions I shot the hare, ripped its belly open, hooked a beech switch through the ears, and then dragged the carcass about in a wide circle. When I returned, Lewis was busy changing his trap.

"Mighty good place for fisher, right where that old rabbit squatted," he remarked; then added, "I seen some old sign back a bit, and I reckon we'll have a try for a good pelt. If fisher won't have it, marten may, like as not, an' it's worth trying."

He had already cut two small logs, which, placed one on either side of the log which had sheltered the hare, formed a sort of rude pen with only one possible place of entrance. Where the hare had squatted was a small patch of dry mast and moss. Upon this Lewis placed the trap, and behind it he put the head and neck of a grouse. The trap was carefully sprinkled with some rotten wood from the under side of the log, and when the job was finished it was a most artistic piece of work. Close by stood a springy sapling with a couple of small branches. These branches Lewis cut off, also the slim end of the sapling, which he then bent down to serve as a spring-pole. The end of it was caught under the log in such a way that a comparatively slight pull would release it and put it into full strain upon the chain of the trap.

Lewis then rummaged in his canvas pouch, and produced an evil-smelling affair that looked like an old leather mitten with a cord attached. Into it he poured some of the mixture from the bottle; then he went away to drag the mitten, and so make a second trail.

When we finally moved on he said: "Drag your old rabbit, and I'll drag this. There's martin and fisher round here, an' we might as well make all the trail we can." After visiting half a dozen more traps, he took the old rabbit from me and swung it with the mink, intending it for bait further on.

About noon we had a bite of bread and meat; then Lewis hurried me along, for snow had begun to fall, and the prospect seemed good for a heavy storm. He pointed out a thick clump of dwarf beeches, to which the faded leaves still clung thickly. "Canady," he said, "I've got a link trap in there, an' I'm sorter dependin' on her to—"

While he was speaking there came from the thicket a faint click as of metal striking something.

"Blame me, if I ain't ketched a cat, too!" yelled Lewis. "Scuffle along here,

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Don't spend a cent, just ask us to send it. Don't send any money for it—not a penny. Send for it today, then watch its action for 30 days. Be prompt in sending for it, in trying it—be slow in judging it, in paying for it. Wait until you know, until you see, until you are sure. We give you thirty days to try it, to use it, to test it, to make sure, to see for yourself whether it is not just the thing for you, the remedy for which you have long sought.

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until you are sure—keep your wallet closed until you know. If you are not sure, you do not pay at any time—not a cent, for there is nothing to pay for. You pay for the benefit—not the medicine. You pay for results—not the treatment. If it does not help you the matter is ended. You have nothing to return, closes the deal. We take all the risk, you have nothing to lose, not a penny. How can you refuse such a fair, plain spoken, liberal offer. Over a million people have already accepted it.

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If there is something wrong in the workings of your system, something wrong with your sleep, your digestion, your blood, your nerves and your vitality, you cannot afford to suffer another day when the thing that has set thousands right is offered you without a penny's risk, when it takes but a letter to start you on the treatment which has won international reputation by the work it has done for thousands. You cannot lose a penny—you win back health or pay nothing. Read our 30-day trial offer and judge for yourself. Then send today for that which thousands have used and are using with the success denied them in other treatments.

Feels Like a New Man.

Has Gained in Weight and is Free From All Aches and Pains.



For some years I suffered from a lame back which on some mornings was so bad I could hardly dress myself. I used a number of different medicines without benefit, and at last became discouraged, as I seemed to be getting worse. I noticed the Vita-Ore advertisement in the "Montreal Weekly Star" and sent for a \$1.00 package. Today I feel more like a man of 24 than of 48, as it has done wonders for me. I have gained in flesh and am now free from all aches and pains. Vita-Ore cured me of my trouble, and I will always praise it in the highest terms. It is certainly a great boon to all suffering humanity. (50 David Street.) BENJAMIN GOODFIELD.

Saved This Manitoba Woman's Life.

KILLARNEY, MAN.—Vita-Ore saved my life when I first began to use it three years ago. I was given up by the doctors, but Vita-Ore gave me new life, and I am an altogether different person as a result of its use. The many people here who are taking Vita-Ore think it is all right and others are planning to try it too. MRS. SADIE LINDSAY.

Our 30-Day Trial Offer

If You Are Sick we want to send you a full sized \$1.00 package of Vita-Ore, enough for 30 days' continuous treatment, by mail, postpaid, and we want to send it to you on 30 days' trial. We don't want a penny—we just want you to try it, just want a letter from you asking for it, and will be glad to send it to you. We take absolutely all the risk—we take all chances. You don't risk a penny! All we ask is that you use V.-O. for 30 days and pay us \$1.00 if it has helped you, if you are satisfied that it has done you more than \$1.00 worth of positive, actual, visible good. Otherwise you pay nothing, we ask nothing, we want nothing. Can you not spare 100 minutes during the next 30 days to try it? Can you not give 5 minutes to write for it, 5 minutes to properly prepare it upon its arrival, and 3 minutes each day for 30 days to use it. That is all it takes. Cannot you give 100 minutes time if it means new health, new strength, new blood, new force, new energy, vigor, life and happiness? You are to be the judge. We are satisfied with your decision, are perfectly willing to trust to your honor, to your judgment, as to whether or not V.-O. has benefited you. Read what V.-O. is, and write today for a dollar package on this most liberal trial offer.

WHAT VITAE-ORE IS.

Vita-Ore is a mineral remedy, a combination of substances from which many world's noted curative springs derive medicinal power and healing virtue. These properties of the springs come from the natural deposits of mineral in the earth through which water forces its way, only a very small proportion of the medicinal substances in these mineral deposits being thus taken up by the liquid. Vita-Ore consists of compounds of Iron, Sulphur and Magnesium, elements which are among the chief curative agents in nearly every healing mineral spring, and are necessary for the creation and retention of health. One package of this mineral substance, mixed with a quart of water, equals in medicinal strength and curative, healing value, many gallons of the world's powerful mineral waters, drunk fresh at the springs.

PERMANENT CURES.

Cures with Vita-Ore are like a house built on a rock, in their permanency, in their positiveness, in their completeness. First is created a structure of health in the blood, a substantial basis for all else to rest upon. Then the edifice is built naturally, stone after stone, day by day, nerve, tissue, muscle and ligament are placed in a normal, healthy, natural condition, the drains put in thorough working order, the parts cleansed, healed and purified, and the completed work is then turned over to the tenant's hands. The foundation is right, the work is right, and it lasts. Doing stops—there is nothing to require it. Suffering ends—there is nothing to cause it.

Vita-Ore strikes the disease at its root. Its cures are permanent and for this reason it itself is a permanent remedy, one that has come to stay, that is growing in popularity and selling more rapidly from year to year, curing with permanent cures, satisfying with permanent satisfaction.

THOUSANDS OF PEOPLE

In all parts of the United States and Canada have testified to the efficacy of Vita-Ore in relieving and curing such diseases as Rheumatism, Kidney, Bladder and Liver Diseases, Dropsy, Stomach Disorders, Female Ailments, Functional Heart Trouble, Catarrh of any part, Nervous Prostration, Anemia, Sores and Ulcers, and worn out, debilitated conditions.

TIMBER RIDGE, TENN.—Seventeen years ago I was afflicted with Bright's Disease, and Scrofula of Bowels. I tried all our doctors but none did any good. Our home physician gave me up to die. I then heard of Vita-Ore. It saved my life. It is my joy to now tell the great good it did me Seventeen Years Ago. MARK A. HALL.

SAULT STE. MARIE, ONT.—I had Rheumatism and Dyspepsia very bad for three years and a friend recommended Vita-Ore as being good for my complaint. I used two packages, which cured me completely. That was eight years ago and the trouble has never returned. W. T. YULL.

Out of the Jaws of Death

Permanently Cured in One Month's Time of a Serious Kidney and Rheumatic Trouble.

Was Broken Down, Disheartened and Almost Helpless.

ATLANTA, GA.—When I look back on my condition and suffering during recent years, and think of the herbs, roots, barks, tinctures, powders and linaments I have taken and rubbed with, all to no purpose, and think that I was cured at last in one month with Vita-Ore, I stand dazed and amazed at the result. I feel that I have in truth been drawn out of the jaws of death.

Thirty years ago I contracted a disease of the kidneys and commenced passing gravel from them, the pain often throwing me into spasms, though only those who have passed through this ordeal can give an idea of the suffering connected with it. These spells continued at irregular but frequent intervals down to a month ago. During all this time my urine was highly colored, sometimes profuse and sometimes scant, but at all times charged with a yellowish, albuminous brick-dust deposit.

About three years ago I was attacked with Rheumatism in my right hip joint, knees and the muscles all over my body. Physicians told me I had Diabetes and marked symptoms of Bright's Disease and commenced to dope me with mercury, soda, lithia, salicylic acid, potash, etc., all of which were constantly constipating me, and nearly everything I ate disagreed with me. You can well imagine my condition and state of mind. I was broken down, disheartened and helpless.

By chance I had placed in my hand a paper containing an advertisement of Vita-Ore, and, like a drowning man, caught at it, sent for it, and it has proved to be the "Oar" that enabled me to paddle my frail bark into the haven of Health. I used it in hot water and it commenced to benefit from the first dose. In four days I saw a marked change for the better. My urine became cleared up and natural in color. In six days the brick-dust deposit was gone. My bowels became regular, and I could eat what I wanted, and what I did eat did not hurt me and was perfectly digested. I slept soundly at night without those terrible hallucinations that had haunted my slumbers so long; but best of all, the pain was leaving my limbs. I could walk without crutch or stick.

Now, after taking a dollar package of Vita-Ore, I say I am better in health than I have been in thirty years. All this wonderful change in my condition is due to the virtue contained in one ounce of substance from Mother Earth. Would that I could impress on every one suffering with Kidneys, Stomach and Rheumatic Troubles, what I know of the virtues of Vita-Ore. Take it according to directions and you will not be long in joining with me in singing the praises of Vita-Ore and praising Theo. Noel for his efforts in introducing this grand boon to suffering humanity.

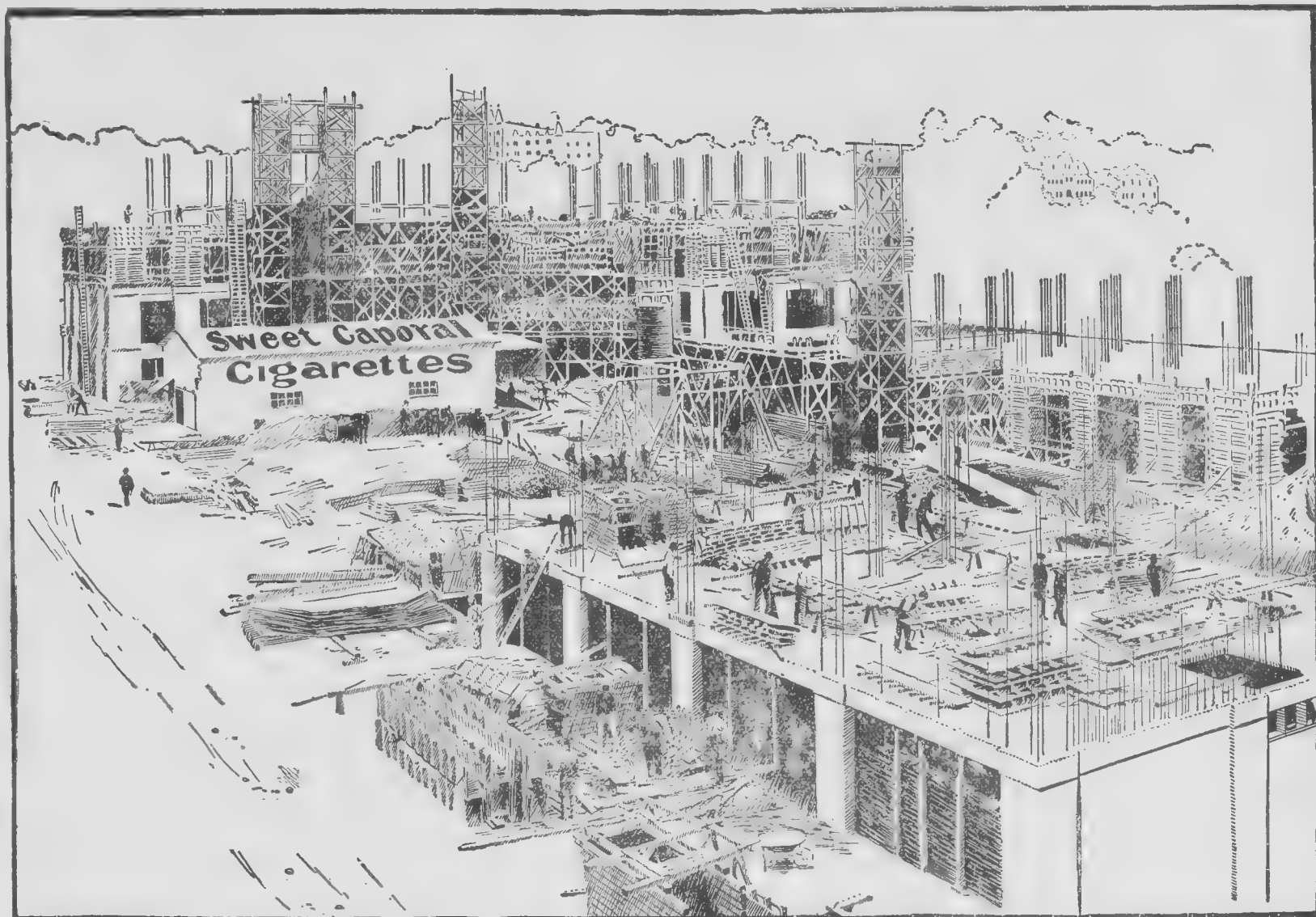
M. V. ESTES

Re-affirmed Over One Year Later.

ATLANTA, GA.—My faith in Vita-Ore grows stronger every day. I suffered with Kidney Trouble for years and never got any relief until I used Vita-Ore, more than a year ago. That did the work, and I am still well. Can get insurance on my life in any company that accepts men of my age. M. V. ESTES.

HERMANSVILLE, MICH.—I had been pronounced incurable of Bright's Disease by three eminent physicians, when I commenced using Vita-Ore. I weighed about 100 pounds, but in three months I weighed 145 pounds and was well and hearty. I have not had a trace of Kidney Trouble since, and it is twelve years since I used the V.-O. W. H. NORCROSS.

Address, THEO. NOEL CO., Limited H. M. Dept. WINNIPEG, MAN.
522 Main Street



THE FINEST SET OF BUILDINGS OF THEIR KIND IN CANADA

The above is a reproduction of a photograph showing a new set of reinforced concrete buildings, which are being erected on St. Antoine Street, Montreal, for the manufacturers of **"SWEET CAPORAL CIGARETTES"**. The method of construction is certainly worthy of inspection, and the public have not failed to take advantage of the opportunity, judging from the crowds that eagerly follow the movements of the workmen each day. As this work advances, it becomes more and more evident that these buildings will be a marvel of solidity and strength. The public are well aware for whom these buildings are being constructed, as directly in front of the Main building is a large sign which indicates that this is the spot where **"SWEET CAPORAL Cigarettes"** will be made.

Canada, and you'll see the maddest critter ever you seen."

He was right. A big lynx had got his fore-paw in the strong trap, and of all the wrathful brutes I have ever set eyes on, that lynx was the worst. It fairly sizzled with rage, and "talked" as only a mad cat can. It did not make so much noise, but there was an earnestness in its continuous stormy mutterings which boded no good to us if we ever went within its reach. Its little ears lay flat to its round skull; its yellow eyes blazed with fury, and its jaws parted in a grin that almost stampered me, in spite of the rifle. The lynx was full of fight, and made no attempt to bolt. It squatted low, never taking its evil eyes off us, nor stopped its snarling defiance. Indeed, it looked so bent upon making a dash at us that I leveled the Winchester.

"Reckon you'll have to plug him, Canady, I'd club his measly brains out, but the brush is a-kinder awkward, an' we can't get him out of there," said Lewis. "Take as little of his head as you can; edge round to one side, an' don't spoil fur," he continued.

The lynx stiffened at once in response to the shot, and Lewis hastened to reset the trap. The thin skin and flesh of the rabbit's flank was firmly tied to the pan of the trap, which was then set and placed on the snow where the beech-leaves afforded a partial shelter. A few drops of the odoriferous mixture

were added to the bait, and the setting was complete. This trap had in lieu of a pole a "clog," i. e., a length of heavy sapling, to one end of which the chain of the trap was firmly wedged. The office of the clog was to hamper the captive without really stopping it. A lynx is a powerful animal for its size, and when first gripped by a trap, it is apt to struggle furiously—quite enough to tear free from or to smash a trap that is held tight by the chain. A clogged trap may be dragged about without giving the captive a chance for a dead pull; and while the clog is sure to eventually foul something, this is not liable to happen until after the angered victim has in a measure quieted down.

The baiting of this particular trap was new to me, and I asked if it was the best way. "No, not surely the best way," replied Lewis, "but most any-way's good enough for these fool cats. A link is mighty curious an' is forever a-smellin' an' a-pryin' about, 'specially when on some strange scent. Them long whiskers on his chops is his measurers, an' he won't try to go through no kind of hole if the whiskers touches the sides of it—he won't even try to squeeze through leaves, if the whiskers tell him that the gap ain't quite wide enough. Now, if another link, an' I bet he will, comes smellin' 'round here, he'll locate that bait, even if snow happens to cover it. His whiskers won't let him squeeze through the beeches, but he'll

keep smellin' till he gets 'round in front. Then he'll reach his flat paw in, like a youngster reachin' for an apple, an' he'll try to hook out that bit of pelt, just to discover what makes it smell so dern funny. Then he'll find out what is funny about it, an' then he'll lug the trap 'round, an' cuss an' swear till I happen along an' knock some sense into his fool head."

The dead lynx was swung over Lewis's shoulder, and we resumed our march. The snow was now sifting rapidly through the tree-tops, and the old man kept looking rather anxiously about. When we chanced upon a comparatively open spot, he read the weather signs once more and said: "Canady, we're in fer a rippin' storm, an' I reckon we'd better have back-tracked an hour ago. There's a wind a-comin', an' if we don't bust it to the camp we may have to lie out, to say nothin' of the fallin' stuff. Catch a jawful of runnin' wind an' stick to my tail. Come on, now!"

It was a grand burst, but, thanks to the old man, we made it. Within half an hour a furious storm was roaring overhead. Trees swayed and groaned; masses of snow fell from disturbed branches, and now and then, boughs heavy enough to knock the life out of a man, swept down. The air was full of powdered snow and the forest trembled with a dull, unceasing roar. I could just see the snowy, bobbing figure

ahead, and I toiled on till I felt that another mile would cook me for once and all. Just when a halt seemed worth the risk, we stumbled into an opening of some kind, which I guessed must be the creek. The wind almost knocked me down; I was lost in a driving blur of white, till a voice shrieked almost in my ear: "Here she is, Canady, an' we made her 'bout soon enough!"

A few moments later the fire was snapping, and we had got rid of our extra snow. Then we had a steaming grog to the welfare of all good men and true, and, as Lewis said, "specially to the boy, who, I'll bet, is denned up tighter'n a winter bear."

That night we had the best feed Lewis could prepare, and while he worked about the stove, I skinned the prizes.

If hands were a trifle smelly, that fact did not spoil Lewis's Christmas feed. Later on, when the wind had almost died away in a biting midnight, the old man brewed a last tin of hot stuff, and sleepily remarked: "Wish the boy was here; he'd like puttin' his nose into this. Canady, merry Christmas to you!"

RHEUMATISM CURED.

Vitae-Ore has been successful in curing thousands of cases of Rheumatism, many old and chronic. Sent on thirty days' trial. See offer on page 36c.



"The Piano for the Home."

Merry, Merry Christmas Chimes.

Oh! for the joys of The Yule Tide, with its music and song. Oh! for the joys of making somebody happy. That is the question that pops up to many during this month. Now, can you think of a more appropriate or more welcome gift to the home than a piano. It is the making of a happy home and intelligent bright inmates.

But, buying a Piano is a very important matter. It means either one of two things—life-long satisfaction and pleasurable comfort, or bitter disappointment, dissatisfaction and discord. So act wise in choosing a piano. Go where you will, search every piano factory from coast to coast, and you will find not a single one that will give you more solid satisfaction than

THE KARN PIANO

Viewed from any stand point, it will justify the most extravagant praise. In tone quality this piano possesses an individuality that at once places it in a class of its own. This piano is finding a ready sale because its discriminating buyers are quick to recognize the many excellent qualities of its tone and action.

A substantial proof of the popularity and convincing quality of the KARN as recognized by skillful and accomplished judges who are able to tell, and who want the best and nothing but the best, is found in the recent purchase of eight Karn Pianos by the Brandon College of Music. This purchase was made in the face of strong competition from half a dozen other leading makers. There is no instrument but the Karn in the Brandon College.

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THE BREAD LINE AT CHRISTMAS

WITH us alway, they stand in line to wait the Christmas dole—
The body must be fed, although we sometimes starve the soul.

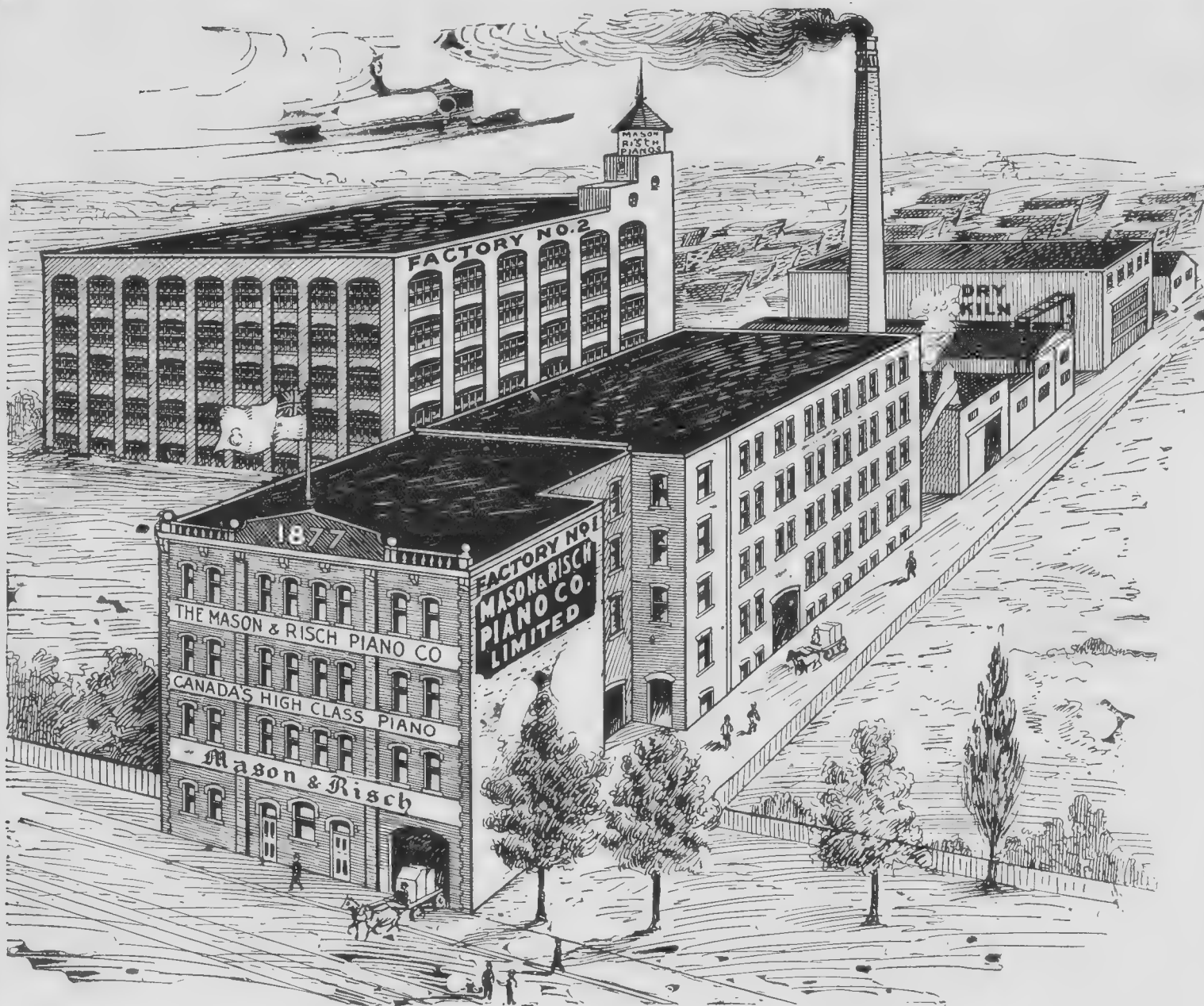
They come to gather up the crumbs that from our tables fall:
Of our abundance we bestow—yet, have we paid them all?

Though heaped with Christmas cheer the board whereon they eat their fill,
Perchance, despite our "Charity," we are their debtors still.

For who shall live by bread alone in all this world so wide?
In vain we give the feast unless we give ourselves beside.

We owe our sympathy unto the poorest in the land,
Because it is their poverty that makes our wealth so grand.

Give, then, to all! though many come, and there be little bread,
Kind hearts can work a miracle, and multitudes be fed.



Factories of the Mason and Risch Piano Co., Toronto.

Winnipeg's Big Piano House

Few people realize to what an extent this business has grown in the West. Retailing as we do direct to the people the entire output of this immense factory, thereby saving to you the dealers' profit.

Outside of our own Mason and Risch Piano we control the sale of the following makes of Pianos: **The Newcombe; The Henry Herbert; The Classic; The Columbus; The Harmonic**; also the entire line of the Aeolian Co., of New York, including **The Weber; Wheelock** and **Stuyvesant** Pianola Pianos and the Pianola.

PRICES

Retailing as we do direct from factory to customer and doing our immense volume of business we are able to sell the same grade of Piano at a lower price than it can be sold by any small dealers.

We can save you from \$50 to \$80 on any grade of Piano you wish to purchase.

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There is no Piano to-day on the Canadian market that has achieved the success and artistic recognition accorded the Mason and Risch.

Qualities of real worth that have made the Mason and Risch a Piano distinct and separate from all others.

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In our stock you have a choice of any grade or style of Piano you wish. Our line includes 10 different makes running from the magnificent little Columbus upright at \$160 to the Mason and Risch concert grand, including in all a choice of some 22 different styles to select from.

Any Piano in this stock can be purchased on easy terms, payments running as low as \$6.00 per month.

Offer to readers of the Western Home Monthly: from now till the first of January, 1907, any person bringing or mailing this ad. to our store will be allowed a credit of \$10 as first payment on any Piano in our stock.

Write for illustrated catalogue and prices, Dept. W.H.M.

The MASON & RISCH PIANO CO., Ltd.

356 Main St., WINNIPEG

GEO. J. JACKSON Manager for Manitoba.

The Young Man and His Problem

By JAMES L. GORDON

HOURS OF VISION. "Arise and settle thy destiny," said Thomas Carlyle, and he locked himself in the closet of solitude until the question of destiny was settled. "God Almighty never intended me to be a hod-carrier," said Joseph Parker, and he at once turned his face toward the ministry. "Slavery is to be the great question of the future, and somehow I feel that I shall have a hand in its settlement," said Abraham Lincoln, and he became a student of events and the prophet of the hour. There comes to each one of us a day of fate and an hour of destiny. The angel stands knocking at the door—and your hand rests upon the knob. Will you open the door? There is a dream of beauty, and a path of duty, just beyond the door. Open it!"

Edward Gibbon, the historian, had a vision and a dream, the result of which was crystalized in his great history of the Roman Empire. These are his words: "My temper is not very susceptible of enthusiasm, and the enthusiasm which I do not feel I have ever scorned to affect. But at the distance of twenty-five years I can neither forget nor express the strong emotions which agitated my mind as I first approached and entered the Eternal City. After a sleepless night, I trod with a lofty step the ruins of the Forum. Each memorable spot where Romulus stood, or Tully spoke, or Cæsar fell, was at once present to my eye, and several days of intoxication were lost and enjoyed before I could descend to a cool and minute examination." He gave eighteen weeks to the study of Rome only, and six to Naples, and we may rest assured that he made good use of his time. But what makes this visit to Rome memorable in his life and in literary history is that it was the occasion and date of the first conception of his great work. "It was at Rome, on the 15th October, 1764, as I sat musing amid the ruins of the Capitol, while the bare-footed friars were singing vespers in the temple of Jupiter, that the idea of writing the decline and fall of the city first started to my mind."

CHEERFULNESS. Cheerfulness is a heart-born product. It has its origin in the soul. It is not the child of outer circumstance, but the result of inner harmony. The smile that won't come off is born of the faith that never gives out. Faith in God. Faith in goodness. Faith in the order of events. Faith in the universal power which works for righteousness. Be cheerful, my friends, be cheerful. Laugh your enemies out of court. Laugh till laughter's music rings through every corridor of the soul. Laugh till the very atmosphere blossoms with joy. Laughter is medicine for the soul and tonic for the heart. The cheerful soul is in sympathy with the world. Mark the contrast between Carlyle and Sir Walter Scott: "Carlyle came down one morning with his 'waes' and lamentations: 'If I could but have had that dog by the hind legs within reach of a stone wall!'" Walter Scott once had just such a night. "Did you hear that dog?" he was asked. "Yes, poor cur, he kept me awake. I was sorry for him; he, no doubt, has his troubles, too."

THE FINAL TEST. Leigh Hunt says, in speaking of Napoleon in his last sad days, that in his exile and captivity "no great principle stood by him." In his last hour he stood alone. There was no source of consolation for him, seen or unseen. What a sad figure he cuts. Forsaken by his country, neglected by his wife, ignored by his friends, and lashed by his own conscience—he stood absolutely alone. "No great principle stood by him." The man of principle, who stands upon principle and fights for principle, will not find himself alone when the last hour comes. He will have divine company and heavenly consolation.

INDEFINITE PEOPLE. Certain men fail because they lack decision. They lack decision of character, because they lack the ability to reach a conclusion. That man would make a poor judge who could never make up his mind concerning the punishment to be meted out to a prisoner. Successful men are those who know how to think quickly, think accurately, and act promptly. Heaven save us from indefinite folk!

Kate Douglas Wiggin, in "Penelope's Progress," depicts a Scotch maid whose entire stock of conversation consisted in a single phrase, with

which she invariably replied to all questions. The only answer she deigned to give was: "I could na' say."—"Jean, is your mistress in?" "I could na' say."—"Jean, who lives next door?" "I could na' say."—"Jean, is it raining?" "I could na' say." In answer to every question in the usual current of conversation, she would turn her "blue Scotch non-committal eyes" upon you and say, "I could na' say."

HOW MUCH ARE YOU WORTH?

Frederick Douglass, the colored orator, affirmed that when he was a slave his master valued him as worth \$2,000 in the slave market. The \$2,000 slave would scarcely associate with the \$200 slave. Even the slave recognized a difference in the matter of personal value. All men are not born equal, even though they may be born free. All men would not remain equal even though they were born so. A man's value to the world depends on the quality of his thought and the energy of his mind. It was said of Napoleon that his sudden appearance on the field of battle was equal to reinforcement of forty thousand men. "Men must be weighed as well as counted," said a merchant prince to me one day.

A WORKING THEOLOGY.

Creed and character bear the relationship one to the other of father and son. Every man has his own creed. It may be a creed of one article or one paragraph, or one sentence; but he believes something, and that something is the rock on which he builds his character. What a man needs—a young man especially—is a good working theology, expressed in terms, brief, simple and comprehensive. George Macdonald says in "Robert Falconer": "This is a healthy creed; a practical, working theology. First, that a man's business is to do the will of God. Second, that God takes upon Himself the care of that man. Third, and therefore, that a man ought never to be afraid of anything." I call that a good working theology, practical, simple, comprehensive and sound, and good enough for any man in the church or outside of it.

AN ODD REPORTER.

Jacob A. Riis will arrive in Winnipeg next week. He was once an immigrant, and then a poor, wandering tramp with only a dog for a friend, and then a carpenter working for a dollar a day, and then a reporter on a New York city journal, and then a writer of splendid literature, including his book on "The Making of an American." He is now one of the first citizens of the republic to the south of us, and a great friend and admirer of President Roosevelt. This is what he says in the volume referred to on the subject of prayer. I like it because it is without cant or sanctimoniousness: "Right here, lest I make myself appear better than I am, I want to say that I am not a praying man in the sense of being versed in the language of prayer or anything of that kind. In all the years of my reporting I have never omitted this when anything big was on foot, whether a fire, a murder, a robbery, or whatever might come in the way of duty, and I have never heard that my reports were any the worse for it. I know they were better. Perhaps the notion of a police reporter praying that he may write a good murder story may seem ludicrous, even irreverent, to some people."

DARWIN, THE SWEET SPIRITED.

Darwin was a great man. He had a great soul. He was possessed by great thoughts. His writings caused a revolution in the intellectual realm. He was the subject of the most bitter criticism and condemnation on the part of those who rejected his theories; and yet how well he carried himself in face of all opposition. He never lost his temper, never indulged in unkind words or in unworthy sarcasm. He was sweet when others were bitter, and even-tempered when others were rough and ungenerous. One writer says, concerning him: "In Darwin's writings I find no word of reproach. Denunciation and ridicule, greater than any other man has endured, never kindled a spark of hatred in his breast. Wrapped in the mantle of his philosophy, he received no wounds, but lived with and loved mankind." The man who stands for the Truth, and is building

upon the Truth, is the man who can afford to be patient, loving, generous, and whole-hearted. Don't worry when your convictions are laughed at and the particular planks of your personal platform ignored. Are you right? That is the main question. Right only and right always shall have the right of way in God's universe.

AN IDEA FROM SWEDENBORG.

Swedenborg says that physical dying is a very natural and easy thing. When the last moment comes we pass out of this world without a pang. It is natural to die, and we pass out of this, the material realm, into the spiritual realm in such an easy, gliding way that we are across the river and on the shores of the other world before we know it. Swedenborg says that the process of going is so easy that when he, in his visions and dreams, entered the spiritual world, he found some folk there who were dead and did not know it. He says, concerning them, that they were dead, but did not know that they were dead until he called their attention to the fact. If the spirit of the wonderful Swedenborg were to come back to the earth, he would find sleeping saints who think they are awake and dead people who think they are alive. Josh Billings once said that for almost every purpose under the sun "a wide-awake sinner is better than a dead saint."

YOU COULD WRITE A STORY.

Oliver Goldsmith painted a picture of a village preacher. He hung the picture in one of the corridors of a magnificent poem—"The Deserted Village." The poem and the picture are as widely known as anything in English literature. The preacher whose face and character appears in the poet's writings is said to have been his own brother, Henry, whom he greatly admired and loved. There never has been a great poet or novelist who did not find his best material in his own heart and experience. That which comes from the heart will go to the heart. Let young writers dip their pens in their own heart's blood. Humanity will read the story.

TWENTY YEARS OLD.

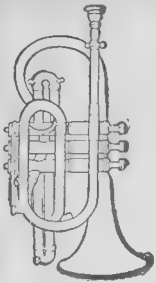
Frances E. Willard has gone into history as "America's Uncrowned Queen." Every young man and young woman should read the story of her life. Anticipating her twentieth birthday, she writes in her diary the words: "I shall be twenty years old in September, and I have as yet been of no use in the world." After a spell of sickness she writes: "When I recover, I will earn my own living, 'pay my own way,' and try to be of use in the world." Noble woman, she had her hand on the right key—Usefulness. The useful life is the happy life. The useful life is the unselfish life. Was there ever a more useful life than that of Frances Willard? Its keynote was usefulness.

SUCCESSFUL FAILURES.

Barnum failed in business three times,—failed honorably,—but he died a rich man. And he was a good man. I was in Bridgeport, Conn., on the day of his funeral. The great showman had a great funeral. They lined his grave with roses. One thousand roses touched his coffin on every side. Many failures, but a successful ending. Said Mr. Harry Quilter: "An accomplished artist said to me once, 'No picture is worth anything till it has been spoiled three times'; and it is true, I think, that what makes any given picture great is gathered from the very brink of failure." Every successful man has been near the brink, and near it more than once. The man who never surrenders wins out in the end. Struggle on! Health and success awaits you. "On and Forever On," says Emerson.

TURN THE GOBLET DOWN.

The saloon is a national nuisance and an individual curse. It is in touch with every vile thing in our civilization. There is not a thief, burglar or cut-throat who does not feel strangely at home in a saloon. Every man who is an enemy of society loves the atmosphere of the saloon. The saloon is the manhole out from which there comes forth the foul stench of the moral sewerage of the world. It is the centre of crime and the source of every sin. It hides itself behind a screen and loves the darkness of the night. It has been discovered that "tainted meat" is being used in hundreds of saloons in Chicago for "free lunches." There is no place where tainted meat seems to be so much at home as in a saloon. It is not the most dangerous thing in the saloon either. "Ale sounds like fail. Bar sounds like scar. Gin sounds like sin. Porter sounds like gutter. Wine sounds like whine. Whiskey sounds like risky, and saloon sounds like doom."



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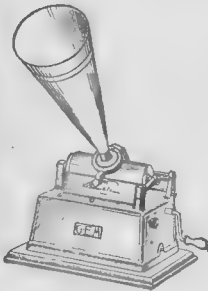
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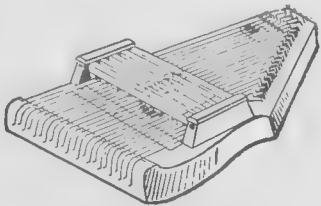
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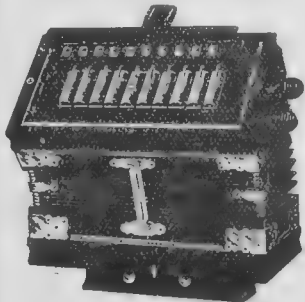
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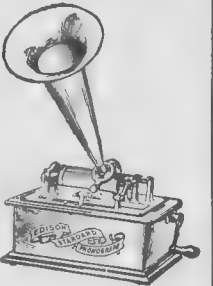
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Her Inconsistency.

A woman is the most inconsistent compound of obstinacy and self-sacrifice that I am acquainted with.

Richter.

Her Varied Character.

Sing of the Nature of women, and then the song shall be surely full of variety, old crotchets, and most sweet closes. It shall be humorous, grave, fantastic, amorous, melancholy, sprightly, one in all and all in one.

Marston.

Women's Friendships.

Women benefit by their friendships more than men. They see their friends oftener, enjoy more converse with them, have more time for letter-writing, and can cultivate friendship better in a full room. They take altogether more trouble about it, and find themselves constantly padded in friends when men would be comparatively alone. The widower, though it is not the custom to think so, is far more lonely than the widow.

—Spectator.

Womanhood.

There is something in the heart of man that puts a woman's charm before all else, and that enables evil and foolish women to find husbands while good and wise women die unwed. But in the soul of uncontaminated youth there is often a passionate refusal to accept this instinct as the highest. The ideal of womanhood is then something too pure and hallowed even for the dreams of love.

W Deane Howells.

Should Be Humble.

Women should be humble when they remember that if a good man loves them it is not, in very truth, the woman (who is a poor creature full of imperfections) that they love, but the soul—the noble, pure, exalted soul, as high as their own grandest conception of goodness and piety, which they believe to be in her.

W. Besant.

Woman.

Woman in her weakness is yet the strongest force upon the earth. She is the helm of all things human; she comes in many shapes and knocks at many doors; she is quick and patient, and her passion is not ungovernable like that of a man, but as a gentle steed that she can guide e'en where she will, and as occasion offers can now bit up and now give rein. She has a captain's eye, and stout must be that fortress of the heart in which she finds no place of vantage. Does thy blood beat fast in youth? She will outrun it, nor will her kisses tire. Art thou set towards ambition? She will unlock thy inner heart and show thee roads that lead to glory. Art thou worn and weary? She has comfort in her breast. Art thou fallen? She can lift thee up, and to the illusion of thy sense gild defeat with triumph. Ay, she can do these things, for nature ever fights upon her side; and while she does them she can deceive and shape a secret end in which thou hast no part.

H. Rider Haggard.

Unmarried Women.

I speculate much on the existence of unmarried and never-to-be married women nowadays; and I have already got to the point of considering that there is no more respectable character on this earth than an unmarried woman who makes her own way through life quietly, perseveringly, without support of husband or brother; and who retains in her possession a well-regulated mind, a disposition to enjoy simple pleasures, and fortitude to support inevitable pains, sympathy with the sufferings of others, and willingness to relieve want as far as her means extend.

Charlotte Bronte.

Women's View Point

The fact is, a man never sees a subject thoroughly till he sees what a woman will think of it, for there is a woman's view of every subject, which has a different shade from a man's view, and that is what you and I have insensibly been absorbing in all our course hitherto.

Harriet Beecher Stowe.

A Low, Soft Voice.

Yes, we agree with that old poet who said that a low, soft voice was an excellent thing in woman. Indeed, we feel inclined to go much further than he has on the subject, and call it one of her crowning charms. How often the spell of beauty is rudely broken by coarse, loud talking! How often you are irresistibly drawn to a plain, unassuming woman, whose soft, silvery tones render her positively attractive. In the social circle, how pleasant it is to hear a woman talk in that low key which always characterises the true lady. In the sanctuary of home, how such a voice soothes the fretful child and cheers the weary husband!

Lamb.

Woman.

O woman, born first to believe us,
Yea, also born first to forget,
Born first to betray and deceive us,
Yet first to repent and regret,
O first then in all that is human,
Yea, first where the Nazarene trod.
O woman, O beautiful woman,
Be then first in the kingdom of God.
Joaquin Miller—"Songs of the Sunlands."

Endurance.

I have seen a grandly heroic woman who, out of her view as to the responsibilities of the married relation, condoned everything, took her drunken husband to her home again, and at last nursed and watched him into penitence and decency. But there may be two opinions even about this sort of endurance. This is quite distinct from mere animal constancy. It is duty and human pity.

George Eliot.

The Learned Woman.

A woman ought to exhibit great modesty as to her learning, and to conceal it carefully above all from other women, when she knows something of which they are ignorant.

Mme. de Puisieu.

Fallen.

I believe
That woman, in her deepest degradation,
Holds something sacred, something undefiled,
Some pledge and keepsake of her higher nature,
And, like the diamond in the dark, retains
Some quenchless gleam of the celestial light!

Longfellow.

Her True Greatness.

The modest virgin, the prudent wife, or the careful matron, are much more serviceable in life than petticoated philosophers, blustering heroines, or virago queens. She who makes her husband and her children happy, who reclaims the one from vice, and trains up the other to virtue, is a much greater character than ladies described in romance, whose whole occupation is to murder mankind with shafts from the quiver of their eyes.

Goldsmith.

A Good Woman.

A good woman is the loveliest flower that blooms under heaven; and we look with love and wonder upon its silent grace, its pure fragrance, its delicate bloom of beauty. Sweet and beautiful! The fairest and the most spotless! Is it not a pity to see them bowed down or devoured by grief inexorable, wasting in disease, pining

with long pain, or cut off by sudden fate in their prime? We may deserve grief, but why should these be unhappy? Except that we know that heaven chastens those whom it loves best; being pleased, by repeated trials, to make these pure spirits more pure.

Thackeray.

Wives and Mothers.

If we wish to know the political and moral condition of a state, we must ask what rank women hold in it; their influence embraces the whole of life; a wife!—a mother—two magical words, comprising the sweetest source of man's felicity; theirs is a reign of beauty, of love, of reason,—always a reign! a man takes counsel with his wife, he obeys his mother; he obeys her long after she has ceased to live; and the ideas which he has received from her become principles stronger even than his passions.

Aime Martin.

The Mission of Woman.

If thou wouldst hear what seemly is and fit,
Inquire of noble women; they can tell;
Who in life's common usage hold their place
By graceful deed, and aptly chosen word.
Propriety as with a wall surrounds
Their delicate sense, which shrinks from forward touch,

And where rude handling is no woman lives:
Ask both the sexes, both have one reply—
For freedom he, and she for chaste restraint.

Goethe

* * * * *
Pity sits throned with woman, For a man
The best that is will train his heart to look
On savage deeds unmoved, and what at first
He hated, end in honoring as a law,
Till monstered from boon nature's use he grows
Into a thing scarce human. But a woman
Lives to herself, as her pure purpose shaped
In singleness of heart. For good or ill
She is to-day what she was yesterday
And will remain to-morrow.

Goethe.

Flattered Women.

A woman must be a fool indeed who can really believe that her person is that of a grace, her smile the smile of Venus, her beauty surpassing that of Helen, and her wit and her understanding that of Sappho. She knows better; she knows that her wit is small and petty beside the wit of a man; her wisdom nothing but to learn a little of what men have said; her very beauty, of which so much is said, but a flower of a few years, whereas the beauty of manhood lasts all a life. Therefore, when all is said and done, the incense burned, the mock prayer said, the hymn of flattery sung, and the idol bedecked with flowers and gems, she loves to step down from the altar, slip away from the worshippers, and run to a place in the meadows, where waits a swain who will say, "Sweet girl, I love thee, with all thy faults."

W. Besant.

Woman's Rights.

I believe they are the sweetest, purest, most unselfish, best part of the human race. I have no doubt on this subject whatever. They do sing the melody in all human life, as well as the melody in music. They carry the leading part, at least in the sense that they are a step in advance of us, all the way in the journey heavenward. I believe that they cannot move very widely out of the sphere which they now occupy, and remain as good as they now are; and I deny that my belief rests upon any sentimentality, or jealousy, or any other weak or unworthy basis. A man who has experienced a mother's devotion, a wife's self-sacrificing love, and a daughter's affection, and is grateful for all, may be weakly sentimental about some things, but not about women. He would help every woman he loves to the exercise of all the rights which hold dignity and happiness for her. He would fight that she might have those rights if necessary; but he would rather have her lose her voice entirely than hear her sound a bass note, even were it no longer than a demi-semi-quaver.

J. G. Holland.

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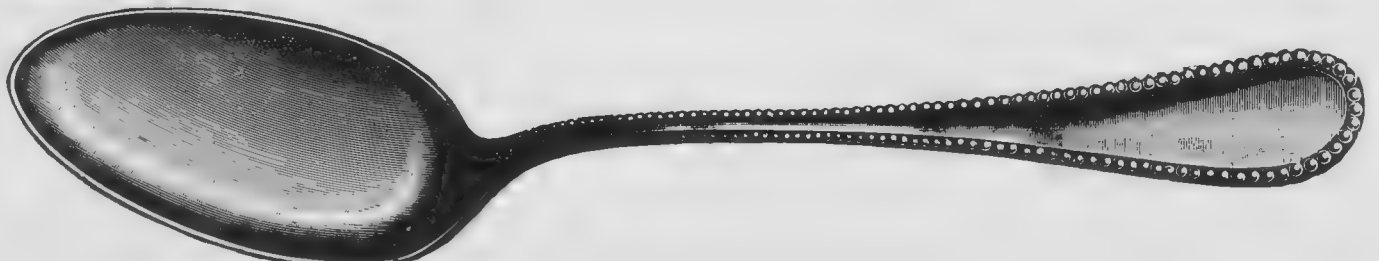
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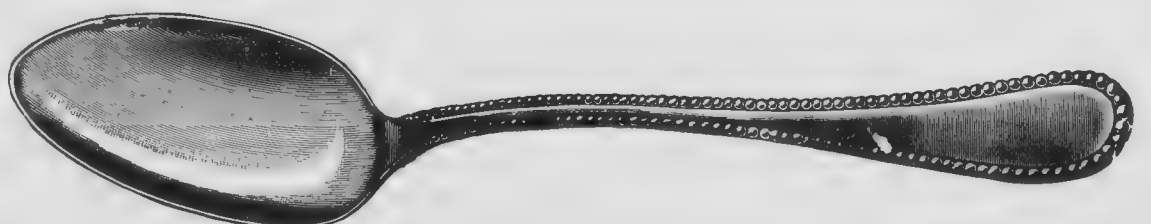
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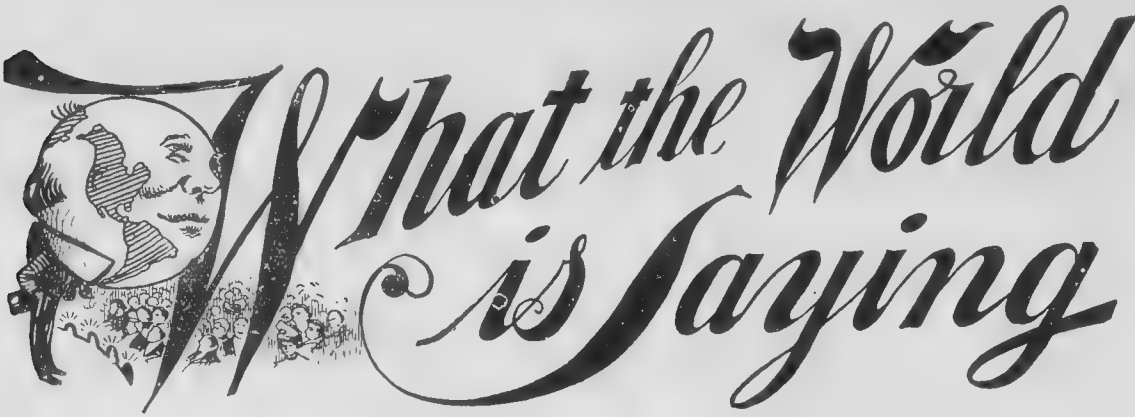
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What the World is Saying

The Dangers of Hypnotism.

The advantages and disadvantages of hypnotism as a means of treating disease has been dealt with lately by Dr. Edwin Ash:—

In using hypnotism to cure disease, said Dr. Ash, we at present are toying with a great force which we do not fully understand and which we cannot entirely control. We certainly cannot control it sufficiently to govern the grosser forms of disease, and it is important to remember that nothing can do more harm to psychotherapeutic methods than that one case so treated which should have been treated by surgical means should go wrong. Diseases which generally can be influenced by hypnotism are of a functional order, and not those associated with organic changes. It can, I think, be proved that it is possible by mechanical means and suggestion without any personal influence, such as magnetism, to mask the conscious mind of the subject and bring out some underlying unconsciousness.

General Booth and Old Age.

There are few men to-day who are accomplishing more real work than the great head of the Salvation Army. In an interview the General gave some wholesome rules for those who would live long.

Eat as little as possible. The average man eats too much. Instead of nourishing his body, he overtaxes it, compelling his stomach to digest more food than it has capacity for. Drink plenty of water in preference to adulterated concoctions. Water is wholesome nourishment. Take exercise. It is just as foolish to develop the mind and not the body as it is to develop the body and not the mind. Perform some manual labor; dig, walk, chop wood, or, if you can talk with your whole body, why, then talk; but do it with all your might. Have a system, but do not be a slave of the system. If my hour to rise is 8 a.m., and at that time I haven't had sufficient rest, I take longer time.

T. Ramsay Macdonald, M.P., on Winnipeg.

T. Ramsay Macdonald, M.P., the Whip of the Labor party in the British House of Commons, has recently visited Winnipeg. The following are some of his impressions:—

Winnipeg is not a city made with hands. Winnipeg is a spirit, making itself manifest. I have seen those long emigrant trains come up to its station, pause a moment, and then disgorge the bustling black crowds of human beings, who have come from Europe in search of a home. Train after train comes, load after load is left behind, the emigration hall gets crowded, but always westwards and northwards the stream of human beings trickles in multitudes of tiny rivulets to enrich the land which is now begging that man in his mercy might plough it to make it fruitful and multiply. One cannot help speculating what the end is to be. Away west and northwest in what we used to call "The Great Lone Land," the virgin soil is now red with wheat. Railways are pushing out their feverish fingers over trails made by Indians and buffaloes; towns are arising in a night; the homesteader's firesmoke rises from where a house of man has never been built. Men who can rough it, men who can toil hard from sunrise to sunset, men who have the fortitude of pioneers in them will here baffle nature and at last find peace. Let all others stay away from Canada.

The Rapid Growth of Hysteria.

The American Association of Railway Surgeons recently held a convention at Chicago, at which Dr. A. R. Mitchell said there was an epidemic of hysteria sweeping over the country which threatened to do incalculable damage.

The educated physician knows that hysteria

is as much a disease as smallpox. It affects all men and women alike. Innumerable examples of the infectious and contagious character of the malady are recorded through all history. Men and women are but children led hither and thither by emotions which appeal to the present only. Under such leadership personal responsibility is cast aside, and in groups under like influence do things which not one man as an individual would think of doing. This is well illustrated in the violence of mobs, and in the enactment of unwise laws which, but for quieter executive review, would still further encumber our statutes."

The Jew Not A Financier.

Oscar S. Straus maintains in the Baltimore News that the Jew is not a business man. This will be news to many:—

John D. Rockefeller or Andrew Carnegie is worth vastly more than all the rich Jews in America lumped together. The Jew, no matter what the opinion of the world may be, is a broad-spirited man. He spends much and gives much, and, therefore, his wealth is exaggerated. First of all, he is said to be a trader, but other races slur over the fact that he hasn't been free to choose his occupation. Europe drove him out of agriculture. The mechanical crafts were shut to him. My family were farmers. There is a region in Russia where the Jews are industrious and skilled agriculturists. Persecuted as they were, hemmed in as to their means of gaining a living, legislated against and robbed of what they had, the Jews were compelled to adjust themselves to circumstances and to accept such narrow opportunities as were offered.

The Christianity of To-Day.

Dr. Philip Moxom, a leading clergyman in America, says that Christian civilization is un-Christian; that is, its dominating forces are self-assertion, injustice, pride, and greed for riches. In the North American Review for August he says:—

Conceivably, one may contend that our present social life is the result of a long evolution and is economically wise and beneficent; but one can not truthfully call it Christian. Now, if Shintoist and Buddhist Japan can produce a higher, saner, more just, more self-controlled, more unselfish individual and social life than Christian England or America, by that fact Christianity, as these peoples have interpreted and exemplified it, is proved inferior to Shintoism and Buddhism. But what really suffers by the comparison is not the Christianity of Jesus, but the Christianity of the church, the Christianity which we have made. In other words, Christianity can maintain its pre-eminence only by the vital and effective incorporation of the spirit and teaching of Jesus in individual and social life and character. Nothing can invalidate this proposition. The trial which the Christian nations are facing to-day is obvious and inescapable. Let us, at least, be honest with ourselves. If we will not practise what Jesus taught, let us cease to call ourselves Christian. It may be that some of those whom we have called "heathen" are more Christian than we.

Reform in Marriage.

The institution of marriage as it exists to-day, unregulated save by the caprice of passion, is as much the experiment of fools and the folly of the unfit, as it is the sacrament of the sober and the despair of the optimist. Dr. Frank Crane, speaking on the subject, advises the elimination of the unfit:—

"But have we not always done this, and has not the race progressed? Two facts must reply to this objection. First, the careful preservation of the unfit is a modern practice. Formerly the insane and diseased and feeble minded and weak

were allowed to die. Only in recent years has the state gone into the wholesale business of housing and helping the unfortunate. Modern altruism has interfered with the stern self-purification of nature. Second, plagues, pests, and wars which yesterday were busy at their terrible work of decimation are being stopped by present-day triumph of humane feeling. A few things we might do now. We might refuse to allow marriage to those tainted with insanity. According to the sixtieth report of the British lunacy commission, 'a quarter of the cases of insanity can be clearly traced to heredity.' Do you know how insanity is increasing in Massachusetts? A glimpse at the statistics would startle you. Every one who knows admits that heredity is the principal cause of the increase of insanity in recent years; and not a few go so far as to call it the main cause."

The English Woman in Canada.

The loneliness of life on the Western Canadian farm has not agreed with some English women who have been experiencing it, so they have written home to warn other ladies from coming to Canada. The Montreal Star comments:—

To tell such people that they must do without "society" is like warning them that patent leather shoes cannot be worn everyday behind a plough. They may get less gossip, but they will get high thinking and a greater mental freedom. English women coming to Canada—and especially those who go to the West—will find themselves expressing honest opinions with an inspiring sense of liberty after a year's residence amidst the breezy surroundings of the prairies which they would have hardly dared to think under the cramping conventions of the old home. They will find that many things, which they have always thought vitally important, really "do not matter," and that it is far better to live one's own life without restriction than to become the finest Dresden china copy of the "correct" in ladylike conduct.

Peary and the Pole.

Another thirty-four miles of polar desolation has been invaded by man. Says the Globe, New York:—

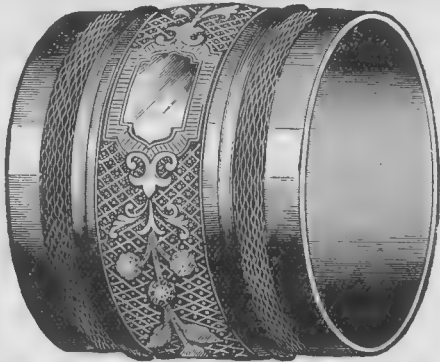
By a dash unrivalled in speed, with the possible exception of the Duke of the Abruzzi's in 1900, Peary has pushed the American flag up to 87 degrees 6 minutes north latitude—within about 200 miles of that mysterious and much-sought geographic point through which the polar axis of the earth emerges. It has been repeatedly and somewhat persistently pointed out by the stay-at-home geographers that the attainment by man of this purely mathematical point can result in no practical advantage to any one. Hence it follows, of course, that the money and lives spent in striving for it are uselessly thrown away, all of which is doubtless true enough from the purely scientific point of view. But, nevertheless, the dreams of every arctic explorer are haunted by visions of the pole, and all are anxious to risk their lives in efforts to accomplish this stirring feat. The less abstractly scientific portion of the population is with them in spirit and greets every gain with unscientific joy. By these people, therefore, Commander Peary's new record, although it still leaves us 200 miles away from the goal, will be considered worth all it cost.

Eels and Automobiles.

Some "freak" has hazarded the idea that eels can be made to run automobiles, and act generally as a motive power. The Electric Review has taken up the suggestion, and comments on it as follows:—

"Figuring on this basis, the gymnotus does not seem to be a very compact generator of electrical energy. These eels grow to considerable size, often five or six feet long, but assuming as a fair figure an average length of three feet and a diameter of two and one-half inches, each eel would occupy a space of about one-eighth of a cubic foot. Our 300,000 eels for the ocean liner would therefore fill a space of twenty feet deep, forty feet wide, and sixty feet long solidly with eel flesh, and since each eel would require considerable space for elbow or tail room, there would not be much space left within the vessel for cargo. Moreover, since these eels only constitute the generating part of the equipment space would have to be found for the motors. It would seem to be a better plan to break the eels to the bridle and teach them to tow the vessel, using them thus as motors rather than generators.

PREMIUMS for Royal Crown Soap Wrappers



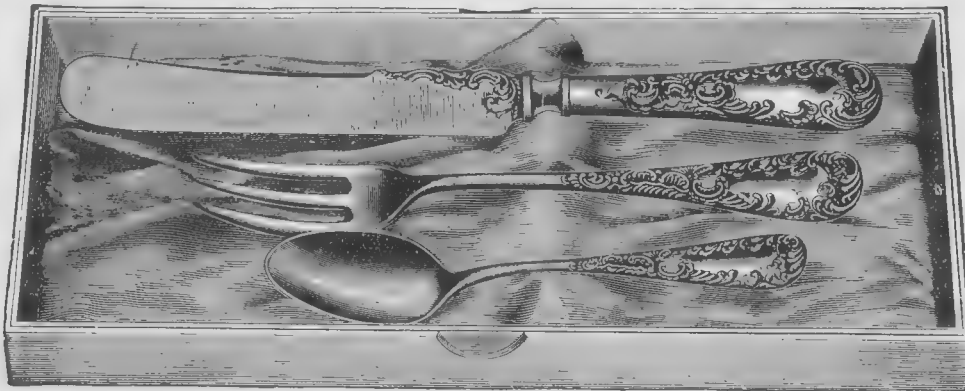
No. 33—Napkin Ring, fancy chased. Free for **75 Royal Crown Soap Wrappers**, or 15c. and **25 Royal Crown Soap Wrappers**.



No. 40—Napkin Ring, fancy chased. Free for **25 Royal Crown Soap Wrappers**.



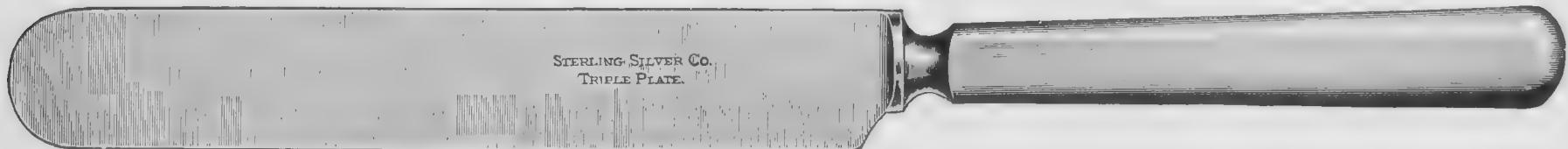
No. 3—Child's Cup, satin engraved, gold lined. Free for **100 Royal Crown Soap Wrappers**, or 25c. and **25 Royal Crown Soap Wrappers**. If outside of Winnipeg add 10c. for delivery.



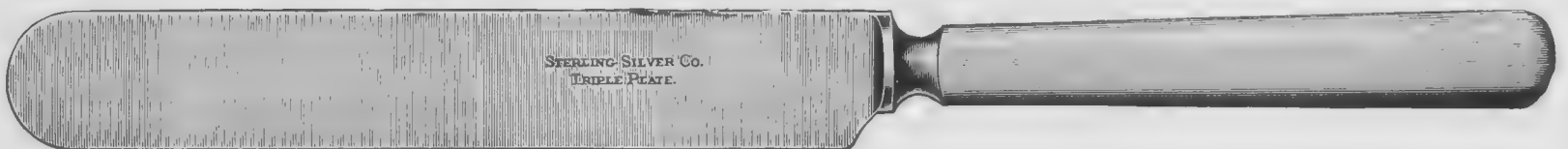
Raymond Three-Piece Child's Set, extra coin silver plate. Free for **100 Royal Crown Soap Wrappers**, or 25c. and **25 Royal Crown Soap Wrappers**. Postage 5c.



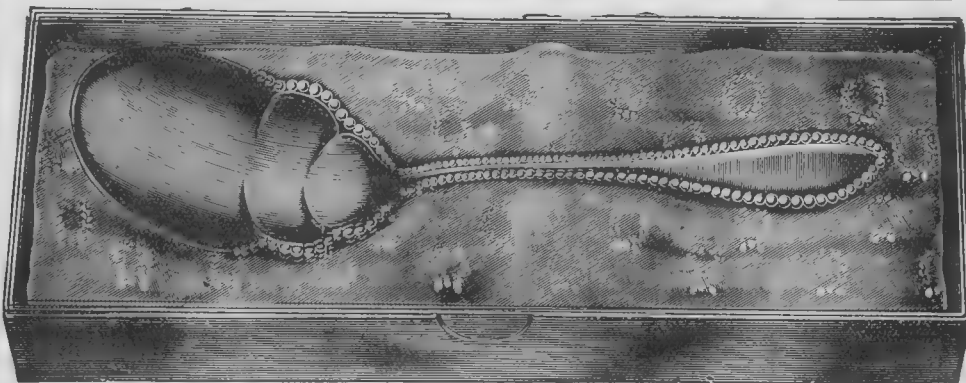
No. 111—Child's Cup, satin engraved, gold lined. Free for **50 Royal Crown Soap Wrappers**, or 10c. and **25 Royal Crown Soap Wrappers**. Postage 4c.



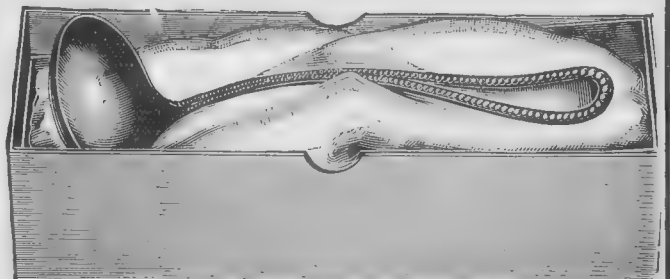
No. 175—Sterling Silver Co., medium round end knife. Half dozen free for **300 Royal Crown Soap Wrappers**, or \$1.00 and **25 Royal Crown Soap Wrappers**. If outside of Winnipeg add 25c. for delivery.



No. 175—Sterling Silver Co., desert round end knife. Half dozen free for **275 Royal Crown Soap Wrappers**, or 90c. and **25 Royal Crown Soap Wrappers**. If outside of Winnipeg add 20c. for delivery.



Leota Berry Spoon, gilt bowl, actual length 8 3/4 inches. Free for **150 Royal Crown Soap Wrappers**, or 50c. and **25 Royal Crown Soap Wrappers**. If outside Winnipeg add 11c. for postage.



Alberta Cream Ladle, bright bowl in silk lined box. Free for **125 Royal Crown Soap Wrappers**, or 35c. and **25 Royal Crown Soap Wrappers**. If out side of Winnipeg add 8c. for postage.

Address : Premium Department,
The Royal Crown Limited, Winnipeg, Manitoba



THE PHILOSOPHER

Noting the longevity of persons in sedentary employments, American Medicine observes that it occurs with sedentary persons who are "not exposed to harmful conditions such as dust, dirt and dulness." An inert life is declared to be the normal one. The savage takes life easily. Laziness is natural. Sports should not consist of "spurts," but of exercises that subject the organs, internal and external, to no excessive strain. The right thing for everyone is to avoid violent movements that strain the arteries, enlarge the heart, waste nerve force, or cause one to become so "run down" as to fall an easy victim of bacteria that invade the circulation. We want, says the Journal, to "get back to nature where excessive labor is the rare exception." Our modern athletics are condemned as the "unnatural thing." The sports of boys should, accordingly, be moderated with a view to their escaping excessive calls upon the heart and other delicate organs. The boy is commonly supposed to be immune from injury, however violent his exertions, but his violence sometimes produces unobserved lesions that show ruinous effects a few years later. Moderation in all things is the secret of long life.

DUST, DIRT AND DULNESS.

When the San Francisco earthquake sent a thrill through the doomed city, its work only began. It thrilled every city, town, hamlet and individual on the continent. Funds were indiscriminately poured into the stricken city. Business men, accustomed to pare, pinch and figure on the fraction of a cent, wrote cheques with prodigal pens to send to the sufferers. The result of this sentimental generosity is forgery and theft on the part of those receiving the gifts. How could it be otherwise? No balance sheets were demanded, no detailed reports made; it was sanity gone insane. The sentiments of pity and beneficence were beautiful, and made one's faith grow stronger in the brotherhood of man. But, after all, it is an unwise policy to follow. President Roosevelt, with his accustomed promptness, has instituted an inquiry, and the evil-doers will be brought to a speedy punishment.

That was an important discussion at the Convention of Municipalities held at Portage la Prairie on Nov. 7th, when the Bell Telephone monopoly came in for some language which the people of Canada have been slow to deal out. It was shown by competent speakers "that the present situation in Canada is almost entirely controlled by a corporation monopoly, whose charter contains enormous privileges, which in character of service, control of rates, dominant usurpation of public streets and byways, constitutes a direct menace to public rights." The Bell Company finds in Canada its best plum. But its judgment day is not far distant. Its monopolistic charter and its arrogant methods have aroused a long-suffering people to such an extent that independent companies have been formed to resist its aggression. This octopus learns nothing by experience; for example, where there is competition it reduces its rates, but where there is no competition it exacts charges unreasonably high. It was shown by the convention that with one or two exceptions the people of Manitoba have the privilege of paying the highest long-distance charges in the world. The provincial ownership of 'phones would give a service costing 3½ mills per mile, that is to say, 35 cents for 100 miles, instead of the present Bell rate of 75 cents for the same distance. Citizens should rally round the Municipal Ownership idea.

THEFT AND FORGERY OF 'FRISCO FUNDS.

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From almost every section of the West comes the complaint of car shortage. It is a complaint that should be listened to at once, and everything done to relieve the situation. If this state of things is to be permanent, the commercial interests of Western Canada will soon be paralyzed. Government agents in Europe are enticing the agricultural element to emigrate to Canada, but it is sheer imbecility to continue such a policy if the farmer, who is already settled here, cannot

THE SHORTAGE OF CARS.

Government agents in Europe are enticing the agricultural element to emigrate to Canada, but it is sheer imbecility to continue such a policy if the farmer, who is already settled here, cannot

have his grain moved. The railway companies are not keeping pace with the growth of the country. We are glad to see that the general alarm has been sounded, and that business men are at last alive to the situation. The Winnipeg Board of Trade, in response to letters and communications from Western towns and Boards of Trade, have taken up the matter, and have written the railway companies reciting the complaint, strongly urging the necessity of their bringing every car and engine possible into service. It was also agreed to bring the matter before the Board of Railway Commissioners, calling their attention to the continual state of car shortage, and to ask them to put into force such orders and power as they can to remedy the evil, by compelling the companies to increase their rolling stock.

The Western Home Monthly has never failed to advocate the cause of beauty in the towns and cities of the West. In this it calls attention to a very much neglected feature of Western life. The spirit of materialism is so rampant and pervasive that the meeker spirit of the beautiful may be crowded out. Beauty of every description is much to be sought and greatly to be prized. Beauty is such an element of happiness that the people who make the laws, and the officers who are elected and paid to enforce them, should not scruple to see that the laws of beauty are strictly regarded. Hence, the citizen who puts up a chimney in defiance of established principles and afflicts the atmosphere with sooty outpourings, is the enemy of beauty and the direct foe of the aesthetic. Ill-paved and dirty streets are not to be accounted the promoters of beauty. The beauty idea is taking hold of many large cities of this continent. Chicago has an association of strong men who contemplate spending some millions in the near future to beautify the great city. Among Canadian cities, Toronto stands out as a shining example of what may be done along this line. Now, while our Western cities are small, is the time to lay plans for the future.

THE CITY BEAUTIFUL.

One visitor the other day laid his finger upon the sore. He said: "I am shocked to find that Canada is so far behind all other countries, and that political misconduct is defended in the press and in parliament." Vesterners are justly proud of what Dr. Patrick has to give them in the way of scholarship and culture. But these are not the words of the scholar and educator. They smack of demagogism and border on the hysterical. When the clergyman speaks as a political critic his criticism often loses its value by the intemperance of his language. He generalizes too much. Dr. Patrick has fallen into this error. Political misconduct there is, but it is not as general as the doctor would have us believe. We are a new country, and our politicians have not all been men of light and leading in political morality. But the tide is rising. Civic and national corruption is not condoned to-day, but condemned. Most of our public men are following the gleam of political purity.

"I am profoundly ashamed of the state of politics in Manitoba and in the whole of Canada. When distinguished visitors from over the water come to me with letters of introduction this great shame I feel with regard to our public life.

THE BURDEN OF DR. PATRICK'S SHAME.

There are some people who reluctantly admit the time-worn adage that "music hath charms," and conspicuous among them are our public school authorities. Dr. Arthur Somervell, addressing an English convention of teachers, called attention to what should be an obvious fact—that music helps the young to study. Teachers do not recognize this. The fag-end of Friday afternoons is usually given to singing when it should be indulged in several times every day. Dr. Somervell claims that music is "a vitalizing force." He advises that a couple of verses be sung after every lesson. Would that this sound advice were taken by Canadian teachers. When one takes a look into the public schools of the West and sees underfed and under-clothed children, many of them coming from

homes in which there is nothing but blank ugliness, his heart will ache. This is particularly true of foreign children. They are surrounded by few, if any, refining influences. The home is often a shack, without musical instrument, pictures, flowers or touches of beauty to elevate the growing mind of the child. The public school should enlarge its curriculum and minister to the aesthetic nature of these children. Art in all its forms is useful, but some forms of art need apparatus which it is not possible for the children to obtain. But when a child is taught to sing, he carries his centre of happiness with him.

MUSIC IN THE PUBLIC SCHOOLS.

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Loud and insistent has been the cry for the extension of the franchise to the ladies, but the sad news comes from Colorado that, as a voter, woman is a failure. Our gallantry suffers in saying this, but truth is truth and ever courts the light. The political leaders of Colorado have come to the plain, though painful, decision, that in future women will not be nominated for the legislature. For twelve years the women of that state have been happy, or unhappy, in the possession of that much coveted thing, a woman's vote. Their experience is not such as to call for a eulogy upon the political precocity of the fair sex. Many of the best women have deliberately chosen to forfeit their hard-won fight; the worst have voted as they were told to vote. Year by year the woman vote has grown less. Redgeway says: "As individuals, women will still vote in Colorado, but there is no basis of belief that they will represent any considerable force, either for good or evil." Until further evidence is adduced that the suffragists of the fair sex have accomplished some specific purpose, or contributed to the victory or defeat of some vital principle, the cause of equal suffrage in general must suffer from the Colorado experiment.

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The City Fathers of Winnipeg are slow in waking up to the fact that Winnipeg is no longer ranked among the hamlets of Canada, but takes a first place among her cities, and as such demands all the conveniences necessary to the working of a big city. A crying present need is more street cars by day, and a night service. The crass ignorance which some aldermen have displayed of the whole street car question is monumental. A Winnipeg alderman seems to be the last man to know anything about the car service of his city. A conspicuous example of this childlike simplicity is Alderman Latimer. Recently he said: "As far as I can see, and I am on the cars frequently, the company has not put on a sufficient number of extra cars to prevent overcrowding at busy hours, and has not strictly enforced the new rules against smoking in the cars. No move has yet been made to select stopping places between streets which intersect car lines and are at long distances from each other. All of these reforms were promised to the city when a sub-committee waited on Mr. Phillips." Alderman Cox, too, endorses, with true aldermanic artlessness, his brother Latimer. "There is certainly a great reform needed," says brother Cox. These are two weighty statements that might do credit to the colossal brain of Shakespeare if they did not come so late. What is slowly dawning upon our City Fathers has been known to every school-boy for months. Winnipeg must have more day cars, and the system running after twelve o'clock at night also.

The fat man is a walking microbe factory. His fatness is not due to an easy job and a good digestion, as was generally supposed. That bland smile which spreads itself over the tiers, layers and collops of facial flesh is deceptive. Ghastliness and not good humor is its chief ingredient. So says a contributor to the Paris Cosmos. "The troubles of very fat persons, especially their shortness of breath, are of toxic nature." We thought the fat man had no troubles; that a kind Providence had exempted him from the thousand ills that flesh is heir to, and visited his cadaverous neighbor with a double portion. But how blind is human nature! The Cosmos says "the organism of the obese is unfitted to consume the fat that it accumulates." It is pathetic to reflect when the fat man swaggers along the street that t' bold, corpulent front which he persistently and vain-gloriously pushes into the faces of lean and unobtrusive pedestrians is, after all, only a culture bed for germs. Portliness and plumpness are another name for germ-padding. Following this discovery we may expect the stout to be quarantined like other germ sufferers, such as small-pox and diphtheria patients.

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Three Eminent Benefactors of Humanity.



Louis Pasteur,
b. 1822; d. 1895.



Lord Joseph Lister,
b. 1827; still living.



Dr. D. M. Coonley,
b. 1842; still living.

The discoveries of Louis Pasteur marked the beginning of a new era in the treatment of disease. Before that time medical practice consisted largely of blind experiment and quackery, without any scientific basis to rest upon. Pasteur proved what some others had hinted at, viz., the Germ Theory of disease. He found and proved by rigid experiment that simple fermentation, such as the souring of milk, was not a mere chemical process as had been supposed, but was caused by the action of minute living organisms which have since been known as bacteria. These bacteria belong to the vegetable kingdom, being infinitely small plants which can be seen only by the aid of a powerful microscope. From fermentation to putrefaction is but a step, and Pasteur found that what was true of fermentation was also true of all festerings, inflammations and other forms of putrefaction, viz., that they were the result of the operations of these minute plants called microbes or bacteria. He further found that each particular disease was caused by its own peculiar microbe, that these microbes had various ways of getting into the system, and that certain chemicals, carbolic acid for instance, were fatal to those producing fermentation and putrefaction. Among the further achievements of Pasteur and his pupils may be mentioned the treatment of anthrax in cattle, the treatment for hydrophobia and the antitoxin for diphtheria, the latter being developed by Dr. Roux, of the Pasteur Institute, Paris, and Von Behring, of Berlin. It must be remembered that Pasteur was not a physician, and so during all the earlier years of his labors and discoveries he had to contend with the prejudice of the medical profession. The eminent physicians in other lands, however, were convinced of the truth of his discoveries as soon as they were announced, and each at once set to work to apply them to relieve the diseases with which they were most familiar. These two men were Dr. Joseph Lister, of Great Britain (now Lord Lister) Surgeon to His Majesty King Edward VII., and Dr. D. M. Coonley, of the United States.

Dr. Lister was a surgeon. Adopting Pasteur's discovery that certain substances, including carbolic acid, were fatal to the microbes which produced fermentation, he commenced using these chemicals in treating the wounds of his patients. He also took means to prevent these microbes from gaining access to the wounds, and in a very short time he found the mortality from these wounds was reduced from 45% to less than 12%. Lord Lister has been well named the Father of Antiseptic Surgery.

For several years before this time Dr. Coonley had devoted his entire attention to the various diseases known in a general way as Women's Disorders. He had found in every case of these troubles that there existed a congested condition of some of the womanly organs. This soon developed inflammation, etc., showing that the microbes were at work. He had become convinced of the futility of attempting to reach this condition by taking medicine into the stomach, but upon the announcement of Pasteur's discovery he intuitively reached the same conclusion as did Lister, viz., that the rational treatment consisted in applying to the seat of the trouble a chemical substance that will destroy the microbes causing the disease. The ordinary antiseptics, including carbolic acid, could not be employed, as they would injure the delicate membranes they would come in contact with, but he finally developed a powerful antiseptic which was absolutely fatal to the microbes, and at the same time would not in anywise injure the tissues or membranes to which it was applied. Going still further, he combined with this antiseptic material a concentrated vitalizing nerve food which when absorbed strengthened the debilitated nerves, thus making the combination an ideal remedy for these disorders. This was the original Local or Applied Treatment for Women's diseases. It was called Orange Lily, and by this name it is still known. The success of this antiseptic method of treating women's disorders has been quite as marked as the success of the antiseptic surgery of Lister; in fact, so uniformly favorable have been the results of its use (Dr. Coonley has a record of over 200,000 cures) that it has been adopted in their practice by thousands of the more prominent physicians in all the English-speaking countries of the world.

TRIAL TREATMENT FREE.

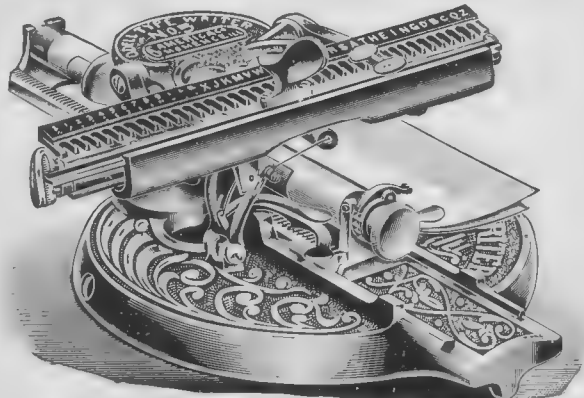
A sample box, containing 10 days' treatment of this wonderful remedy, will be sent absolutely free, to every lady who has never used it. Price, per box, containing one month's treatment, \$1; 6 boxes by mail, postpaid, \$5. Address: MRS. F. Q. CURRAH, Windsor, Ont.



ORANGE LILY is recommended and sold in Winnipeg by The T. EATON Co., Ltd., Drug Dept.

\$9.50

JUST SEND \$1.00



and we will ship to any Express Office in Canada, one of these new and improved "Odell" Typewriters, C.O.D. and after you have examined it carefully pay the agent \$8.50 and you will then be the possessor of one of the best and most reliable typewriters ever sold at anything near the price. The new improved No. 5 Odell Typewriter is made of all

bright metal, highly nickel plated, is handsome and ornamental in design. It does work equal in appearance to work done on any high grade standard machine. It has full alphabet of capital and small letters, figures and characters. We guarantee this new Improved No. 5 "Odell" Typewriter, to be thoroughly reliable, simple to operate, accurate in work, and practical in every way.

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The MACDONALD MAIL ORDER Ltd.
WINNIPEG, CANADA. Dept. M. 1.

See Inside Back Cover

The Woman's Quiet Hour

by E.C.K.



Motto for the month.

God rest you merry gentlemen,
Let nothing you dismay,
For Jesus Christ our Savior
Was born on Christmas Day
To save us all from Satan's power,
When we were gone astray.

of the page will come, in full measure,
the Christmas spirit.

"Not what we give, but what we share.
The gift without the giver is bare.
Who shares his crust with a beggar
Feeds three: himself, his hungry brother
and Me."

THE GRAIN COMMISSION.

What have we to do with the Grain Commission? I can hear my readers ask. If you do not wish to miss the opportunity of entertaining pleasant company, you will find out from the men people just when the commission will be in your neighborhood, and lay your plans accordingly. During the early part of December they will be in Edmonton and journey down to Southern Alberta, and in January they will make an extended trip in Saskatchewan.

Like all family men, they grow very weary of hotels and hotel fare, so that in inviting them to your homes you are sure, not only of providing a pleasure for yourselves, but one for them also.

Some of them are from the East, and will be greatly influenced in their opinion of the West by the character of the welcome they receive.

When they come to your home, exercise your authority as mistress, and do not allow the men of the family to talk wheat to them.

Just now, wheat, car shortage, undue dockage, and kindred matters, are live topics with Western farmers, but when these men have heard these subjects discussed all day long, for weeks at a stretch, they are glad to get away from them in the evening.

The object of the commission is to inquire into the grievances of the farmers in connection with the handling of grain. The report of this commission will have great weight with the parliament of Canada in formulating new legislation along these lines.

The men of the commission are hard working and conscientious, and their report will be all the better if they are allowed intervals when music, a friendly game of whist, or a cosy home meal is allowed to take the place of the farmer's grievances. Farm life in the West is not all grievances; just as well to allow the strangers to see a little of the other side of the shield. Their report will be none the worse for their being allowed to forget wheat for one hour in the day.

GRACIOUS HOSPITALITY.

Writing of entertaining the Grain Commission reminds me of a hospitality extended to me during the month.

It was a little town in Southern Manitoba. I had been out with the Grain Commission, taking the place of a member of the staff who was suddenly ill.

One of the prominent farmers of the district had attended a meeting in a nearby town, and invited the commission and members of the press to stop over trains in his home town and have dinner.

When we arrived I found, to my great surprise, that our hostess had come down to the train to meet me. The men of the party went off to look at a mill or an elevator, and we went direct to the house, a great stone house standing in a wide tree-girt lawn.

It was a charming home that expressed the character of the mistress, but even that was less delightful than her hospitality. After I had shed my wraps and had a wash, she said to me, "I am sure you are tired; let me tuck you up on this couch and you have a sleep before dinner. I was

A MERRY CHRISTMAS.

Until the snow came down, the other day, it was hard to realize how close the days were drawing to Christmas. Now signs of the grand old holiday are to be seen everywhere. Christmas goods were not displayed quite so early this year as last, and this, I think, is wiser, as it makes of Christmas an old story when Santa Claus is on exhibition in October.

Has the Christmas spirit come with the snow, I wonder?

Not the Christmas spirit of good eating, although that is an essential, but the Christmas spirit of making home for the homeless, happiness for the sad, the giving of ourselves with our gifts.

There is one class I would like especially to commend to the mothers of the West at this season,—that is the strangers who are slowly creeping back to health after typhoid, or, indeed, any long illness.

Unfortunately, this year there are a number of typhoid convalescents. Only those who have suffered from that dread disease know how wearisome is convalescence, when you vainly imagine you are all right, and rise up to walk, and find, alas, that your legs have a desire to go one way and your body another. At every faltering step there is the sensation of the calf of your leg falling off, and you sink down, weak and utterly discouraged. When to this is added a purse as feeble and attenuated as your limbs, "A Merry Christmas" sounds most tantalizing.

It is not pleasant to have sickly strangers in the house at Christmas, but out of the abundance of your many blessings, not the least of which is an unbroken family circle for yet another Christmas, make room for them, and give them a sense of home.

In many a household where help is limited, a convalescent, so far from adding to the burdens, would often be a real help. The small duties they are equal to performing would save many steps and help them to feel less dependent and useless.

In seeking to benefit the convalescents, dear women of the West, do not confine your efforts to "young men only." They need help and care, but even in greater measure the young women need it. Many a girl in both the city and the country town is spending cold and lonely hours in boarding house bedrooms. In the midst of your Christmas benefactions do not forget her.

Too many, alas, of those who have gone down wrong paths have done so from sheer loneliness and weakness. This is my little Christmas sermon, and in concluding it let me express the hope that to every reader

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COCOA

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in ¼-lb. and ½-lb. Tins.

tired through and through, and I took the kindly offer. She covered me up with a soft wool Afghan, the fox-terrier having sniffed approval of me and had her pups duly admired, hopped up beside me, and together we had a delightful snooze.

This, to my thinking, was one of the truest forms of hospitality I have ever experienced. Not what she might care for herself, but what would make her guest the most comfortable was the thought of my hostess.

HALL MARKS. While Christmas gifts are still to be bought, the following from the "Scrap Book" may prove of service in determining the real value of articles purchased:—

By glancing at the "hall-mark" on gold or silver articles one may learn where they have been manufactured or assayed—if they are of British origin. These marks are fixed by law, and therefore cannot vary. They are not to be confounded with the mark "sterling," which means much or little, according to the liberality of the manufacturer who happens to be using it.

The mark for London is a leopard's head; a castle and lion for Edinburgh; a tree and salmon, with a bell, for Glasgow; an anchor for Birmingham; three castles for Newcastle; a dagger or three wheat-sheaves for Chester; a castle with two wings for Exeter; a crown for Sheffield; five lions and

a cross for York; and the figure of Hibernia for Dublin.

The "standard mark" for gold is: For all England, a lion passant; for Edinburgh, a thistle; for Glasgow, a rampant lion; and for all Ireland, a crowned harp.

The "standard mark" for silver articles is the same throughout the United Kingdom—namely, the figure of Britannia.

VICTORIA, B.C. Last month I promised to say something of the visit paid to Victoria. Quite apart from its great natural beauties, Victoria attracted me on account of the number of Westerners who are going there for the winter. It seems as if Canada was coming to her own at last, when her sons and daughters find a winter home on lovely Vancouver Island instead of roaming to California or Florida.

Of course, the first thing that strikes the traveller on arrival of the boat from Vancouver is the splendid parliament buildings. The beauty of the architecture is enhanced by the beauty of the grounds.

To the dweller on the plains, however, the gardens and parks of Victoria will always hold first place. There was a merry party of us, and we drove for miles and passed many gardens, but I cannot remember one in which the roses were not in bloom in October, and we saw many rose trees that would begin to bloom just about Christmas.

The dahlia might be called the provincial flower of British Columbia, to such perfection do they grow. Great masses of them are grouped together, and nearly always with a dark hedge, or a group of evergreens behind them, making a most effective setting. Every shade of red, yellows running from palest lemon to deepest orange, pinks of all shades, and many beautifully variegated blooms, were seen.

Privet and holly hedges are everywhere. Victoria is pre-eminently a city of homes, and suggests leisure, time to think and to read. The air is soft, and I could well believe that Westerners from the plains lose much of their desire to hustle and rush after spending even a few months in that delightful climate.

Victoria will never be a business city, but what matter, we have them by the score. It will be a residential city, a centre of education and culture. It has an historic past, and the government are very wisely seeking to preserve the old associations in the new city.

For those who must be up and doing, there are hundreds of miles of absolutely unexplored territory in the interior of the island of Vancouver that will well repay research.

It is rather prosaic to come down to dollars and cents, but knowing now many of our Western people spend a few weeks or a few months away in the winter time, I inquired the price of board and rooms, and found that at a good hotel it ranged from \$35 to \$40 per month. This is much more reasonable than anything I have heard of in California or Florida.

ILLUSTRATIONS. It was my intention to have some views of Victoria for this issue, but the pictures have not come to hand in time, and so my Christmas page must go unadorned.

NO RECIPES. There are no recipes for Christmas puddings, no directions for making handsome Christmas gifts out of nothing. Women's pages are apt to be overdone with such items at this season. My one piece of advice to Christmas shoppers is to only buy what you can afford, think over the gifts of last year that gave you the most lasting pleasure, and be guided thereby. Remember the small thing that you really want gives far more pleasure than the expensive present that fills no special need.

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What to Wear and when to wear it

Gifts. Christmas Gifts are claiming everyone's attention just now, and a general air of mystery pervades the house. Mothers and sisters have developed a habit of spending much time in their own rooms, and one must be very careful to knock at the door and wait for an invitation before entering, only to find them very busy doing nothing at all.

It is all very jolly though, and the smell of the spices in the kitchen when mince meat and Christmas cakes are being made keeps the small boy continually hanging around just on the chance of getting a taste as well as the smell of some of the good things.

Here are a few suggestions of things to wear that would make suitable Christmas gifts:—

Colored slips are the rage again, and all gowns or separate waist of their materials are worn over contrasting or harmonizing colors.

Besides being very pretty, these slips are very useful in winter for the thin lingerie waist can be worn over a colored silk slip which conceals the warm flannels underneath. Nothing could make a more acceptable Christmas gift for the girl who is fond of pretty things than one or more of these silk slips, which are made perfectly plain and buttoned in the back, in her favorite colors.

A dainty but very serviceable waist which I saw recently worn over a pale blue slip, was of shantung silk in a very pale fawn shade trimmed with many rows of fine lace insertion through which the color showed prettily. As the waist would stand many washings, it was a very economical one.

Hosiery. Colored stockings are so much worn now to match the gown that I must tell you of the pretty ones that are being shown in the stores now. They are called "spun silk," and are quite as pretty as the real silk ones. They are a silk and mercerized cotton mixture, and sell for \$1.00 or \$1.25, while the real silk ones are two or three times that price. If one of your girl friends has been getting a new party gown, a pair of these stockings, to match either the gown or its trimming, would make a pretty gift for her. Another dainty accessory to the party gown is a pair of glove garters to keep the long gloves in place. A piece of three-quarter inch elastic made to fit snugly about the arm at the top of the glove is covered with a puffing of soft satin ribbon, the same shade as either the gloves or the gown, and edged top and bottom with fine Valenciennes lace. These garters serve their purpose very satisfactorily, and form a pretty finish to the bottom of the short sleeve.

Scarfs. Every woman who wears light gowns knows just how quickly the back of her collar becomes soiled in the winter from contact with her cloth or fur coat. A pretty novelty I noticed at the ribbon

counter in one of the stores recently was a neck scarf made of Dresden ribbon. It was about three-quarters of a yard long, made of two strips of the ribbon with a thin layer of sheer wadding between. A narrow ruffle of Val lace edged it all around, and a daintier neckscarf would be difficult to imagine, and it would look particularly pretty peeping out from under a fur collar. Another one was made just with a single strip of the ribbon with no lining, each end being finished simply with a pretty piece of lace applique.

For Brides. You may have a girl friend who is to be a bride this coming spring. As a gift for her, nothing could be prettier than a dainty piece of hand-made underwear, a corset cover, perhaps, of fine handkerchief linen with just a delicate tracing of hand embroidery in the front trimmed with fine Val lace. The embroidery this year is all very delicate, nothing very heavy or elaborate being used. In almost everything simplicity seems to be the fad this season, and more money is spent on the material of the garment and less on the trimming. A friend who has recently returned from New York tells me that the lingerie blouses for next summer show very little, if any, trimming. The daintiest are made of fine dimity, are in a small checked stripe pattern, and are made very plainly, buttoned in the back, and trimmed simply with fine tucks and perhaps a frill of Val lace about the top of the collar and the cuffs.

Easy.

"How did Mr. Chicago make his money?"
"Smoking."
"Absurd! How can anyone make money that way?"
"He smoked hams."

Dear Mother

Your little ones are a constant care in Fall and Winter weather. They will catch cold. Do you know about Shiloh's Consumption Cure, the Lung Tonic, and what it has done for so many? It is said to be the only reliable remedy for all diseases of the air passages in children. It is absolutely harmless and pleasant to take. It is guaranteed to cure or your money is returned. The price is 25c. per bottle, and all dealers in medicine sell

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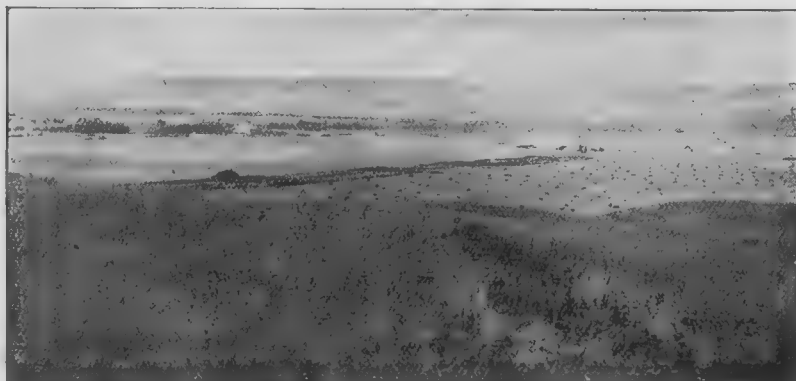
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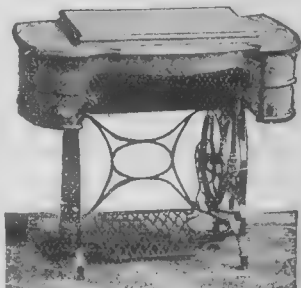
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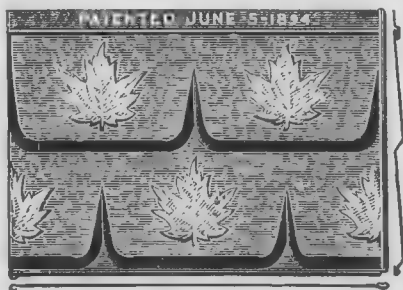
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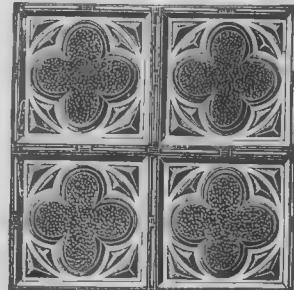
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Their capacity for standing in tune is simply wonderful. Has solidity of construction, smoothness and mellowness of tone which endures for years. Is used in leading Theatres, Halls and Public Institutions of Winnipeg. Only words of praise from the thousands using them. The better they are known, the more friends they make.



The Piano question is one that deserves careful consideration from everyone contemplating the purchase of an Instrument. It is not enough that a Piano possesses a sweet tone or a pretty case—but back of these must be the fundamental quality of durability, or long wearing—to have as perfect tone and as pretty case after several years of use is a great desideratum, and this is fully realized in the MORRIS.

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and
Sold on Merit

Marjorie's Chat With Her Readers.

I think it was a French poet who said: "He who would write about women should dip his pen in rainbow dye and powder his lines with the gold dust of butterflies' wings."

CANADIAN WOMEN AND THEIR INTERESTS.

The interests of Canadian women probably correspond with those of other women in different parts of the world, though perhaps a new and partially undeveloped country offers a greater variety of interest and employment and a wider scope for the fertile brain of the individual woman. Clubs of all sorts have sprung and are springing into existence, (most especially is that noticed in the West) and are becoming a great factor in the social feminine world. Whether the distractions they offer and the time that is devoted to them will interfere with home life and domestic duties is a question that is widely discussed.

It is, however, a well-known fact that there is no more capable housewife in the world than the Canadian woman. She is full of energy, she is always alert, cheerful and equal to any emergency.

THE SERVANT PROBLEM.

The Honorable Ellen Joyce, president of the British Women's Association, London, England, is arranging with a committee of ladies in Winnipeg to send out "home helps" from England, Scotland and Ireland, to Canada; either for country or city. These home helps are strong young women of good education, and have received a thorough training at the Colonial School prior to being sent out here.

What we want in Canada are strong young women who are not afraid of work—the real domestic type of woman. In Canada the woman contented to work in the home is wanted far more than the woman with up-to-date notions of ousting men from their positions. In

Canada there are 132,101 more men than women, a fact which fully explains the need of home-makers. There can, of course, be no homes, in the true sense of the word, without women.

But the women who come to Canada must be efficient. The merely ornamental woman, the unreliable woman, the woman who doesn't realize the dignity of labor—none of these is wanted in a country which has to make its way.

To capable girls Canada offers hundreds of chances. We want girls and women who have the capacity of success within them, girls and women who only need a chance.

It is time something was done to bring more domesticated young women into Canada, and it is to be hoped these home helps will prove a success, and supply a long-felt want in the country. I shall be pleased to give any further information on the above subject.

I was looking at a book the other day that had evidently been written especially for the edification of young and helpless housekeepers, and I saw that the writer said "Experience is the very best of all teachers."

I really cannot agree with this. Experience may be the only instructor who impresses his teaching indelibly on your mind, but housekeeping experience is often only acquired after much unnecessary tribulation, to say nothing of a great deal of easily avoided expense.

Every woman should be a trained housewife before she undertakes to make a man happy; and no woman should undertake to despise the art of housekeeping before her marriage, since her future happiness depends in a great measure on the way she keeps her home.

It was only the other day I heard a little anecdote of a young wife.

"I am quite sure," said she, "that there is a burglar in the house."

"How do you know?" enquired her husband.

"I heard a rasping noise in the kitchen just now," she admitted.

"Well, we'll let him alone. Maybe he's working out his own destruction. It sounds to me," said the husband, "as if he were cutting himself a slice of that pie you cooked yesterday."

THE BACHELOR GIRL.

Being a woman has one delightful aspect in these days of light journalism. Taking up a newspaper is almost as sensational as going on a journey to new countries.

There is the same feeling of making discoveries.

Mrs. C. E. Humphrey, a delightful English writer, has written a most interesting article in the "Yorkshire Post" on "Bachelor Girls." I have selected a few paragraphs from the article, which read as follows:

"The first difficulty is to get a flat," says the bachelor girl.

"At last the little home is found and furnished, and the girl sets out with something more than courage, with expectation and even a kind of joyous exultation in the anticipation of the world she is to conquer."

"But some of our bachelor girls incline to carelessness. They 'let things slide,' to use their own expression. They come home tired at night, and after their meal leave the wreck of the repast on the table. The horrid look of it next morning often works its own cure, but girls have been known who, possessing six cups and six tumblers, have waited to wash them up until the whole twelve were in sore need of cleansing process."

"I'm carpenter, cock, housemaid, dressmaker, milliner, upholstress in one, said a bachelor girl, as she opened the door with a hammer in her hand."

"The bachelor girl sometimes loses gentleness in acquiring self-reliance. To do so is a proof of weakness. The strong nature can develop the virile

quality without losing the feminine. In fact, the best type of woman has always a touch of manliness in her character. It gives her self-control, endurance, moral fortitude, and that noblest of all qualities, sincerity. It is probable that the bachelor girl will turn out a fine creature physically as well as morally, if she will only do herself justice in the matter of feeding herself sufficiently."

ABSURD NOTIONS ABOUT SUPPER.

I wonder how long people will dispute over the wisdom of taking supper, or going to bed without it. To go to bed fasting is as much a cause of sleeplessness as that a heavy meal induces restlessness and a sort of sodden slumber, from which one awakens unslumber, for which one awakens quite unrefreshed.

Common-sense suggests that it is better to satisfy the appetite with something light and digestible, than to upset the system with a too "solid" supper, or by taking none at all. A glass of hot milk or chocolate and (according to Sir Francis Laking) some currant bread, eaten about thirty minutes before going to bed, is both sufficient and entirely suitable. The King's physician says that currants contain more brain and body-building properties than almost any other food, and he strongly advises that plenty of these little dried grapes should be used daily. I anticipate that the intelligent housewife will readily appreciate the remarkable food value of currants, and it is easy to foretell that to adults and children alike currant bread will be as welcome as it is nutritious and wholesome.

THE ABERDEEN ASSOCIATION.

On Nov. 7th the annual meeting took place at Government House of the Aberdeen Association. Lady Schultz presided, and the President, Mrs. MacGachon, read her report. The President explained that the date of the annual has been changed from spring to autumn in order that the Society may know just what funds are available for the winter's work. She

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spoke of the great expectancy of the lonely settlers waiting for their monthly parcel of books and in this connection said that good, new literature was wanted, not magazines left over from a general cleaning-out at house cleaning time. It was a fact that the Association had once received literature twenty years old. The Association tries to send out suitable literature first of all, and in each two-pound parcel includes a religious paper of the creed of the recipient. It appears a "side-line" is given by the Association. For instance, two poor farmers' wives had been given opportunities to make money by their produce. In another instance a San Francisco refugee in the Sierra Nevada Mountains, who had formerly been in Manitoba, wrote to the Association, as her only hope, and was helped in many ways. Mrs. A. W. Fraser, a former president, made an earnest plea for good literature. Country people had the leisure in winter which their sisters of the city lacked and they read and re-read and did, perhaps, too much thinking. She told of one girl living in an unsettled district who said: "Send me anything from love to murder!" Mrs. Colin Campbell said that through a chance "word in season" Mrs. Nathaniel Cohen—whose name in England stands for so much in philanthropic circles—had become much interested in the Association, and through her influence it is probable that books and magazines from the library at Windsor Castle may be sent to Canada, through the medium of the Victoria League. Several interesting letters were read from grateful recipients expressing appreciation for what was sent them. The Association was organized in Winnipeg in 1890. Now there are branches in almost every large town from Halifax to Vancouver, and great interest is taken in the work in England, the Victoria League sending out books regularly. Five regular meetings were held during the year and on an average 105 parcels a month were sent out. Such an institution of this description—so unobtrusive, yet so important, is worthy

of the greatest credit; and the work of the Association, will, without doubt, bring splendid results to those who are unable for many reasons to procure current literature for themselves.

TYPHOID FEVER AND THE WEST.

Now, when typhoid fever seems to be at its height in the West, it might be of benefit to many of my readers to know that a circular on typhoid fever, its cause and prevention, has been issued by the Department of Agriculture in Saskatchewan. Housewives in particular, should read, digest and remember the following hints. Typhoid fever has many causes, and the circular particularly emphasizes "uncleanliness" as the one great cause, not necessarily on the part of the patient, but certainly on the part of somebody. It is above all others the filth disease. Typhoid fever is caused also by the water or milk you drink, which should be boiled; or the food you eat being

poisoned by the microbes from a person just recovering from typhoid. It has been proved that microbes have existed in the system of a typhoid patient two months after his recovery, which proves that extreme caution should be used in the way of disinfectants. Flies are said to be a great carrier of disease; therefore fly-papers and screens should always be in use where flies are. Wash all vegetables and fruit to be eaten raw; and cover all food supplies so that flies may not have access to them. Damp and unclean basements and yards and unclean premises and surroundings weaken the health, so that typhoid is more readily contracted and is more severe. Therefore clean up and get rid of all refuse and filth. Cleanliness is not only next to godliness, but it is the only safeguard against typhoid fever: cleanliness of the person, cleanliness of every detail of housekeeping, cleanliness of everything to be eaten and drunk—and, above all, cleanliness in the care of those sick of the disease.

DON'T BE AFRAID OF DISINFECTING.

The following is the best typhoid disinfectant:—"Sulphate of copper (blue stone) is cheap and can be procured everywhere. Dissolve one pound in two and a half gallons (one pail) of water, which should always be kept in the room, and used, in the case of a typhoid patient recovering."

Now, when Christmas time is fast approaching, we naturally begin to think of Christmas presents, for many of us could not think of letting such a joyous yet sacred time pass without presenting some token to our loved ones at such an appropriate time. Gifts at Christmas to those whom we love, or to the needy—or to the poor has been a custom observed for generations almost throughout the whole world; and many a lonely and sad heart has been cheered at Christmas time by the unexpected gift from an unknown friend. It may only be a simple card, with a few cheery and hopeful lines—or a woollen comforter for a poor and aged and helpless invalid—or a book or a toy for a crippled child; yet what exquisite pleasure these humble gifts give to the receiver. Therefore, to each one and all of my readers, may I offer a few words of suggestion when buying presents at Christmas. To make the gift more valuable—more appropriate—and more appreciated—whether for friends at home or abroad, choose a gift that is our own production, and let it be something symbolic of Canada's industry; especially would I beg of you to patronize those who, near by, are struggling so hard to make a livelihood. For instance, a choice piece of hand-painted china by some of our local artists would adorn any room, or what could possibly be more appropriate a gift to many, than a book by a Canadian author? Lastly, no more welcome gift could be found for a small sum than the gift of "The Western Home Monthly" for one whole year, to young and old alike.



Town of Qu'Appelle from the top of a grain elevator near the C.P.R. Station.

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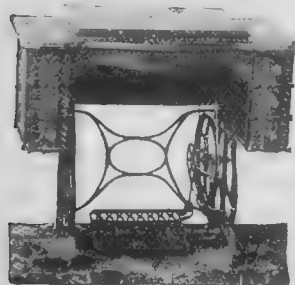
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The Month's Bright Sayings.

Dr. Arthur Somervell: There are three things which we can give to our children to cultivate beauty. The first is music, the second is music, and the third is music.

Wm. H. Moody: My view is that trusts and monopolies never would have grown to be a menace to the welfare of this country if they had been denied preferential treatment by the railroads.

Ald. Finkelstein: What are we spending money on well sites for while the water commission is spending money for surveys to bring in water from a visible source?

Hugo Ross: Yes, we certainly need another bridge across the Red to St. Boniface, and Winnipeg should pay her share. I fully believe that the amount of new trade that will come into Winnipeg through this source will more than justify the expenditure.

S. D. Gordon: Service is for those chosen for it. All may serve. That all do not is simply because service requires qualities which all do not have. Yet, again, all may have them who will, for the required qualities are heart qualities.

Ex-Mayor Dyk (Ft. William): What ever is in the nature of itself a monopoly, such as waterworks, street railroads, electric light and telephones, should in my judgment be owned, operated or leased by the municipal council in the interests of the whole people.

J. L. Gordon: It is said of the Americans that the man who steals a ride on the train is sent to the penitentiary, but the man who steals the train, freight, and all is sent to the legislature. The man who exchanges character for cash is a failure, first, last and all the time.

J. Adam Bede: It is very possible, not to say probable, that the same state of mind regarding reciprocity does not exist among the Canadians as prevailed some years ago. They have been getting immigration from all over the world, and largely from the United States, and there is reason to believe that the tide of sentiment across the border may have changed somewhat.

C. T. Wettstein: Don't offer a merchant a cigar or invite him to a drink before you are acquainted with him. Some merchants consider it an insult or the sign of the grafter. Show the man that it is in his interest to buy your goods. That is the main thing. I know traveling men who never smoke and never drink anything stronger than ginger ale and buttermilk—they are fine fellows, too—and they sell as many goods as other men in their line.

Thos. A. Edison: We are groping on the verge of another great epoch in the world's history. It would not surprise me any morning to wake up and learn that someone, some group of the 300,000 scientific men who are investigating all over the earth, has seized upon the secret of electricity by direct process and begun another practical revolution in human affairs. It can be done. It will be done. I expect to see it before I die.

Mrs. McClelland: We as women of Canada should be proud to call ourselves Canadians. Where will you get one of us not interested in her own country? What the great Dominion needs to-day, as Napoleon said of France of old, is more mothers who will train their children wisely and well, and women who would give their children to missionary work. Money is much, but not all. Give your influence, your prayers.

J. Ramsey Macdonald, M.P.: At first sight Winnipeg is threatening. The women with the bright head coverings and aprons, the men with the strange visages bespeaking some of the poorest races of Europe, the harpies of all nationalities who prowl by the station of keep registries and emigrant outfitting establishments on the old part of Main Street, the overcrowded districts about Dufferin avenue, where a miniature Whitechapel seems to be in the process of formation, make one wonder whether this new nation is not already finding that it cannot assimilate the hordes it is welcoming.

Dr. John Balcorn Show: The American heart is beating too fast. We are going at too fast a pace. We can't keep up the speed and preserve the national health. The average American runs, not walks. He is always in a hurry. Deliberation—he never thinks of it. Is it any wonder, then, that our business men wear out and that our women are afflicted with nervousness at an early stage of their existence? I know of thirty-four widows within a radius of a few blocks and it is my opinion that their husbands have simply burned their nerve force out and hastened to premature graves.

Richmond Times-Dispatch: Marie Corelli writes that she "loathes America," thus striking a new note of reciprocity between the two countries.

Dr. Clifford: Every man who has lived as long as I have knows that the question of eating and drinking is profoundly ethical. A man must look to his food as carefully as he looks to his sleep, as carefully as he looks to his exercise.

The German Emperor: I wish that an arrangement could be made under which American professors could come to our universities and deliver courses of lectures each year, and for German professors to go to American universities and deliver lectures there.

E. V. Lucas: Discrimination is one of the rarest of gifts, as any author knows who reads the favorable reviews of his book. But the two words would carry so much meaning in life as well as literature. By the way, the Hindoos have a saying, "He who discriminates is the father of his father."

The Prisoners: Men are children and it is no good thinking them different. They never grow up. I don't know if there are any grown-up men anywhere. I suppose there must be, but I have never met one. I don't know any prime ministers or archbishops, but I expect they are just the same as your father in home life.

Prof. Osborne: I feel confident that the people of this country are level-headed enough not to be misled by the appeals of political charlatanism, and will not make the mistake of receiving, as champions returning on a triumphal procession, the men who simply represent the absolutely united consensus of opinion in this regard.

Dr. Robert Hoffman: In Germany the present tendency among the most scientific physicians is to treat, not by medicines, but by a simple life, such diseases as gout, diabetes, Bright's disease, diseases of the heart and arteries and digestive system. Such diseases, as is well known, often develop without any symptoms which are noticeable to the layman, as the natural result of the unnatural and complex life so commonly led.

Clara W. Hunt: It is a curious thing that while we all know we must carefully train plants and animals, that we can't even neglect machines without their becoming worthless, we seem to think the way to bring up children is "to let them grow spontaneously," as if mere food, clothing, shelter, and good surroundings were sufficient, and that the "line upon line, line upon line, precept upon precept, precept upon precept, here a little and there a little," were no longer needed.

Brand Whitlock: Cities have personalities, just as men have; and cities must be left free to realize those personalities. When you have a city filled with people who are good because they want to be good—not because the law says so, but because they want to be—then you have a good city. A city isn't good where the people are kept down; if they were kept down long enough your city would be quiet and orderly—like a grave or a slave-mart.

Principal Patrick: I am profoundly ashamed of the state of politics in Manitoba and in the whole of Canada. When distinguished visitors from over the water come to me with letters of introduction, this great shame I feel with regard to our public life. One visitor the other day laid his finger upon the sore. He said: "I am shocked to find that Canada is so far behind all other countries, and that political misconduct is defended in the press and in Parliament."

Maurice Maeterlink: The study of boxing gives us excellent lessons in humility and throws a somewhat alarming light upon the forfeiture of some of our most valuable instincts. We soon perceive that in all that concerns the use of our limbs—agility, dexterity, muscular strength, resistance to pain—we have sunk to the lowest rank of mammals or batrachians. From this point of view in a well-conceived hierarchy, we should be entitled to a modest place between the frog and the sheep.

Edward Brown, M.P.P.: I have for many years watched with a deep interest the progress of the city of Winnipeg. From a municipal standpoint I have been able to appreciate the difficulties the city council have had to contend with, and have yet to deal with; difficulties which are largely due to the rapid growth and expansion of the city. I have also been very much impressed with the lack of that sympathetic co-operation on the part of the government of the province, which we would naturally look for, taking into account the important position the city occupies in the province.

The Telephone Question in Manitoba.

By MAYOR FLEMING, Brandon, Man.

NOTE.—On November 16th inst., the "Western Home Monthly" wrote to F. Dagger, Telephone Expert for the Manitoba Government, and also to Mayor Fleming, of Brandon, and requested them to write us an article for publication on the telephone question in Manitoba.

We publish Mayor Fleming's communication; up to the present we have not heard from F. Dagger.

In answer to your request of Nov. 16th for an article upon the telephone situation in Manitoba, I beg to submit the following:—

Within the past ten years the world over the need of swifter and more efficient inter-communication in all branches of industry has increased to such an extent that it has placed the telephone, which is the most suitable method of intercourse, as well as being the easiest obtained, in the foremost rank as a medium for such intercourse.

This need not only applies to towns and cities, but also to those engaged in agricultural pursuits. The telephone to-day is one of the most important utilities in existence for the farmer.

The Government of Manitoba, at the suggestion of the Union of Manitoba Municipalities, took the matter up last session, and have placed upon the statute books two bills respecting telephones, one respecting "Government telephone and telegraph systems," and another respecting "Municipal-owned systems." But let me say here that the Union was not consulted as to the details of these measures.

In criticising these bills, I wish to be perfectly understood as not in any way criticising the general principle of Government or Municipal-owned telephone systems, because I believe it is the ideal method for the conducting of what has been called a natural monopoly, that is, I believe the people should control such utilities as the telephone and electric light, waterworks, etc., and that such utilities should be operated and supplied at the lowest possible cost so that every ratepayer would be able to share its benefits. What I have to say will be confined to the details of these measures.

A cursory glance over these bills might lead one to believe they are what they ought to be; but a more serious reading of them quickly dispels that opinion from the mind of any unbiased person; in fact, the bills are more notable for what they do not contain than for what is in them.

Clause I. of bill 89 empowers the Government to purchase, lease, construct or extend, maintain or operate, a telephone system within the Province of Manitoba.

This, we suppose, is meant for the long distance lines throughout the province; but if this is so, where are these lines to be built, how are they to be built, and when are they to be built?

There should be some definite plan laid down by the Government, showing where these long-distance lines are to be first built, how they intend to operate them, and what prices they intend to charge for their service.

These lines are to be built upon the credit of the province; that is, that every ratepayer, no matter where located in the province, must pay his share of the cost of the building and maintenance, whether he has the use of the lines or not, and if not a successful business venture he will also be called upon to pay his share of the deficit for operating it. This state of affairs is not just, nor is it necessary, and is far too indefinite to ask an intelligent electorate to vote upon.

Further down in this clause the Government has taken power unto itself to build, operate and maintain telephone systems in Winnipeg, Brandon and Portage la Prairie, also upon the credit of the province as a whole. Now, as you are aware, these three places are now supplied and connected with each other by a telephone system, and I might say that the entire business community in these places are supplied with telephones at a cost of \$30 per annum, which is generally admitted to be too high for the service given; but I have grave doubts whether the hard-headed business man will welcome the necessity of putting into his office another 'phone, even if the price is cut to \$24 per annum, because he would then have to pay for two phones at \$24, being a total of \$48 per annum, instead of \$30 as at present.

This being the case, it is problematical as to whether it will pay to operate these systems. If they do not pay, then the ratepayer at large will be called upon again to foot the bill; that is, the man farming a half-section of land at, say, Dauphin, Melita or Morris, will have to put up his share of the cost of building and operating (if done at a loss) of a system of telephones for Winnipeg, Brandon and Portage la Prairie.

I say, let these places put up their own systems, if they need them, or, if

they cannot pay for them, let them do without them until they can, and that the Government should not by any Act even allow the chance of placing any further burden upon any class of ratepayers where no benefit is derived.

Then, when it comes to the rural municipalities putting in a system, there is no provision for the government putting them in. No; they must put up the money at their own risk.

This is essentially an agricultural country, and the protection and promoting of the agriculturalists' interests should be paramount in any properly conceived plan. It is most certainly not so in these measures.

But what I consider the most serious portion in these acts is in clause IX. of chapter 89. It provides that the municipality shall at the next municipal election take a vote of the ratepayers upon an answer "Yes" or "No" to the question: "Shall this municipality own and operate its own telephone?" The question as it stands would lead a voter to believe that the government simply wanted to know whether he thinks his municipality should operate and own its own telephone system—a very simple question, indeed, if it only implied what its words indicated.

But when the voter knows that in voting "Yes" to this seemingly simple question he empowers the council then in office, or any that may be elected at any time thereafter, to plunge into any expense they wish to in putting in a telephone system, and when they wish to extend it they have unlimited powers to saddle the expense upon the ratepayers, and all this without even the chance being given to the ratepayer who pays the bill to say whether he wishes it or not. No money expenditure of such magnitude should be given any council without the vote of the ratepayer.

And it does not stop with the council; it goes much further. A vote "Yes" on this question places the power of saying whether any municipal council shall or shall not put in the system it thinks best in the hands of the Government, because the Act states that the Government has the final say in the matter. That is, that if a municipality decides to put in any one of the many systems in use, and this particular system, or the manufacturers of it, have not made their arrangements with the Government, I say it gives the Government the chance to disallow the municipality the use of this system and thwart their wishes.

I ask why should it be necessary for the Government to cover up the real issue in this way? Why are they not frank with the people of this province, and let them into their secrets a little more, especially when they expect the ratepayer to foot the bill? I again say it is most unfair and unjust.

These are the main objections I see to these bills, and I submit they are very serious ones and deserve the serious consideration of every ratepayer. I appeal to the intelligence of the ratepayers of this province if it is fair that they should be asked to vote upon such an immature and incomplete scheme? I maintain that the Government is taking an unfair advantage of the people and for purposes that they have not as yet taken the people into their confidence, but which is easily seen and understood.

Every right-thinking man in Manitoba wishes to see the ideal system of municipal or Government-owned telephones established here, because we are told by the government experts, whom we will have to pay big salaries to and who are simply talking upon the abstract principle of the scheme, studiously avoiding any discussion of details, which ought to be their theme, that the eyes of the world are upon Manitoba. If the eyes of the world are upon us, then let us try and present to them as perfect a scheme as it is possible to evolve, and not this unsatisfactory and unworkable plan that the Government would foist upon us.

My advice to every ratepayer who has the interests of the province at heart, and who wishes to protect his own welfare, is not to vote at all upon this question on December 18th, and to continue to withhold such support until he is satisfied that the plan he is aiding is a just and fair one. I advise no vote at all, because under the provisions of the statutes, in order to have it carry in any municipality it will be necessary to have a majority of those residents entitled to vote to poll their vote, and three-fifths of the votes cast must be in favor of it; thus, a negative vote assists to a certain extent, and it would be wise to withhold it.

Now is the time to look over seed advertisements and order catalogues before you forget. A brief request on a postal will bring the seed catalogue, or any other circular you wish, in a short time. Look over the advertisements in the Western Home Monthly and see who's who.

THE FUR SEASON

IT IS AT ITS VERY HEIGHT NOW



THIS IS THE SEASON to buy furs if you want to make a gift for Christmas; or if you want to get a whole season's good out of them; or if you want the largest and choicest assortment to select from.

If you intend to buy furs either for yourself, or for a member of your family, or for a friend, communicate with the leading fur-house—the house that has a reputation for forty years of fur reliability.

Send for our beautifully illustrated free catalogue

430 Main St. **Hammond** Superior Furs. Winnipeg.

The Story of the White Heart

That Package Makes 12 Pounds
Price 15 Cents

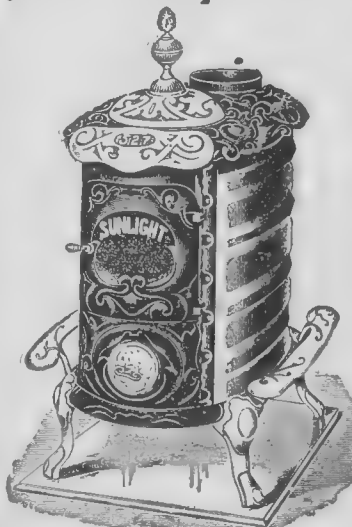
MANITOBA No. 1 HARD
CANADA'S PRIDE

Meat of Wheat
Best Cereal Food

Ask Your Grocer

Just as soon as the housekeepers of Canada know that "Meat of Wheat" (Canada's Best Cereal Food), the white heart of the wheat, can now be had at all Grocers, and that one 15 cent. package makes 12 full pounds of a delicious creamy-white pure food, they will accept no other cereal. Most economical of all
WESTERN CEREAL CO.
WINNIPEG

\$6.60 Buys This Handsome Heater.



The Sunlight Air-tight is made of Heavy Gauge Wellsville Blue Polished Steel with Heavy Cast Top and Bottom. Cast Front with Large Feed Door and Screw Draft, lined with extra sheet to protect outside body. Has Nickel Urn Base, Nickel Top Panel, Nickel Foot Rails, Nickel Legs and Fancy Urn. A heavy substantial Air-tight Heater of pleasing design that will out-wear a dozen ordinary sheet iron heaters. Size 18x14x20, weight 75 pounds. For Wood Only.

Cut out this Ad. and mail it to us enclosing \$6.60 and we will forward by first freight The Sunlight, No. 520, which is better made, better finished, more lasting, a more economical fuel consuming heater, and guarantee it better than any heater you can buy elsewhere at double the price, and if you do not find it so, return it to us at our expense within 30 days and we will refund your money with the freight you have paid.

Before you buy a Heater of any kind send for our catalogue which shows a most complete line of Heaters which we offer at the lowest prices ever known in the North-West.

Only a limited number of Sunlight Heaters can be supplied. First come first served. Order early.

WINGOLD STOVE COMPANY,
Dept. W,
311 Notre Dame Ave. Winnipeg, Man.

Write for our Catalogue

OUR CHRISTMAS catalogue, which was sent to all our customers, contains a pretty full list of Christmas requirements. We want all who did not receive a copy to write to us at once. If they have not been in the habit of dealing with us this would be an excellent time to make a start.

If, however, any do not want our Christmas catalogue they should send us their names so that we can send them our other catalogues which are issued at regular intervals.

The next one to be sent out will be our January and February Sale Catalogue. It is filled with descriptions and illustrations of goods bought specially for this sale and priced specially for it also. It will be in our customers' hands about the end of December.

We especially urge all who want anything for Christmas to order without delay. As Christmas approaches the rush of business increases. Though we shall use every effort to serve all to their entire satisfaction it stands to reason that those who order early are going to get the benefit of variety and the advantage of better attention.

THE T. EATON CO. LIMITED
WINNIPEG CANADA

Bell Pianos.

ESTABLISHED 1864.
CANADA'S LARGEST
MAKERS.
HIGH-CLASS

The only Pianos containing
THE ILLIMITABLE
Quick Repeating Action

now so popular in the Conservatories,
Colleges, Theatres and the Home.

The Autonola

Is a Piano of the Bell quality for those who understand Piano playing. It has in addition an interior Player Mechanism whereby anyone without any knowledge of music can play with ease and precision any musical composition.

THE BELL ORGAN is Canada's well-known Standard.

All Instruments are fully guaranteed.

FOR DESCRIPTIVE CATALOGUE No. 78 APPLY TO
The WINNIPEG PIANO & ORGAN CO., 295 Portage Ave., WINNIPEG
B. E. FOSTER, 8th. Street Music Store, BRANDON
SASKATCHEWAN PIANO & ORGAN CO., SASKATOON & REGINA
OR TO THE MAKERS

The Bell Piano & Organ Co., Ltd. Guelph, Ont.

In the Business World.

RECEIVED DIPLOMA.

It is a matter of great satisfaction to Westerners to know that they have one manufacturer in this country who is capable of making a line of goods which received unstinted praise from the judges at the Winnipeg Exhibition. The manufacturer referred to is J. H. Carson, 54 King Street, Winnipeg, maker of artificial limbs, etc. Mr. Carson received a diploma from the management of the Winnipeg Industrial Fair for his exhibit of artificial limbs, orthopedic appliances, trusses, abdominal belts, etc. In the manufacture of his lines, he adopts modern scientific principles, coupled with long and practical experience, which are responsible in a great measure for his success.

FABULOUS WEALTH OF JEWELS.

Marco Polo, of Venice, upon his return from the country of Khubla Khan, gave a great banquet to his friends, and bade them rip the seams of the coat he wore. This operation brought to view a fabulous wealth of rubies, sapphires, carbuncles, diamonds and emeralds. His wealth was so great that he acquired amongst his countrymen the surname "Messer Marco Milioni," and from this the French term "millionaire" came to be applied to great capitalists.

An even greater wealth of jewels than this has within the past six months come to Canada, and in the safety vaults of a Winnipeg firm are now resting gems, both set and unset, whose total value is almost beyond the ken of those in the ordinary walk of life.

This firm, Messrs. Henry Birks & Sons, Limited, in its new catalogue about to be issued, illustrates many of these jewels. One piece, styled a "shoulder brooch," is priced at \$5,000, and consists of a diamond-set bow knot, with two fine pear-shaped diamond drops, and a large Canadian whole pearl as a centre.

A CHANGE IN NAME.

We are advised that the name of the Dorgan Advertising Agency has been changed to that of the R. J. Macpherson Co. In taking over the business from Mr. Dorgan it was arranged that his name be continued for a time. The firm of R. J. Macpherson Co. will continue to carry on a general advertising agency business, writing, illustrating and placing advertisements. They will continue the premises, 713, Union Bank Building, Winnipeg.

FOR YOUNG MEN AND WOMEN.

The Central Canada Business College, one of the finest equipped educational institutions in Canada, has a catalogue which contains a fund of information for those who contemplate taking a business college course, which they will mail free upon request.

Every young man and woman who purpose taking a course in bookkeeping, typewriting, telegraphy, or banking routine, should have a copy of their catalogue "A." A post card will bring you catalogue A by next mail.

Address: Central Business College, Winnipeg, Man.

FIRST-CLASS HAIR GOODS.

We have just received from Messrs. Seaman & Peterson, of the New York Hair Store, a most attractive little booklet, which has been issued by that enterprising firm.

All readers of the Western Home Monthly who take an interest in their

hair should write for this most interesting pamphlet, as it is brimful of useful hints and suggestions. Mention of the Western Home Monthly will ensure particular attention from Messrs. Seaman & Petersen.

A HANDSOME CATALOGUE.

The D. R. Dingwall, Limited, Winnipeg, high-class jewellers and opticians, has just issued a new catalogue from the press of the Stovel Co. The catalogue is comprehensive and complete, beautifully illustrated throughout, showing the goods perfectly. A number of pages are printed in colors, which add very much to the appearance of the goods advertised in those pages. A price-list accompanies every page, showing the selling price of the goods. A copy of this catalogue in the hands of a resident in any part of the country enables the reader to select and order goods from it with as much satisfaction as if the buyer was actually in their store in Winnipeg.

A post card addressed to Dingwall, Limited, will bring you a copy of this handsome catalogue by return mail. When making a request for catalogue, mention that you saw it advertised in the Western Home Monthly.

Are you "up to the Mark"?

Are Stomach, Liver and Bowels in the best possible condition for winter?

Surely you know what will make those vital organs healthily active—and build up the whole system. It is the "Salt of Salts"—

Abbey's
Effer-Salt
25c. and 60c. 184 At Druggists.

GOOD SEEDS
AND
PURE

Are the only kind
Fleming's Seed Store
BRANDON, SELL.
Send for 1907 Catalogue

STOMACH TROUBLE.

If your Stomach is ailing, if your food distresses you and fails to feed you, you ought to try Vitae-Ore. Sent on thirty days' trial. See offer on page 36c.

The Biot Treatment

The New Vital Force for Men

Vital Force furnishes man with vigor and dash. Give a man his full complement of it and he is surrounded with an air that brings success in all his undertakings—He is too positive in his magnetism for the inroads of Disease—But this force is subtle and elusive and wastes quickly—The Biot Treatment makes vital force and

Makes a Man of a Man.

The whole idea of it is to regenerate the nerve cells and by reconstructing them to build up manly men full of Will Power and vibrating Health, Energy and Success.

It is not an ordinary Patent Medicine for the ignorant, idle, stupid or the credulous, but a course of treatment for thinking men and women who are willing to help to cure themselves—NEURASTHENIA—DEBILITY—EARLY DECAY—all yield rapidly to the BIOT.

By its use Will Power is developed to resist secret vice, The Drug, Alcohol and Cigarette Habits.

Send confidential description of case and full information will be given—No indecency—no scare literature—just a service of heart talks by a man who knows.

Address:—THE BIOT TREATMENT,
TORONTO.





\$3.95

For this **LEATHER CUSHION** with burned or painted Indian Head. Burned Leather Post Cards, five for 25 cents. Ladies' Tan Leather Chatelaine Bags, with burned or painted Indian Head, 50c., 75c., \$1.10, \$1.50, \$2.25 and \$3.00. Tan Leather-covered Postcard Albums, with painted Indian Head and burned Camping Scene, \$1.50, \$2.00 and \$2.50. Indian Moccasin Slippers, Beaded. Infants', 75c., Child's, \$1.00, Misses', \$1.25 to \$1.50, Ladies', \$1.75, Men's \$2.00. Indian Moccasin Slippers, Moose Hide, Infants', 60c., Child's, 75c. to 85c., Misses', \$1.25, Ladies', \$1.50, Men's, \$2.00. Ladies' Fancy Moccasins, from \$2.00 to \$4.50. Any name or place burned on above goods and mailed without extra charge anywhere in Canada. Largest dealers in Game Heads in Canada. All kinds of Taxidermy work done and Taxidermists' Supplies. Raw Furs purchased.

INDIAN CURIO CO.,
Dept. M, 563 Main St., Winnipeg

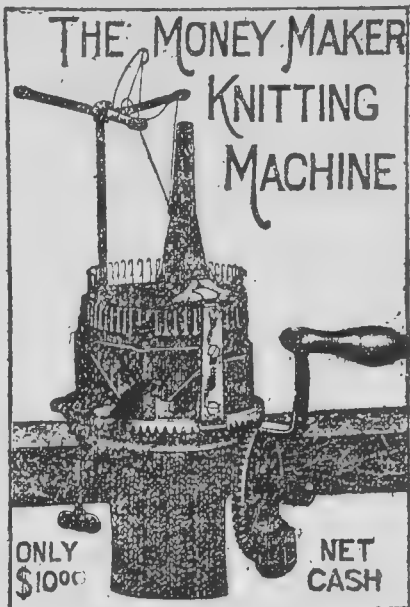
ARE YOU DEAF?



I was deaf myself for 25 years. I perfected and patented a small, invisible ear drum in order to help my own hearing. It is called "The Way Ear Drum," and by the use of these drums I can NOW HEAR WHISPERS. I want all deaf people to

write me. I do not claim to "cure" all cases of deafness, neither can I benefit those who were born deaf. But I CAN HELP 90 per cent of those whose hearing is defective.

Won't you take the trouble to write and find out all about me and my invention. Tell me the cause of your deafness. GEO. P. WAX, 1219, Majestic Bldg., Detroit, Mich.



Clothe Yourself

FROM HEAD TO FOOT
FREE Our illustrated Catalogues of 5 distinct Family Knitting Machines.
CREELMAN BROS.,
GEORGETOWN, ONT., CAN.

BETTER HEALTH

More Money, Less Work,
WHERE? WHAT DOING?
WHY growing Fruit in the
KOOTENAY

Send for the beautiful illustrated book we give free on application.

FISHER-HAMILTON Co.
615, Ashdown Blk., Winnipeg.

DEPT: R.

SUPERFLUOUS HAIR.



MOLES, Warts, Small Birth Marks, etc. skilfully and permanently removed by Electrolysis.

Electrical treatment and massage given for removal of Wrinkles, Pimples, Blackheads, etc.

Static Electricity and High Frequency currents for all forms of nervous diseases.

A Call is Solicited.

Consultation Free.

Phone 996.

Mrs. E. Coates Coleman 4 Avenue Block
WINNIPEG

Note These Prices

Berliner Gramophones, flat Disc.

\$13.50, 16.50, 20.00, 25.00, 35.00, 55.00.

Columbia Gramophone, flat Disc, latest styles.

\$17.50, 25.00, 35.00, 50.00

Talkophones.

\$25.00, 35.00, 45.00, 55.00

Records, 10 in. 65¢, 7 in. 35¢, 8 in. 40¢, 12 in. \$1.25, each,

Also the famous Red Seal Records at \$2.00 to \$5.00 each.

Edison Phonograph

\$20.00, \$30.00, \$50.00. Records 40¢ each

Write us for particulars re Violins, Guitars, Autoharps, etc.

Music of Every Kind.

Pianos, Organs, Standard Sewing Machines

Turner, Curran & Co., Ltd.
Cor. Portage Ave. and Garry St.

44-Piece China Tea Set, \$4.25



A MOST acceptable and handsome gift for the new housekeeper. The set consists of the following pieces: 1 Tea Pot and cover, 1 Sugar Bowl and cover, 1 Cream Pitcher, 1 Slop Bowl, 2 Cake Plates, 12 six-inch Tea Plates, 12 Cups and Saucers. This is an exceptionally fine quality of imported China, and is tinted in a variety of very dainty and pretty floral designs, such as Roses and Rose buds, etc., Dresden effects.

This set is equal to many sold at much

higher prices. Our Xmas Special price for this beautiful, floral decorated, 44-piece, China Tea set, packed securely in wooden case, only

Order Early

\$4.25

Dept. M 1.

The MACDONALD MAIL ORDER Limited.
WINNIPEG CANADA

PRESIDENT Sir Daniel H. McMillan, K C.M.G. **GENERAL MANAGER** J. W. de C. O'Grady **VICE PRESIDENT** Capt Wm. Robinson

THE WEST for THE WEST

This Bank has been organized with a view to providing for Western Farmers, Western Merchants, Western Business Men, and Western People generally, an institution where they would be sure of all the consideration which the conditions of a young community with an exceedingly vigorous life demand. You are, therefore, sure of obtaining from us every favor and courtesy that is consistent with sound business.

BANKING BY MAIL

is one of the advantages we offer our customers. Many have accounts in this way. Send your deposits to the head office or any of our branches at **Alameda, Brandon, Binscarth, Calgary, Dundurn, Edmonton, Fleming, Fort William, Glenboro, Glen Ewen, Hanley, Langham, Melita, Manor, Moose-Jaw, Prince Albert, Qu'Appelle, Regina, Saskatoon, Saltcoats, Somerset, Stonewall, Sperling, Vancouver, Victoria,** and other places.

Remit by Post Office Order, Postal Note, Registered Letter, Express Order, or personal Cheque to Head Office, or any branch.

- CAPITAL -
AUTHORIZED
\$2,000,000

The Northern Bank
HEAD OFFICE - - - WINNIPEG

- CAPITAL -
SUBSCRIBED
\$1,500,000

The Great Mail Order House **W. H. SCROGGIE** LIMITED

of Eastern Canada. H. Dept. **MONTREAL.**

Christmas Gift Suggestions-Low Priced

There could be no better things for Holiday presents than the sensible, beautiful and suitable articles illustrated and described below.

A LITTLE TALK ON PRICE

Year after year it has been our endeavour to improve our **buying** as well as our **selling** facilities. The result is that to-day we are in a position to command greater **regular price concessions** from manufacturers at home and abroad than any house in existence. This is accomplished by various means, usually by **purchasing in immense quantities, paying promptly and taking advantage of every discount possible.** This business is reflected in our **low prices to mail order customers** (note matchless prices quoted below) and is responsible in a large measure for the fact that

Scroggie's undersell all others.



This Coat on your back is worth two on the shelves.

H100—Men's extra good quality black beaver Muskrat lined Coats carefully finished with Persian Lamb or German Otter Collar; sold regularly at \$50.00. Special Holiday Price....

\$35



You incur no risk in ordering your goods by mail from us. We refund the money when goods are not satisfactory.

H200—Women's Astrachan Jackets, 33 inches long, well made in bright, glossy, even-curved skins, properly lined throughout with best black satin; finished with the large leg-o'-mutton sleeve and box front; regular price \$45.00; Special Holiday Price....
Cheaper Grade.....\$31.00

\$35



H300—This illustration represents exactly our Ladies' special fur Neck Stole, and is one of the most remarkable fur values ever offered. It is properly made in the latest style in blue or brown English Hare, extra large, lined throughout in good quality satin. Our special Holiday price

\$275



Let us have your order for this Fur Coat. No Store can match this offer.

H400—Men's good quality Coon Skin Coats, whole dark skins, have all the appearance of more expensive Coats, good lining; sold regularly at \$50.00, all sizes. Our special Holiday price

\$35



A Shoe for style and fit, good wear and satisfaction.

H500—Ladies' Good Dongola Kid Lace Boots, beautifully made with heavy extension soles and Cuban heels, finished with patent or kid tips; sizes 2½ to 7. Special Holiday price..... POST PAID

\$165

We ship orders FREE or HELP you Pay the Carriage.
OUR CATALOGUE TELLS YOU ALL ABOUT THIS SPECIAL OFFER.

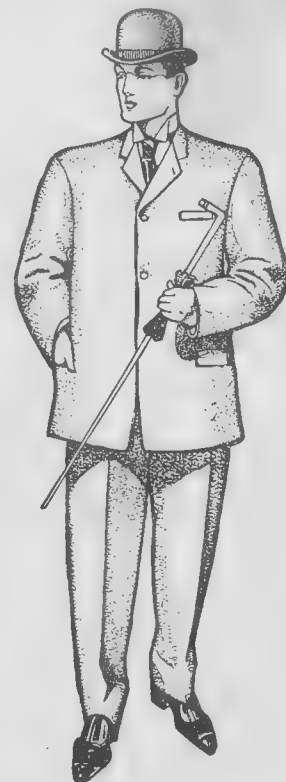
Our January Catalogue will be issued December 20th. Send your name and address and be sure you get a copy.



ALL MAIL ORDERS RECEIVED up to Monday Night, Dec. 31st, will be FILLED at these LOW PRICES.

H600—MORRIS CHAIR.—A Morris Chair may be relied on where a gift is desired for a gentleman. Here is the season's offer in a medium-priced one, and will be found an improvement over many at twice its price.—Front legs are 1¾ in. square, rear legs are shaped to lower the back at different angles.—The arms are made of solid quartered oak, and the whole chair is finished in the golden color.

DENIM CUSHIONS **\$450** | VELOUR CUSHIONS **\$475** | TAPESTRY CUSHIONS **\$5**



A Suit that will suit.

H100—Men's Suits properly made in strong, all wool fancy tweeds, cut in latest style with extended shoulders, good strong lining, well tailored throughout, and perfect fitting; in all sizes, considered good value at \$10.00. Special Holiday price....

\$625

Poetry of the Hour.

The Soul of the Singer.

We read the song that is written—
A few little, grotesque signs,
Arranged in a certain meter,
With rhymes at the ends of the lines;
And by the thought or the music
Some chord in our hearts is stirred;
But the song in the soul of the singer
Is never heard.

The one who best sees the picture
Is he with the soul for art.
The one who best reads the poem
Is he with the poet heart.
The thoughts that are rarest and
sweetest
Are deepest from sight interred.
The song in the soul of the singer
Is never heard.

Some yearnings may not be spoken;
Some loves are so wholly blest,
Some dreams are so tinged with heaven
They never can be expressed
We miss the intangible something
Behind the veil of the word.
The song in the soul of the singer
Is never heard.

We meet, but are veiled in spirit;
Familiar, and yet unknown;
A realm of our inmost beings
Where we are alone, alone.
In each is a strain peculiar
On no other heart conferred.
The song in the soul of the singer
Is never heard.

J. A. Edgerton in National Magazine.

Their Mother.

My boy sat looking straight into the
coals
From his stool at my feet one day,
And the firelight burnished the curly
head,
And painted the cheeks with a dash of
red,
And brightened his very eyes, as he
said,

In a most confidential way—
"Mamma, I think, when I'm a grown-up
man,

I shall have just two little boys,"
I smiled; he was six! but he did not see.
And I said, "Yes, how nice that will be!
But if one were a girl, it seems to me,
It would add to your household joys."

"Well, yes," reflectively, "that would be
nice,
And I'll tell you just what I'll do;
I'll name one Robbie, for me, you
know."

Then the bright eyes shone with a
deeper glow,
"And there's just the two of us now,
and so

I'll name the girl Annie, for you."
"But how would their mother like
that?" I asked.

"Do you think that she would agree
For us both to have names while she
had none?"

With the mystified, puzzled look of one
Wholly befogged, said my logical son—
"Their mother! Why, who is she?"

Sleep Song.

Forget, forget!
The tide of life is turning;
The waves of light ebb slowly down
the west;
Along the edge of dark some stars are
burning
To guide thy spirit safely to an isle
of rest.
A little rocking on the tranquil deep
Of song, to soothe thy yearning.
A little slumber and a little sleep
And so, forget, forget!

Forget, forget!
The day was long in pleasure;
Its echoes die away across the hill;
Now let thy heart beat time to their
slow measure,
That swells and sinks, and faints and
falls, till all is still,
Then, like a weary child that loves to
keep
Locked in its arms some treasure,
Thy soul in calm content shall fall
asleep.
And so, forget, forget.

Forget, forget!
And if thou hast been weeping,
Let go the thoughts that bind thee to
thy grief;
Lie still, and watch the singing angels,
reaping
The golden harvest of thy sorrow,
sheaf by sheaf;
Or count thy joys like flocks of
snow-white sheep.
That one by one come creeping
Into the quiet fold, until thou sleep.
And so forget, forget!

Forget, forget!
Thou art a child and knowest
So little of thy life! But music tells
One secret of the world thro' which
thou goest
To work with morning song, to rest
with evening bells.
Life is in tune with harmony so deep
That when the notes are lowest
Thou still can lay thee down in peace
and sleep,
For God will not forget.
—Henry Van Dyke, in Music.

In the Dawn-Chamber.

By Elsa Barker.

Dear you have spoiled all other men
for me,
And made them alien to my
happiness.
You have discovered an unknown
recess
In Love's great house of ancient
masonry.
There from the window's wide expect-
ancy
We watch the dawn's rose-dimpled
hands caress
The shadowed hills—Dawn, the high
prophetess,
Who calls the rolling world continually.
The other rooms in Love's house are
confined
To views of the valley, and the walls
adorning
Are mottoes of uncertainty and
warning—
The thousand reservations of the mind.
'Tis only in this chamber that I find
The outlook on the hills and on the
morning.
—From the Smart Set (October).

The Guitar Player.

By Frederick Brough.

He touched the strings with a subtle
hand—
The wind blew cold and the sky was
gray—
And he sang of a soft air'd, sunlit land;
Of scented breezes and golden day.
He lull'd the wind with his wizard skill;
From the dusky mists he charmed the
sun;
But the sky was gray when his hand
was still,
And the wind blew cold when the song
was done.
—From The Academy (London).

Motherhood.

By EDITH BROWNELL.

Gray gloomed the hillside. Through
the solemn hush
Of dole, the third dark hour—reluctant,
shamed—
Slow yielded to its close.
Below the dross
The Holy Mother knelt in quivering
calm,
Her waiting arms in anguish upward
reached
To take again her Son, her little boy—
Her baby!—while, pale through the
mystic dusk,
Her lifted face in adoration dwelt
Upon her Lord!
Then, near at hand, there broke
A woman's sobbing, low and wrenched
and fierce,
The cry of one whose hurt is worse
than death;
And Mary, bending sweet within her
veil,
Laid her high grief aside, to pray,
"Dear God!
Ah, comfort Thou the mother of the
thief!"
—From The Independent.

The Vampire City.

By Reginald Wright Kauffman.

Come with me into Babylon! Here to
my woodland seat
Over the miles she lures and smiles—
the smile of the bitter-sweet;
I hear the distant cadence, the
siren-song she sings;
I smell the incense burning where her
great red censer swings.

Out of the night she calls me, the
night that is her day;
I see the gleam of her million lights a
thousand miles away;
As the roar of a mighty army I hear
her pulses beat
With the tramp of the restless vandals,
the rush of the wearied feet.

Ever and ever onward a white proces-
sion goes:
Youths with the strength of lions,
maids with the breath of the rose—
Toward her, but never from her,
throned on her armored isles;
They give their lives for homage, but
the City only smiles.

They know that her breasts are
poison; they know that her lips are
lies,
And half revealed is the death
concealed in the pools of her
occult eyes;
Yet still she is calling ever, and echo
is never dumb:
Follow us into Babylon! Mistress of
Life, we come!

To-Day.

Lives of some great men remind us
That we will, if we are wise,
Leave our modesty behind us
And get out and advertise.
—Judge.

TEN YEARS WITHOUT A REPAIR



Mr. Jones of Whitewater, Manitoba, having used a **CATER PUMP**
for **10 YEARS** watering 150 head of Stock daily, writes:

H. Cater, Brandon.

Whitewater, Nov. 8th, 1906

Dear Sir,

Please send me an Iron Spout for the stock Pump Purchased from you Ten Years
ago, this is the first repair required, and it has pumped water for 150 head of stock.

Yours truly, JONES BROS.

CATER'S STAR WINDMILLS GASOLINE ENGINES

Are Equally Durable

Made of best material, they give entire satisfaction

Brandon Pump & Windmill Works

BRANDON, MAN.

Ask for catalog

Reference: Bank B. N. A.

Box 410

Rennie's Seeds

The Finest in the Land

BUY "RENNIE'S SEEDS"
AND GET THE BEST

WRITE FOR COPY OF NEW
CATALOGUE FOR 1907

Wm. Rennie Co., Limited

DEPT. W., BOX 98, WINNIPEG, MAN.

See Inside Back Cover

LEADING GRAIN DEALERS

Ship Your Grain

to a strictly commission firm this year and have it handled to your advantage. We handle strictly on commission—send liberal advances on receipt of shipping bill—look carefully after grading—obtain best prices and furnish prompt settlements. If you have grain to ship write for market prospects and our way of doing business—it will pay you.

Thompson Sons & Company,
Grain Commission Merchants,
P.O. Box 77D. Winnipeg.

DONALD MORRISON & CO.

GRAIN COMMISSION

414 Grain Exchange Winnipeg

Reference: Bank of Toronto

Consign your grain to us to be sold at best possible prices on arrival or afterwards, as you may elect. Liberal advances on bills of lading. Prompt returns. Reliable work. Futures bought and sold over. Over twenty years' experience in grain commission business.

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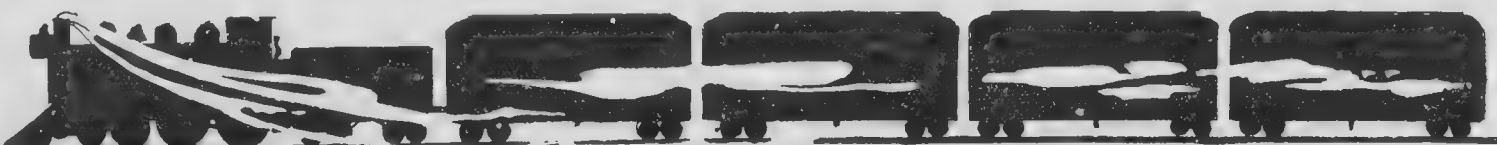
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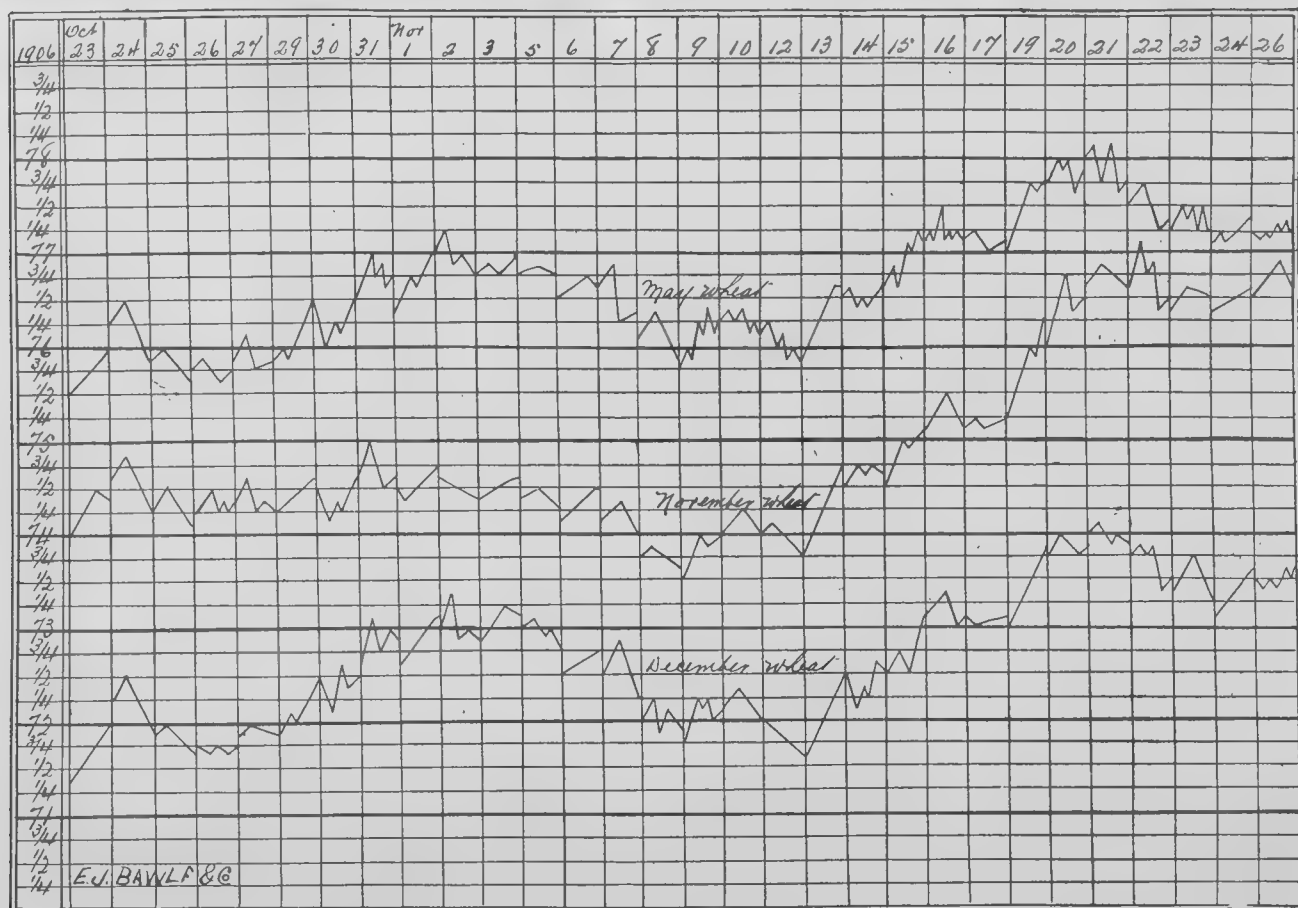
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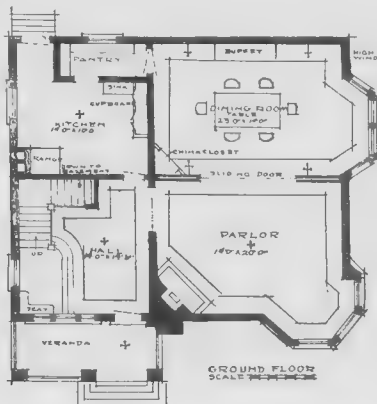
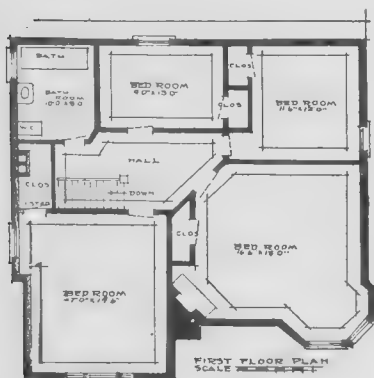


ORIGINAL PLANS

Prepared Specially for The Western Home Monthly
by V. W. Horwood, Architect, Winnipeg

The true elements of simplicity in design are not to be denied in this stone and shingle house. A generous piazza with large field stone columns leads into the hall, where we have a good view of the fine stairs. There is a comfortable seat or cozy corner also. The parlor is very large, with a bay on the one corner and an attractive fireplace in another. There are sliding doors opening into the hall and dining room. The hall, parlor and dining room may be thrown together, which will give an effect of spaciousness, a great advantage in a small house. The dining room is well arranged, having a bay for plants. This might have a seat in place of plants. The buffet is built in the rear wall and may be seen well from the parlor. There is a sliding pass shelf into the kitchen, conveniently placed. The kitchen is at the end of the hall, and fills all requirements. It includes pass pantry to dining room, fitted up with complete

shelves, bins, bake board, cupboards, etc. There is a porch leading to outside entrance. The basement is reached by stairs leading down from the kitchen, and is excavated under entire house. Here we find hot air heating, coal bin, etc., a store-room and the usual conveniences to be found in a well appointed basement, including laundry. The arrangement of halls and staircase is effective as well as economical. The bed rooms are well lighted and each has a separate clothes closet. The principal bedroom is ample in size and has a fine fireplace, also bay with large windows. In the bath room the usual furnishings are provided. The keynote of the plumbing throughout is simplicity, the bath tub, wash basin and kitchen sink being of enameled iron. All exposed piping is painted. The woodwork of the service portion of the house is to be finished natural; all the other interior woodwork is to be painted white.



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Vincent D'Indy, the French composer and conductor, who conducted the Boston Symphony Orchestra last winter, says of the young American composers:—

"Now, I wish I could persuade myself that I am mistaken, but it seemed to me that most of the young composers whose works I read in America were in too much haste. Here and there a touch of beauty showed what might have been produced if the author had only studied his art thoroughly and given time a chance to act in the periods of invention and arrangement. In some cases, where the composer was better endowed naturally, this hurried composition had not prevented the development of a certain studied elegance in the ideas, but the effort was not carried far enough and the thought was not fully expanded. Others, on the contrary, appeared to imagine that composition was little else than a subtle concatenation of harmonies, and one of these, when I asked him for his plan of the work, which he showed me and which seemed incomplete, answered that his piece was constructed according to 'a chromatic plan'—a very funny reply, for it was much as though an architect were to say, 'I intend to erect this building on a foundation of blue and red'!"

Moritz Rosenthal, the Austrian pianist, who is to appear in Montreal on December 10th, is said to have had more command performance honors showered upon him by the various crowned heads of Europe than any other artist, a fact which is especially notable because he loves quiet and domesticity and hates courts. The Emperor Franz Josef last year sent for him four times. Queen Victoria is said to have been extremely fond of his playing, which was quite as brilliant in her day as it is now, though a good deal less sympathetic, and among his greatest treasures are a massive seal ring and a diamond-studded cigarette case given him by Her Majesty.

The executive committee in charge of His Excellency's Musical and Theatrical Trophy Competition, to take place at Ottawa in the week commencing January 28th, has announced that each competing company must be prepared to meet its own expenses. The transportation committee, however, is confident of obtaining special railway rates. The reception committee will also arrange for the lowest possible hotel and boarding house rates; and as many members as possible of the visiting companies (especially those from a distance) will be entertained in private houses during their stay in Ottawa. The general committee at Ottawa has assumed all the expenses in connection with the theatre for the week and all other incidental expenses.

Mme. Sembrich, during her recent stay in Chicago, commented upon the rapid advancement made throughout the United States in appreciation of the best in song literature. She pointed out that ten years ago it would have been impossible for her to attract in Chicago an audience to hear her in an evening devoted solely to the giving of lieder. Now the mere announcement of such an evening brings together from 2,000 to 4,000 auditors, and the appreciation shown is of the keenest and finest. Such songs as Brahms' "Nightingale," Schumann's "Roeslein, Roeslein," or Schubert's "Dream of Spring"—songs of the most intimate, elusive character—now make so deep an impression and are so well esteemed that they become the most heartily applauded numbers on the programme. And the gain in appreciation shown in Chicago, the

great soprano declared she has found in but slightly less degree throughout all the West.

Wherever there is a theatre there are dramatic critics, and wherever theatres and newspapers coexist the dramatic critics find in the newspapers their natural medium of utterance. Such a universal phenomenon must have a deep seated reason in human nature. If all the dramatic critics in the world, convinced of the noxiousness of their profession, were to-morrow to enter Trappist monasteries—thus committing a sort of "race suicide," the day after to-morrow a new race of dramatic critics would have sprung into existence. Criticism, in a word, is an inevitable reaction set up by the stimulus of the work of art.

"Granted," it may perhaps be said, "that dramatic criticism is inevitable, the question remains whether it should be regarded as a good thing or as a necessary evil." No doubt there is a great deal of ignorant and foolish writing about the drama, as there is, I understand, about art and about music—as there certainly is about literature. It is possible that the fascination of the theatre and the apparent possibility of dispensing with all technical knowledge may lure into dramatic criticism more than the average amount of incompetence. But that dramatic criticism may be, and has often been, of great value to dramatic literature I entertain no manner of doubt.

There will be more music in the air after the auxetophone is introduced to concert and opera. The invention is designed to increase the volume and richness of tone of stringed instruments. The apparatus is the invention of the Hon. Charles A. Parsons, whose attention heretofore has been devoted more to steam turbines than musical instruments. A necessary part of the device is a blower, which supplies air from the basement of the building. Another part is a comb-like valve, made of aluminium, which is connected with the wood of the instrument near the bridge and vibrates in sympathy with the tones produced by the player's bow. This valve controls the exit of air from a small box fed from the blower into a large, spiral shaped trumpet, which emits sound waves identical in quality and intonation, but richer in tone and larger in volume than those produced by the unaided instrument. The inventor claims that the device is practicable not only for the double bass, but for every instrument in the string band. It suggests the possibility of decreasing the often prohibitive cost of producing modern works in which the orchestration is so elaborate that a large number of strings are required to balance the brass and wood. The auxetophone may make it possible for a quartet to do the work of the sixteen first violins and twelve seconds.

A concert that aroused more than ordinary interest was given in aid of the Winnipeg Humane Society on Nov. 19. The following artists took part: Mrs. Sanford Evans, pianist; Mrs. T. H. Verner, soprano; Miss Annie Pullar, contralto; Mr. Braxton Smith, tenor; Mr. Frank Arnold, violinist, from London, England; Mr. Geo. Eaton, baritone, and the Royal Alexandria orchestra, by kind permission of Mr. Taylor. Mr. James W. Matthews was the accompanist for the evening. The concert was under the patronage of Sir Daniel and Lady McMillan.

Miss Jessie MacLachlan sings in concert at Emerson on Dec 7.

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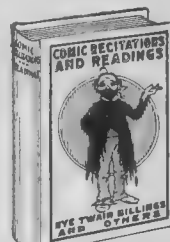
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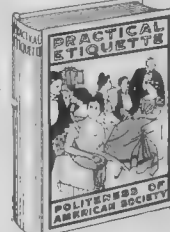
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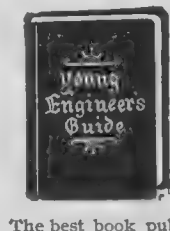
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All Religions are One and All True.

By COUNT LEO TOLSTOI.

We find in the encyclopedias, under the head "Religions," that there are, according to some, 1,000 religions, according to others, 2,000. If we take the work of scholars who treat of religions we find there also descriptions of a thousand religions, each more wonderful than the other. If we listen to people talking we understand also that there exist in the world thousands of religions, that we cannot even count them all, and that all are different. We hear what people say and we are astonished. Some, the great majority, say that of a thousand religions 999 are false; that there is but one which is true—that to which they belong. The others say: These thousand religions differ each from the rest; then all are mere fiddle-faddle, and not one is true.

Must it be thus? Did God, in creating men, will that this be and that men live thus? Is it necessary that all mankind be separated into a thousand religions, each of which teaches in its own way that which men must hold as good or evil and that which will happen to them after death? Is it necessary that every religion criticise and hate the others?

True, it is so written in the books of the scholars, and the people say the same thing. But is it the truth? It often happens that the devil speaks through men and makes them say what he wills; men are often deceived; they misunderstand each other and say that they are not guilty, and that it is God who has thus arranged things.

Is it not this that is produced as religion questions? All religions teach that there is but one God, who loves men and has pity on them. How does this happen? God loves men and has compassion on them, and he places them in a world thus embroiled, where there are a thousand religions, each of which glorifies itself and destroys the

others! Man must make his salute, be agreeable to the Lord, and God instantly set him in a labyrinth whence he cannot depart! Man is born in the Indian, Mohammedan, Christian, Jewish religion; he has commenced to think of his soul, and on every side he sees 999 new religions, each of which, like his own, affirms that it alone is true and that all the others are false. What shall we do? There remains but one thing for him: to say that all the religions are inventions, that all are false, and to live for a little happiness. If God has placed man in such a position not only does He not love him, but, far from being a father to man, He is his principal enemy. Satan could not have designed better for the destruction of man.

Or religion is nothing but a deception, and the sooner man casts it far from him the better it will be for him. This is what many think now, and it is this which causes the loss of human souls. But they are alone in thinking it, because all do not think thus; only a hundredth part are of this opinion; that is why it is not terrible. But if the majority begin to think thus, then men will cut each other's throats, for without faith man is but an animal. The majority of men live only because there is faith among them. It is in the shadow of those who have faith—the majority—that the unbeliever can exist; but that all should be unbelievers and live is impossible, because it is religion alone that unites men. Religion, then, is necessary.

And if religion is necessary, then why is it not one? Why in it do there actually exist thousands? This is what I said to myself so long as I did not seek after God; and since I have commenced to seek him I say that religion exists among all and that it is one. And the better I have known other religions the more clearly have I under-

stood that what is found in the scholarly treatises and that which speaks of the existence of thousands of religions, all that is but one vast error. Since men exist there has been always one religion, always the same, and this religion is enclosed in the religious books of all nations and then in the heart of every man.

There are divers religious doctrines, but religion is one—faith in that which man is, why he lives, how he should live, that which he must expect after death. To say that the divers religious doctrines are different religions is the same thing as saying that a man who speaks another language than ours does not express the same things as we. To say that religions are different because they are expressed in different forms is the same thing as to say that the meaning of words is different if they are pronounced in different languages. And I cannot say this, because I know that a Hindu, a Chinese, lives according to God, with love, simplicity and submission, following the doctrine of his religion, and that a Christian lives in the same way, according to his. So I must say that their religion is the same, but that they express it in different ways—what I would call the meaning of the words pronounced in Russian or in French. If I see a Frenchman, after having spoken a certain word to another Frenchman, receive from the latter the scissors, and a Russian, after having spoken a certain word to another Russian, also receives the scissors, I conclude that they have mentioned the same word but with different sounds. Now, it is the same with religions. If we abstract error from them it remains evident that religion was and always will be unique, as there has been no change in the situation of man born to die, who lives among beings similar to himself, with their passions, their love of good and of truth.

There are a thousand superstitions and not a thousand religions; as for doctrines, there are but six complete religious doctrines professed by the great majority of mankind.

These doctrines are: (1) Brahmanism, defined by Buddha and represented by Buddhism; (2) Buddhism, which evolved into Christianity; (3) Laotism, which is also included in Christianity; (4) Confutianism, a variety approaching Christianity; (5) Judaism, which was transformed into Christianity; (6) the Christianity of the church which has its roots in real Christianity, and which is separated from it by falsehood; (7) Mahometanism, which has done the same, and (8) stoicism and philosophy, which are only incomplete Christianity.

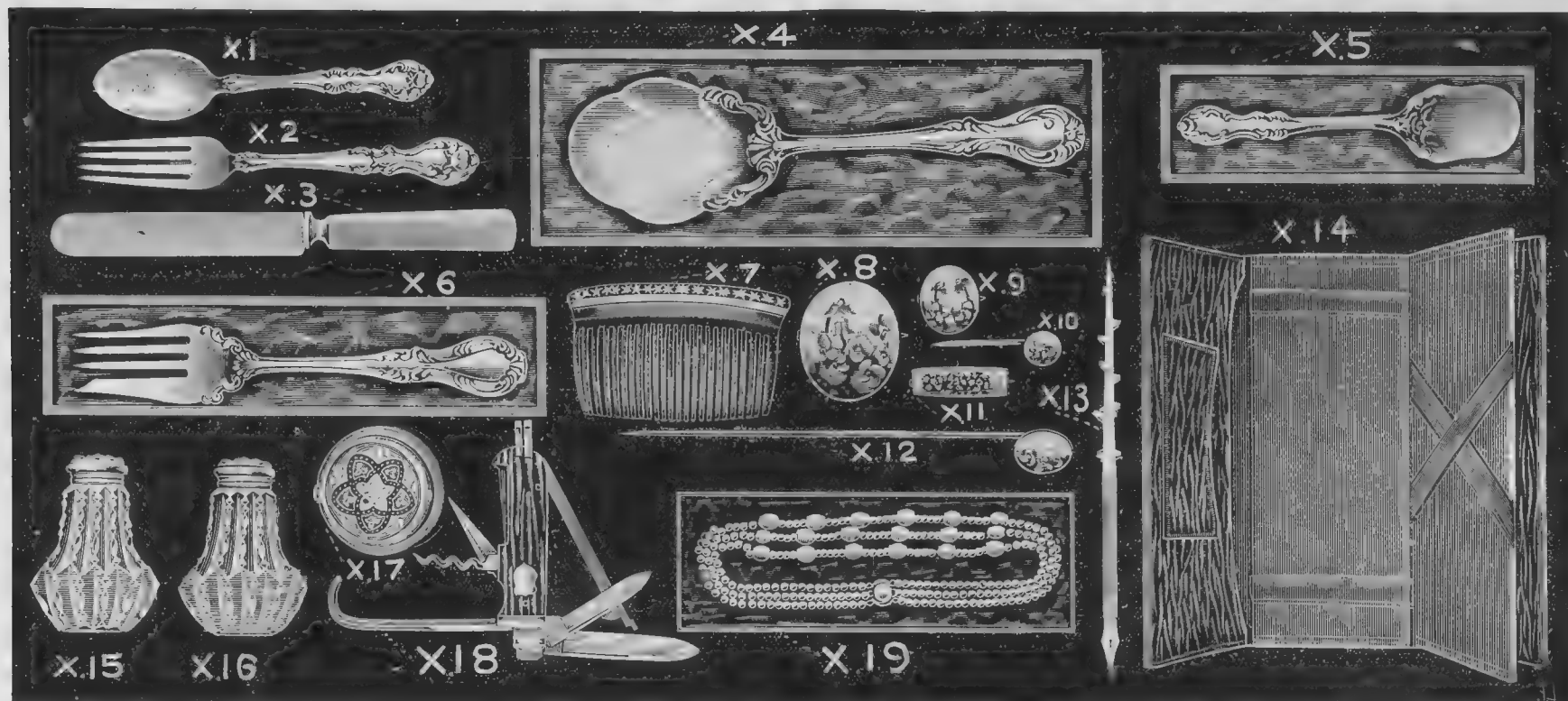
All humanity, divided into these divers groups, professes the same truth which under its latest form was expressed by the Christ. The general meaning of this truth is that it is false to recognize life as something personal; that the meaning of life is quite otherwise—according to Buddha, the renunciation of life; (2) according to Lao-Tse, the suppression of desires; (3) according to Confucius, the service of the state; (4) according to the prophets, preparation for the kingdom of God; (5) according to Socrates, despatch of the body and the culture of the spirit.

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x-8—Belt Buckle Brooches, postpaid 65 cents each

Neck Brooches, postpaid 50 cents each

x-9—Waist Front Brooches, postpaid 35 cents each

Per set of 3 No. x-9 postpaid \$1.00

SPECIAL SET.

1 Belt Brooch, 1 neck brooch and one Waist Set of 3 No. x-9, postpaid \$2.00

x-10—Scarf or Tie Pin, postpaid 25 cents

x-11—Bar Brooch, postpaid .. 35 cents

x-12—Hat Pins, postpaid 50 cents

x-13—Genuine Pearl handled Penholder, complete with best point, a very dainty well made penholder, postpaid 25 cents

x-14—Men's Wallet, made of best Leather, several compartments for all requirements and altogether one of the most suitable gifts it is possible to buy for a gentleman. Your money back if not satisfied, no questions asked. Postpaid to any address \$1.00

x-15 and x-16—Genuine Cut Glass Salt and Pepper Shakers with “Sterling” Silver tops, Per pair, postpaid \$1.00

x-17—Jewel Boxes, Fancy Glass, dainty patterns, with good hinged covers, postpaid 35 cents

x-18—Combination Knife and Tool Handle, one of the handiest articles to have about you, really an emergency tool kit, postpaid for \$1.00 For the Little Girls:—

x-19—Dainty Necklaces. Imitation Pearl Beads of surprising quality, 3 string patterns as illustrated, in neat lined boxes, postpaid for only 25 cents

Terms: CASH WITH ORDER.

Goods as represented or Money refunded.

Probe of the Newspaper Relentless.

By JOHN A. HOWLAND.

Never before in the history of the American people has the wealthy scoundrel preying upon community or individual life found it so difficult to make his peace with his wronged victims. Never before has the spirit of the Mosaic law been more set against him, exacting both the legal and the social penalties that befit the crime. Long ago the Canadian border line ceased to be a wall of safety to the absconder. Flight of the criminal virtually has been made impossible. Not many years ago, however, it was possible that with the ill-gotten wealth in his hand the criminal had a fighting chance with the technicalities of the law.

To-day there is a public sentiment abroad and growing steadily which of itself is presenting more intangible fears to the criminally disposed millionaire than are all the tangible influences which the mills of justice may invoke. Within the last two years there have been striking examples of this fact shown in the many cases where exposure of criminal methods has forced the criminal to become a suicide, to break down and die of his shame and humiliation, or to live on dully in the light of a publicity in which he withers to the eyes of all men.

Perhaps the man with the muck rake has delved too industriously. At the same time were it not for this initiative in the exposures of crookedness and graft taken up by the newspapers of the country, it is a certainty that none of the dull records and technicalities

and shiftings of the courts of law could have brought about a condition in which the exposed criminal could become his own judge and his own executioner because of public sentiment. To the average citizen of the country a court of record with all its records is a term incognita. Without the interpreting newspaper a court's millings and grindings suggest the catacombs to those not actively interested in matters at bar. And silence may be the cheapest of purchasable immunities.

Within two years, however, publicity in the public press has done more in prevention of the predatory raids of the millionaire than have all the penalties that have been inscribed in the criminal code. It is true that the public sentiment that would disqualify a man socially would be likely to clamor for his paying the penalty of the law as a first measure of discipline. Yet only a little while ago in one of the sensational prosecutions by the government in which the defendant persons were virtually assured from the first of escaping on a technicality there were days when the investigations were tied up for the reason that the glare of publicity had driven the defendants, their wives and their children to sick beds!

Within a year the state of Pennsylvania experienced one of the most sensational of its bank failures, involving its state treasurer and treasury officials. The dead roll from that exposure was something startling. The cashier for the treasurer committed suicide; the treasurer died of the disgrace; a former treasurer concerned died in the same manner; still another died, only to be overtaken by death,

and a fourth holder of the office died of the strain. Both cashiers of both the wrecked banks committed suicide and an auditor in general of the state died of worry and strain.

Who would attempt to estimate the stupendous aggregate of personal suffering and shame and disgrace that attended the exposures in the life insurance companies a short time ago? Shall one doubt that unheralded terms of imprisonment to be served unheralded by the principals in these exposures would have been preferable to the unsparing questionings and probes in the relentless light of publicity attending the inquiries? Death and exile were punishments following these scandals and reputations that were a lifetime in making were blasted and ruined unto third and fourth generations.

It was more than the social penalty which recently came to a president of the American Bankers' association, which is counted one of the greatest organizations of business men in the world. With the highest standing locally and nation wide, he embezzled funds of his conservative bank in order to get rich in fevered speculation. He lost, exposure followed, social recognition deserted him, and he is a felon.

When a designing woman two years ago attempted to wreck a national bank, finding some of the officers of the institution easy victims of her arts, the banking world, more than the public perhaps, was astonished at the nerve of the woman and at her success in obtaining more than a million dollars without show of sane security. The woman is in the state penitentiary for a term of ten years, but before she was convicted and sentenced the publicity brought about in the details of her machinations shook more than one reputation and left persons standing tremblingly on the brink of living death.

When an Illinois banker, president of a city's school board, a philanthropist

and honored citizen, suddenly was discovered to be no more than an uncommon thief, a seeming mixture of public sentiment and public interests left the criminal untried of the law. But the court of publicity in the public prints long ago tried and condemned him to a condition which no mill of punishment could make more hateful.

It is not too much to anticipate a possible day when a public sentiment will have so developed that for the superlatives of punishment, the aspiring rich scoundrel who fattens upon suffering victims might well be condemned to the restricted freedom of the scene of his crimes. There to meet day after day the scorn of his fellows he easily might find the torture that is spared the condemned prisoner behind guarded walls.

As sectional and party narrowness disappears from the press of the United States, newspaper publicity takes on an added terror for the potential wrongdoer, regardless of the wealth and position of the possible criminal. With one partisan newspaper defending against the publicity of another paper there was encouragement for the crooked one. With the newspapers printing the news because of the news' worth of such a wrongdoer's designs, justice in one form or another scarcely may miscarry of its full exactions and penalties.

Safest Part of the Train.

The question is often asked by travelers, “Where is the safest seat in the train?” The answer is given by an engineer, who, after scientific calculation and protracted experience, asserts that the safest seat is in the middle of the last car but one.

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is always the same,
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Salt—the best—and all
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true to life. Save your fine trophies,
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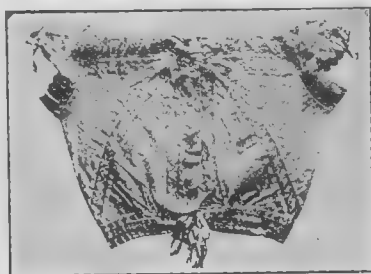
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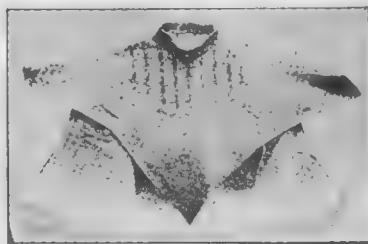
Presents that Can be Made from Handkerchiefs.



DAINTY CORSET-COVER

Christmas presents of a pretty, and also of an inexpensive and useful, character may be made from handkerchiefs either plain, hemstitched, embroidered, colored or white.

To make the corset-cover illustrated above will require two embroidered, hemstitched twelve-inch handkerchiefs cut diagonally, three yards and a half of insertion, three-quarters of a yard of lace beading one inch wide, one piece of baby-ribbon three yards and a half of narrow lace beading, and from three to four yards of lace edging, according to the fulness desired. One half of one handkerchief constitutes the main part of the back; the point of the diagonal goes towards the top, two halves are used for the sides which are joined to the back with lace insertion, and overhanded to the hemstitched edges. The fourth half is cut diagonally in two and added to fill out the lower half of each front. Then the armholes are cut out. Lace beading, through which ribbon is run, and edging are used to trim the front and upper part of the cover to the armholes, where shoulder-straps, which are fastened to the back, are formed. Beading an inch wide, through which baby-ribbon is run, finishes the waist line. The model was designed for a girl of average size.



BERTHA FOR A CHILD'S DRESS.

The bertha illustrated is made of one handkerchief, the centre of which is cut out, leaving the edges to be joined to a yoke. The points adjust themselves, one in front, one on each shoulder, and one in the back; the latter is cut to allow for the opening. A monogram or an initial would add a touch of completeness.

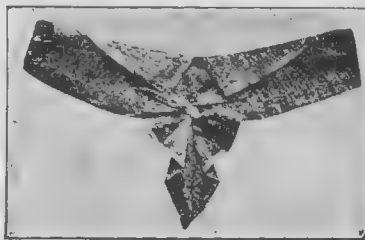
Five colored handkerchiefs are required for the useful kimono illustrated, four for the garment and one for the border. Fold two of the handkerchiefs diagonally, one for the front, the other for the back; join the other two to the sides of the back and front for the sleeves. Cut the handkerchief used for the front through the



PRETTY HANDKERCHIEF KIMONO

centre, shape the neck, and sew the border on. Or, instead of cutting the front through the centre, one handkerchief may be used on each side, making the necessary fulness. Six handkerchiefs are sometimes fancied, in which case two are used for the back. Where five or six are utilized the neck is not shaped but the corners are turned down.

A hemstitched bordered silk handkerchief makes an attractive and novel tie. From one corner cut diagonally

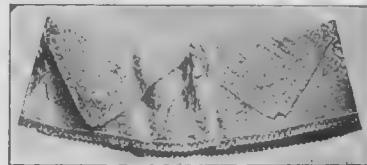


STOCK COLLAR AND TIE

toward the middle just half the neck measure. Hem the sides just cut, tie around the neck, making a knot at the back. It is also knotted loosely in front where the slit ends; the rest hangs in jabot style down the front.

The adjustable ruffle illustrated is made from six lace-bordered handkerchiefs. Each one is cut in half diagonally and joined to a beading through which ribbon is run. Handkerchief lawn, ten inches wide, hemmed at the bottom and edged with lace, is gathered and joined to a

heading, and serves as a background. The material is plain under the points of the handkerchiefs, but it flares in desirable fulness in between. Dainty showers of ribbon add much to this



PRETTY HANDKERCHIEF KIMONO

mode of decoration. Another way of using a handkerchief for a ruffle is to cut a circle out of the centre, then out to the edge, making a sort of circular flounce.

To reproduce the child's cap which is illustrated make shallow plaits at each side of the centre near the border of a handkerchief and fasten them down an inch from the edge. Turn the opposite edge over from one inch to two inches, to frame the face like a Puritan cap. Plait the remaining fulness toward the front, turning the points upward. The strings are made from the middle of another handkerchief, hemmed at both edges, and plaited and joined to the cap. The



A CHILD'S CAP

portions of the border of the handkerchief which remain may be used for a stock collar and cuff bands.

A dust cap may be easily made from one handkerchief. Fold one side in half and overhand the edges together. Plait the fulness toward the seam and feather-stitch each plait down. The plait at the back of the cap should also be feather-stitched. Then turn the corners up and tack in position. Turn the peak at the top toward the back and fasten. A rosette of ribbon will add a pretty finishing touch.



Coal mining on the Battle River near Watskewin, Alta.

The centre of a very fine and prettily embroidered handkerchief was used for the collar portion of the stock illustrated below. The border was used to trim the lower portion of the stock, for the turnovers and also for the jabot. To make the stock still more effective French knots were used as an additional decoration.

Another simple and pretty stock may be made from one handkerchief, cut in half straight across. Fold one piece lengthwise into thirds for the collar portion, then plait the other half crosswise and fasten it to the centre of the stock, tab fashion.

The child's apron, which is illustrated on this page, was made from two colored bordered handkerchiefs. One was used for the apron and the other for the bib, band and strings.

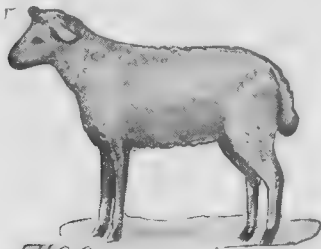


APRON FOR LITTLE GIRL

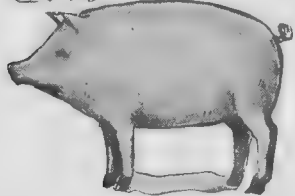
Two Toy Patterns.

4006—Sheep and Pig.

Every child must possess toy animals at one time or another and no sensible mother doubts the advantage of making these if it can be done without much trouble and with satisfactory results. It often happens that home made animals lack a resemblance to their supposed originals to so large an extent that a child learns little about the animals and would not know a real live pig, for instance, if he saw one. The patterns given here of pig and sheep are unusually life-



4006



like and while made without much difficulty, they are entirely practical for the child's use as they cannot be demolished. The education gained by the child by association with toy animals is not to be depreciated. It means a lesson in nature which the small brain will never part with. Canton flannel in quantity of $\frac{3}{4}$ yard is the material needed for the pig, while $\frac{1}{2}$ yard of eiderdown is necessary for the sheep. Price 15 cents.

Special Offer—This pattern, with any one other pattern in this issue, together with one year's subscription to The Western Home Monthly—all three for 50 cents.

Just the Thing That's Wanted.—A pill that acts upon the stomach and yet is so compounded that certain ingredients of it preserve their power to act upon the intestinal canals, so as to clear them of excreta, the retention of which cannot but be hurtful, was long looked for by the medical profession. It was found in Parmelee's Vegetable Pills, which are the result of much expert study, and are scientifically prepared as a laxative and alterative in one.

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Internal Cancer. Write, R. D. EVANS, BRANDON, MANITOBA.

R. D. EVANS, Discoverer of the famous EVANS' CANCER CURE, desires all who suffer with Cancer to write to him. Two days' treatment will cure external or

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In 8 sizes, churning from $\frac{1}{2}$ to 30 gallons.

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Patent Steel Roller Bearings

Easy to operate. Bolts throughout in place of wood screws. Superior in workmanship and finish. **No other just as good. Accept no substitute.** If not sold by your dealer write direct to us.

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on health, disease, love, marriage and parentage. Tells what you'd ask a doctor, but don't like to 240 pages, illustrated, 25 cents; but to introduce it we send one only to any adult for postage, 10c.

M. HILL PUBLISHING CO.
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GIVEN AWAY FREE

For Correct Answers to this Puzzle

The letters to the left of this advertisement when properly arranged spells four words. Can you spell out three of them, if so the grand prizes we offer are surely worth trying for. Three Correct Answers Win. If you cannot make them out yourself, get some friend to help you.

OTORONT

NO. 1

HSGTOUHT

NO. 2

RAEHTEB

NO. 3

NECTSROSA

NO. 4

The first word when the letters are properly arranged spells the name of a large Canadian city. The second word when the letters are properly arranged spells the name of something we all use. The third word when properly arranged spells the name of something we all do. The fourth word when properly arranged spells the name of something we all have.

In order to help you a little we have put a mark under the 1st letter in each word. Now can make them out.

It does not cost you one cent to try and solve this puzzle and if you are correct, you may win a large amount of Cash. We do not ask any money from you and a contest like this is very interesting. It does not matter where you live, we do not care one bit who gets the money, if you can spell out three of these words, write them plainly and mail your answer to us, with your name and address plainly written, and if your answer is correct we will notify you promptly. We are giving away \$100.00 for correct answers and a few minutes of your time. Don't delay, send in your answer at once.

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BUT
WORTH THE
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are costly, and seldom yield the giver pleasure proportionate to the thoughtfulness and the cost. But one of the

Gourlay Pianos

in the home is the loveliest of Christmas gifts and will yield pleasure both to giver and recipient for a life time.

They are a little higher priced than others, but more than worth the price when you consider that they are the handsomest, most companionable and dependable instruments made in Canada—the supreme effort of the master Piano Builders' Art, and that we arrange

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Any Lady Can Do It at Home—Costs
Nothing to Try.



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A new tasteless and odorless discovery which can be given secretly by any lady in tea, coffee or food. Heartily endorsed by temperance workers. It does its work so silently and surely that while the devoted wife, sister or daughter looks on, the drunkard is reclaimed even against his will and without his knowledge. Many have been cured in a single day.

FREE TRIAL COUPON

A free trial package of the wonderful Golden Specific will be sent you, by mail, in plain wrapper, in you will fill in your name and address on blank lines below, cut out the coupon and mail it at once to Dr. J. W. Haines, Glen Building, Cincinnati, Ohio.

You can then prove to yourself how secretly and easily it can be used, and what a God-send it will be to you.

25 Cents

Santa Claus, the greatest Xmas novelty of the season, just the thing for decorating Xmas Trees, or for a Xmas present for the little folks. Santa Claus is made of heavy embossed paper, in bright Xmas colors, he stands about 15 ins. high, and has a bright red tissue paper coat, trimmed with imitation white fur. We have only 200 of these great Xmas novelties in stock, and they will not last long at this price. Send us only 25 cents, stamps will do, and we will mail to you one of these handsome Xmas Santa Claus, prepaid. Order now, don't delay, we have only 200 and they will go in a hurry.



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PATTERN DEPARTMENT



The Western Home Monthly will send any pattern mentioned below on receipt of price specified.
Order by number, stating size wanted.
Address Pattern Department, The Western Home Monthly, Winnipeg, Man.



4069-4070—An Eton Suit in Novelty Serge.

The trim fitting Etons are with us again and one of the suits recently designed for a girl is shown. The coat ends at the top of the girdle with pointed tabs in front and back. A pleasing little vest of white broadcloth finishes the front with cloth covered buttons and a black soutache as trimming. The sleeves end at the elbow in a series of narrow tucks. The skirt is a seven piece circular one



4069

4070

fitting over the hips with perfect smoothness and flaring widely about the lower edge. This is one of the newest models of the circular skirt and the home sewer will find it an easy one to make. Any of the seasonable worsteds may be used to develop the suit. The medium size calls for 1 yard of 54-inch goods for the jacket and 5 3/4 yards of 44-inch material for the skirt.

Two patterns: 4069—sizes, 12 to 17
4070—sizes, same.
The price of these patterns is 30c., but either will be sent upon receipt of 15c.

Special Offer—This pattern, with any one other pattern in this issue, together with one year's subscription to The Western Home Monthly—all three for 50 cents.

4067—Serge and Taffetas.

Quite as much study is expended upon the small girl's dresses as upon any that Dame Fashion creates. An



4067

example of clever design is illustrated in the dress shown where the trimming effect is gained by an under and over-blouse. The former may be of any washable or contrasting material and if the pipings are of a color to harmonize the result is fetching. The under-blouse might be any guimpe except that it has no sleeves and extends to the waistline. The skirt is side pleated and very graceful for the growing girl. A serge, mohair, or one of the novelty worsteds may be used for the dress, 6 1/4 yards of 44-inch material being needed for the medium size.

4067—sizes, 6 to 14 years. Price 15c.

Special Offer—This pattern, with any one other pattern in this issue, together with one year's subscription to The Western Home Monthly—all three for 50 cents.

4042—A Work Apron for a Girl.

The girl who helps her mother at home by performing little tasks takes a real pride in her aprons. Several of these are necessary and an excellent suggestion for an apron is given. The front is plain and gored while the back and sides are gathered to a narrow belt. Deep pockets are serviceable for holding handkerchief and other odds and ends which may be picked up in



4042

dusting. The bib is held in place over the shoulders by straps which fasten at the belt in back. Percale, gingham or another apron fabric may serve. 2 1/2 yards 36 inches wide are needed for the medium size. 4042—sizes, 11 13 and 15 years, price 15c.

Special Offer—This pattern, with any one other pattern in this issue, together with one year's subscription to The Western Home Monthly—all three for 50 cents.

6419-6457—Some Boudoir Finery.

Any fresh suggestion in boudoir finery is always welcome to the progressive home sewer and the accompanying sketch may prove of value to you. The dressing sack is one which may be made of fine French, flannel silk or dotted Swiss. If made of a firm material the edges should be scalloped and buttonholed with a color to match the figure, if any, of the goods. The design is unique in that the sleeves and yoke are in one piece and the remaining portion without seam. There is no work in the making yet a deal of grace and ease in the garment. Ribbons fasten the front. The petticoat has the removable flounce so much liked by many. This may prove very economical if the upper portion is made of some fine black material and the attachable flounces of silk to match the various gowns. This would do away with the necessity of having a number of petticoats. The joining is effected beneath the deep tuck so that it is entirely concealed. In the medium size the sack demands 3 yards of 36-inch material while the In the medium size the sack demands skirt calls for 8 yards.

Two patterns: 6419—sizes, 32 to 42 inches bust measure.
6457—sizes, 20 to 30 inches waist.

The price of these patterns is 30c but either will be sent upon receipt of 15c.
Special Offer—This pattern, with any one other pattern in this issue, together



with one year's subscription to The Western Home Monthly—all three for 50 cents.

4036—A Small Double-Breasted Coat.

Mistress Fashion has brought out some very trig little coats for small maids which will please small folks as well as mothers. Here is one in blue broadcloth which ends just below the hips. The natty little cuffs and collar are made in real tailor fashion and may introduce a soft dark velvet and stitching if desired. These coats are suitable to development in serge, cheviot and silk as well as many other seasonable materials. For medium size 1 1/2 yards of 54-inch material are needed to develop the pattern.

4036—sizes, 4, 6, 8 and 10 years, price 15c.

Special Offer—This pattern, with any one other pattern in this issue, together with one year's subscription to The Western Home Monthly—all three for 50 cents.



4036

6748—A Practical Coat For Cold Weather.

The woman of today is so active a member of the community that she needs a long coat for wear in all kinds of weather. The styles in these coats are very attractive and graceful and for travelling or wear in cold or rainy weather are unequalled for their usefulness. The model shown may be made of homespun for general wear or of lined cravanette for rainy days. It may be of full, three-quarter or seven-eighths length and with the high rolling collar or the trim standing one. The back is bias and hangs with increasing fullness to the lower edge. The sleeves are just comfortably full and finished with natty turnback cuffs or the plain straight ones. The pretty applied yoke may be omitted in front if desired. The pockets are generous



and quite a la mode this year. In broadcloth, cheviot or Lady's cloth it may serve for afternoon or evening uses. The medium size in full length requires 4 yards of 54-inch material.

6748—sizes, 32 to 42 inches bust measure, price 15 cents.

Special Offer—This pattern, with any one other pattern in this issue, together with one year's subscription to The Western Home Monthly—all three for 50 cents.

6700-6701—One of the New Gowns.

Some of the new shirt waist gowns exhibit quite as much distinction and dash as the most expensive gowns and a very smart model is shown here which has won many admirers. The panel effect in waist and skirt is very chic and becoming while the sleeves in three quarter length and buttoning over on the upper side are very smart. The tucks give excellent lines to the back and extra fullness to the front. A tuck at each side of the front panel ends



below the hip. The skirt is circular with the straight front panel and proves unusually graceful. Serge, mohair, silk or a fancy worsted may serve as material. For the medium size $8\frac{3}{4}$ yards of 36-inch goods are needed.

Two patterns: 6700—sizes, 32 to 42 inches bust measure.

6701—sizes, 20 to 30 inches waist.

The price of these patterns is 30c but either will be sent upon receipt of 15c.

Special Offer—This pattern, with any one other pattern in this issue, together with one year's subscription to The Western Home Monthly—all three for 50 cents.

6407—A New Apron Design.

Even so unimportant a garment as an apron needs to be according to the fashion and is appreciated if seen in a new guise now and then. The one shown may be used as a waitress' or nurse's apron as well as for sewing or darning. The design is made very practical by means of the pockets, which appear at the sides and which



are spacious enough for sewing utensils or other articles. These are ornamental as well as useful as they complete the design of the bib in the skirt. A lawn, percale, muslin or other apron material may be used here and the plain trimming bands may be utilized as suggested in the drawing or not as desired. In the medium size $2\frac{3}{4}$ yards of 36-inch material are needed.

6407—sizes, small, medium and large, price 15 cents.

Special Offer—This pattern, with any one other pattern in this issue, together with one year's subscription to The Western Home Monthly—all three for 50 cents.

4046-4047—A Girlish Gown in Challis.

Challis is one of the very attractive and practical fabrics which is often overlooked by the girl and her mother and yet it forms some very smart frocks for various seasons of the year.

Two patterns: 4046—sizes, 13 to 17 years; 4047—sizes, 13 to 17 years. The price of these patterns is 30 cents but either will be sent upon receipt of 15 cents.



Special Offer—This pattern, with any one other pattern in this issue, together with one year's subscription to The Western Home Monthly—all three for 50 cents.



The above is a class of our young people busily at work preparing for careers of usefulness, some improving their time in getting a knowledge of affairs to go back to the farm better farmers and clerks and mechanics, others making ready to enter the business field. Our courses help all.

Let us help you this winter. If you wish a start in business life, we offer our assistance. 175 calls for office help from business men during the past four months show what we can do for you. Write for our calendar "A" containing full information.—ADDRESS THE

Central Business College

Winnipeg, Man.

F. A. WOOD, Wm. HAWKINS,
Principals.

Field Erected—with No. 9 Galvanized Coiled Steel Wire.



The GREAT WEST WIRE FENCE



Our WIRE LOCK is the Latest and Best Fence Lock yet devised. Just the type of fence that can be adjusted to your various needs, and requires fewer posts, which means a great saving in the cost.

You can start this fence with three or four horizontal wires for turning large stock, and later on, if necessary, make it hog tight or sheep tight by adding a few extra wires without altering the posts or increasing their number.

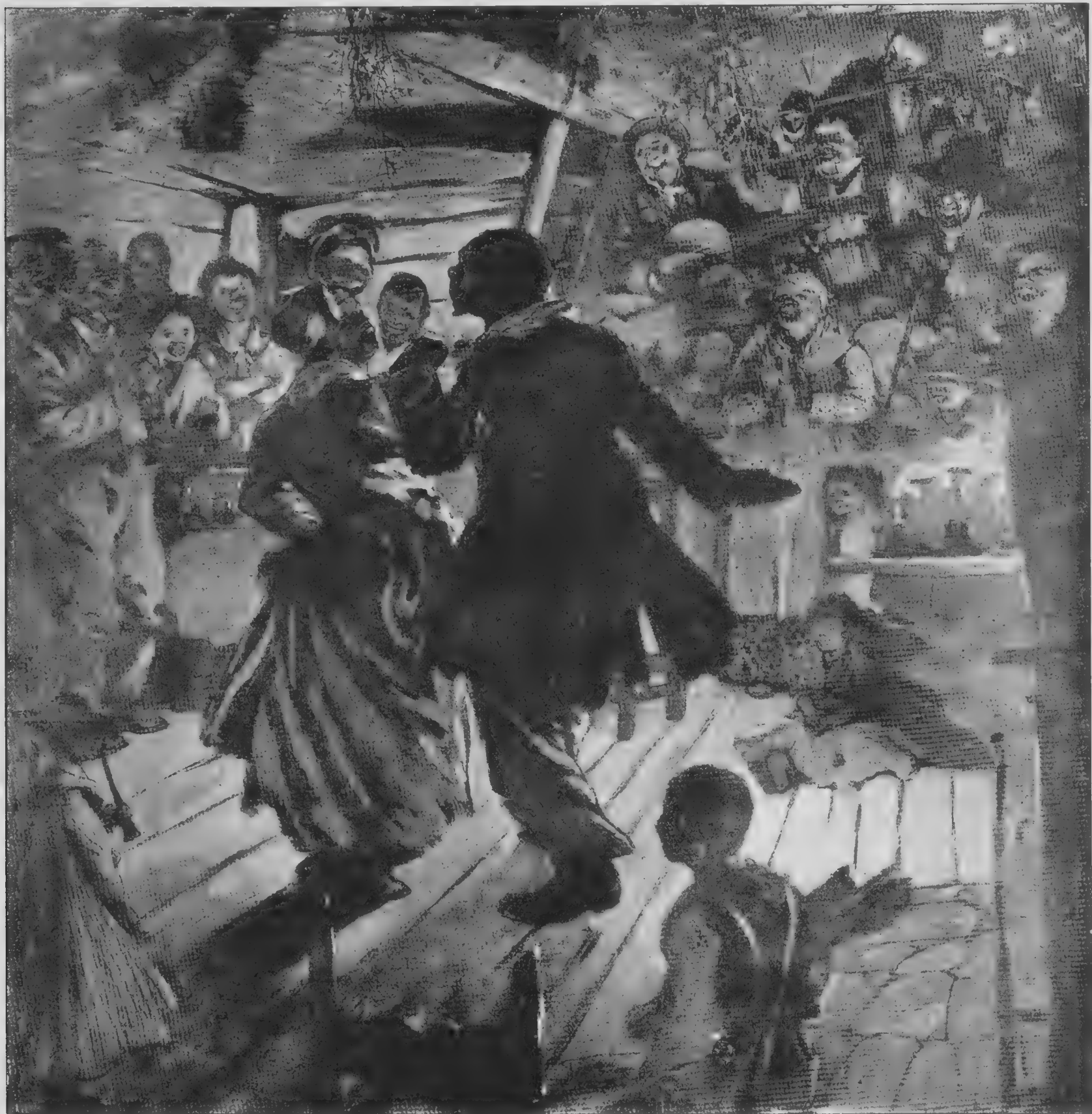
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Reliable Agents Wanted.

The Great West Wire Fence Co.

76 LOMBARD STREET, LIMITED.

WINNIPEG, - - MANITOBA.



A PLANTATION CHRISTMAS.

By FRANK L. STANTON.

WE knowed we'd heah de music er the Chris'mus bells a-ringin'
By de col' win's en de snowballs dat de angels wuz a-flingin';
By de way de fire talked it ter de chillun high en low,
En de tracks dat Major Rabbit lef' behin' 'im in de snow.

De settlement wuz buzzin' lak a beehive, up en down—
Sich highfalutin' fixin's—sich a mighty stirrin' 'roun'!
Sich bakin' er de 'possums, paradin' er de pies,
Made de li'l pickaninnies show de whitin' er dey eyes.

We had de Chris'mus feelin', en we 'lowed de whole plantation
Would have a dinner that would be a hongry man's salvation!
Dar wuz thinnin' out er Turkeys whar you use ter see dem roam;
De Rabbit quit housekeepin' en de 'Possum war'nt at home!

De table wuz de longes'—stretchin' out so fur away
It made you think er sundown shakin' han's wid break er day!
Des piled up wid de plenty—f'um 'possum down ter pie,
En ever'body eatin' lak he'd git dar by-en-by.

En all de time de fiddler wuz a-makin' music ine,
En watchin' er de dishes ez we pass' um down de line;
En we kep' in sich a fidget ez dat fiddle-bow he swing,
We up en lef' de dinner en we hop inter de ring!

Sister Johnson 'peared ter lead us: She weigh threc hundred poun',
En she took up wid de notion dat she'd swing de deacons 'roun';
En ter see 'um des a-gwine! . . . Dey sholy 'peared ter fly,
Lak de flo' wuz made er rubber, en would bounce 'um ter de sky!

Peared lak de whole plantation wuz scrougin' in de do',
En de niggers on de outside lak blackbirds in de snow;
En de banjer en de fiddle beat de bes' er all de ban's,
De white folks des a-laughin' en a-clappin' er dey han's!

Sich dancin'! en sich eatin'! . . . de country's good ter you,
When you full er halleluyer en de pie en 'possum, too;
En ef it's wid some ailment I got ter reach de sky
I hopes de jury'll lay it ter Chris'mus 'Possum Pie!



Wanted Men \$75 to \$150 per month

Hundreds of men wanted to fill positions as Firemen and Brakemen. We teach and qualify you by mail—and assist in securing positions. Write today for full particulars.

Dominion Railway Correspondence School
Dept. B. WINNIPEG

Cataracts and Sore Eyes Cured

Prof. Herman T. Schlegel, the noted eye specialist, 1808 Mackinaw Bldg., Chicago, is sending to any sufferer from sore, weak eyes, cataract or granulated eyelids, absolutely free, a trial treatment of a most remarkable remedy. It is a harmless, painless, soothing and healing preparation that gives instant relief and absolute cure to all aches, pains and burning of the eyes from inflammation, strain or granulated lids. If you are a sufferer send for a trial treatment. It costs you nothing and will convince you.



Christmas Cards.

We have an almost endless variety of Christmas Cards.
Send \$1.00 for our choice selection of 12 beautiful cards complete with envelopes.
We have individual cards to sell at 2½¢, 5¢, 10¢, 15¢, 20¢, 25¢ each and upwards.
WRITE US WITH PARTICULARS
Of your requirements and we can surely satisfy you.
D. J. BLACKWOOD,
572 Main St. - Winnipeg.

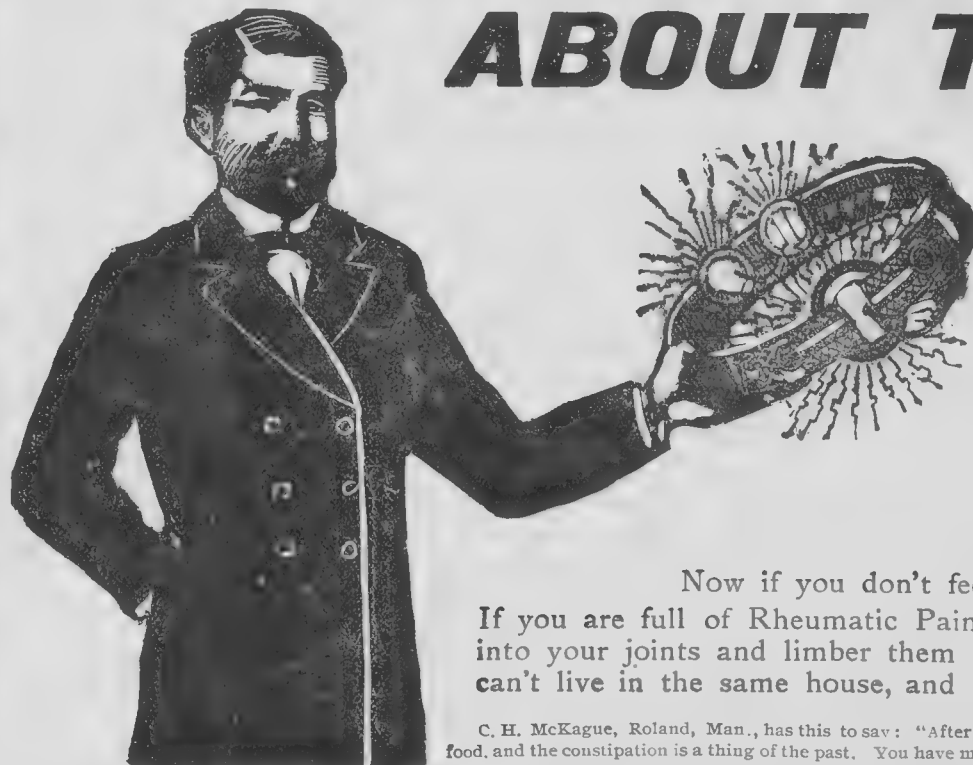
There is nothing more Healthful and Nourishing than a cup of

COWAN'S
PERFECTION
COCOA
(Maple Leaf Label)

Give to your children, and make them Stalwart and Strong

The COWAN CO., Ltd., TORONTO.

MEN! I WANT TO TALK TO YOU ABOUT THIS BELT.



I WANT to talk to men who have pains and aches, who feel run down physically, who realize that the old "fire" and energy which was so evident in youth is absent now; men who can't stand the amount of exertion they could years ago. I want you—if that means you—to see what I have done for others who were just as bad off. That's my introduction. If a friend in whom you had confidence presented some one to you and said "Jack, here's Brown; he has made good with me and I trust him," wouldn't you trust him too?

Now if you don't feel right, I can cure you with my Electric Belt. If you are full of Rheumatic Pains, I can knock them out. I can pour oil into your joints and limber them up. I have often said that pain and electricity can't live in the same house, and I prove it every day,

C. H. McKague, Roland, Man., has this to say: "After ten days' use of your Belt the losses have stopped, my stomach is digesting its food, and the constipation is a thing of the past. You have my sincere thanks."

If it were not for the prejudice, due to the great number of fakes in the land, I would not be able to handle the business that would come to me. The "Free Belt" fraud and the "Free Drug" scheme, which are not free at all, or the "Just as Good" Belt offered for a dollar or two, which gives no current at all, have made every one sceptical, but I know that I have a good thing, and I'll hammer away until you know it.

One thing every man ought to know is this: Your body is a machine. It is run by the steam in your blood and nerves. When you begin to break down in any way you are out of steam. That's just what I want to give you back.

"Dear Sir,—It is with the greatest of pleasure that I now write you. I would have written before, but I wanted to give your Belt a good trial first. I have found it just as you recommended it to be. I will do all I can for you and your Belts in this part of the country. Wishing you and your company all the success in the world, I remain, JAS. HILLS, Brooks Station, Alta.

I have a cure in every town. Tell me where you live and I will give you the name of a man I've cured.

Tell me your trouble, and I will tell you honestly whether I can cure you or not. If I can't cure you, I don't want your money. I have been in this business 14 years, and am the biggest man in it to-day by long odds, and I am growing yet, because I give every man all he pays for.

Now, wouldn't you rather wear my life-giving appliance while you sleep every night, and feel its glowing warmth pouring into you, and feel yourself taking on a new lease of life with each application, than to clog your intestines up with a lot of nauseous drugs? Surely! Try me.

"I have used your belt for three months. I am now free of rheumatism. It has done its work well. I am satisfied it is the only cure for that disease."—J. H. SAGER, Okotoks, Alta.

suffering from Rheumatism, Lame Back, Lumbago, Sciatica, Paralysis, Nervous Debility, Constipation, Lost Energy, resulting from exposure and excesses in young and middle-aged men, write to me. Offer me reasonable security and I will make a Man of you, and you can

PAY WHEN CURED.

FREE BOOK.—If you cannot call, send for my beautiful illustrated 80-page book which I offer you. It explains my method thoroughly. This little key to health is full of valuable information for any man or woman. I will send it, closely sealed, free upon request. Do not delay, but write at once.

Call To-day

If You Can't Call, Send Coupon for FREE BOOK.

Dr. E. M. McLAUGHLIN,

112 YONGE ST. TORONTO, CAN.

Dear Sir,—Please forward me one of your Books, as advertised.

NAME

ADDRESS

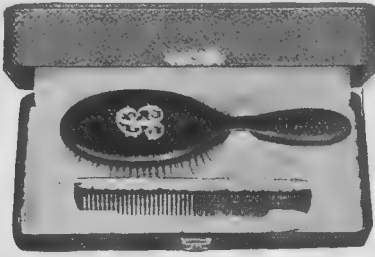
Office Hours: 9 a.m. to 6 p.m.; Wednesday and Saturday till 9 p.m.

CHRISTMAS GIFTS IN CASES

Four appropriate Ladies' Gifts are here shown. Every article is of the highest quality guaranteed and returnable for full refund of purchase price, if not satisfactory.



25664. Fine Sterling-silver Toilet Set, Chrysanthemum pattern, \$9.75. Contains hair brush and comb.

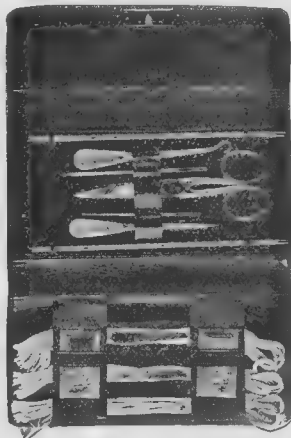


25680. Lady's Ebony Toilet Set, in leather case, \$4.75. Comprising hair brush with silver initial, and silver mounted comb.



25702. Sterling-silver Writing set, etched design, in case, \$9.00

Contents: Ink bottle, roll blotter, eraser seal, mucilage bottle, letter opener and pen handle



25701. Fine English Embroidery Set, in Saphian leather case, \$2.00. Comprises pearl button book, pearl stiletto, 2 bodkins, 1 pair embroidery scissors, 4 knitting needles, 2 sets of embroidery needles and assorted silk. Size of case when closed, 6 1/2 x 8 1/2 inches

Order by number. We deliver the above express prepaid to any office of the Canadian or Dominion Express Companies.

HENRY BIRKS AND SONS, LIMITED
Gold & Silversmiths 350-352 Main St. WINNIPEG

Correspondence

Every month brings new writers, both male and female, to our circle. A wide diversity of opinion appears to exist as to what constitute the duties of a wife and the relations that should exist between husband and wife. We are not going to express our opinion just yet. We believe it is best to leave the discussion entirely to our readers. Our readers know the existing conditions in the various parts of this great West much better than we do. We believe that the interchange of ideas and views of the many writers in these columns will be productive of much good. We permit the women to ventilate their grievances and the men to reply and give their side of the case. We think our treatment of the correspondence is perfectly fair to both sexes. When writing to these columns always sign your name and address, not necessarily for publication, but as an evidence of good faith.

Lives Where Ladies are Scarce.

New Warren, Oct. 12, 1906.
Editor.—I have been reading with great interest the items printed in your correspondence columns. I am in a part of the country where young

to milk two cows, feed hens and raise chickens if a man was away (provided he wasn't absent too often), and I would keep the house decent if it was possible.
"Sally."

An Ambitious Young Man.

Bon Accord, Alta., Oct. 2, 1906.
Editor.—I have followed with much interest your correspondence columns and hope you will be kind enough to help me. I am a young man of Scotch parentage (educated in England) and am taking up a homestead out here. My ambition is to make sufficient money to be able to retire when I am about 50 years of age, or sooner if possible. I am 26 at present, so you see I leave myself a good margin in which to complete my ambition. My trouble, however, is that I am very reserved, and am not likely to make any lady friends around here for two reasons: (1) The girls are either married or are children. (2) I do not care sufficiently for dances and parties to go out of my way to attend them. Of course, the ladies will say, "What a selfish fellow!" But I wish to make myself clearly understood. I cannot dance and am not a glutton, so that pies, ices, sausages, etc., will not tempt me to go forth on a frosty night. I should like to be able to correspond with a young lady of about 18 or 20 who, like "A Jolly Girl," is not in any particular hurry to get married, but who would correspond with a fellow with the idea that in a year or so they might get sufficiently well acquainted to think of marrying. I do not wish for a



"Coming Home" to spend his Christmas.

ladies are very scarce. I am 24 years of age, 5 ft. 6 ins. high, and have 100 acres of wheat, 25 of oats and 50 of flax. I would like to correspond with "Blue Eyes and Black Hair," so would you kindly give her my address?
"Farmer Howard."

Wants a Suitable Partner.

Forrest Stn., Man., Oct. 14, 1906.
Editor.—I am a widower, 46 years of age, and by occupation a Canadian farmer. I would like to get a partner if I could find one suitable.
"Widower No. 4."

Betty Likes Our Magazine.

Weyburn, Sask., Oct. 15, 1906.
Editor.—I enclose 50c. in order to have your delightful magazine forwarded to me monthly. I like your magazine so much and greatly look forward to each fresh issue. Please put me in correspondence with Halbrite young man.
"Betty."

Sort of Willing Girl.

Carnduff, Oct. 13, 1906.
Editor.—I am greatly interested in reading the letters in the correspondence columns of the Western Home Monthly and so thought I would write one, too. One bachelor says he wants a wife who would be willing to milk five or six cows, feed calves, hens and pigs and raise chickens—evidently he wants a slave, so he had better hire a man to do such work. Now I would be willing

wife as per "mail order," but want to meet a young lady who would like to correspond with a Western bachelor as a friend with a view to after-developments. So if you do know of any suitable girls, could you prevail on them to write to me. Wishing your interesting magazine every success, and thanking you in anticipation for publishing this letter.
"Ambitious."

Wife Should not be a Hired Man.

Carstairs, Oct. 17, 1906.
Editor.—I have been following your correspondence column with great interest. In a recent edition I noticed a letter from "Home Lover," whose idea of a wife is a woman who could feed chickens and pigs, weed gardens, etc. He certainly wants a hired man and not a woman to make a servant of her. A woman should do as she pleases in her spare time.

I am a bachelor myself and think a man should look upon his wife as he would his mother, whom he would not care to see weeding gardens and carrying heavy pails of feed to sheep and calves. Women must not be treated as hired men or machinery. Better regard a wife as a friend and try to make life a pleasure for her. The girl that gets "Home Lover" has my sympathy.
"Enterprise."

One Who Tries to do Her Duty.

Manitoba, Oct. 15, 1906.
Editor.—Having read with great interest the correspondence columns in

Don't Drop it.

After you have tantalized your appetite with a promise of

Mooney's Perfection Cream Sodas

don't disappoint it.

There never was anything so tempting, that came out of a biscuit box, as these dainty, crisp squares of cracker goodness.

\$12 WOMAN'S SUITS, \$5

Suits to \$15. Cloaks, raincoats, skirts and waists at manufacturers' prices. Send for samples and fashions. Southcott Suit Co., Dept. 76 London, Can. Send for our catalogue, which lists everything you use.

When Writing Advertisers Kindly Mention
The Western Home Monthly.

the Western Home Monthly, permit me to say that I think the opposite sex are being very badly used and have received a big dose of criticism from their sisters. Yet it is more than likely that away down in the bottom of their hearts they have a warm place for the bachelors just the same, and in most cases if they had the chance would be most willing to share life with the very ones they seem most down on. "The bark is often worse than the bite." Still we all know that some of the bachelors deserve all and more than has been said, and I sincerely hope they may be led to see themselves as others see them, from reading what has been said of them. Many of us would be very pleased to correspond with a really good Christian fellow, but how are we to know they are such? Some of us have seen so much deceit in men that the old saying still holds good: "Once bitten, twice shy." I do not wish to imply that our own sex are perfect. I wish we had more angel and less devil in our nature. Still, with even a desire for something better, the case is not altogether hopeless. I am not a young, giddy, inexperienced girl but have a good idea of what I want to say, but it is very difficult to put one's thoughts on paper if you are not clever, and I am not. So please pardon if I fail to give the right impressions.

This is from one whose desire for a long time has been to be able under all circumstances to do her duty.
"C. M. H."

Girl Must Not Use Whiskey or Tobacco.

Saskatchewan, Oct. 20, 1906.
Editor.—Please find enclosed 50c., for which please renew my subscription to the Western Home Monthly. I like your paper very much. The page written by Mr. Gordon is very helpful and encouraging, especially to a bachelor farmer. I am a bachelor and naturally take great interest in the correspondence columns. It was through these that I made the acquaintance of a Manitoba girl, for which I am indebted to you. She made a few attempts to get my photo, and at last begged me to send it as she was collecting curiosities.

I would like to get acquainted with a young lady who had not time for that sort of thing. I have been in Saskatchewan for more than a year now, having come here from Ontario. I have made a fair start on a three-quarter section farm near a townsite on the main line of the G. T. P., and would gladly toil for Miss "Right" and make her a happy home. I am strong and healthy, have fair complexion, weigh 180 lbs., and am 5 ft. 10 ins. in height. I prefer a girl between the ages of 24 and 27 and one who is dark. She must have common sense, be a Christian, and a total abstainer from liquor and tobacco. Mr. Editor, if I could find a suitable partner, I would be a married man before breakfast tomorrow morning.
"Freshman."

Would Like to Correspond with Ladies.

Lumsden, Oct. 15, 1906.
Editor.—I have been reading the correspondence page of the Western Home Monthly with interest for some time past, and would like to join the circle. I am anxious to correspond with some of those marriageable ladies who are advertising in these pages.
"Farmer."

Says Farmers Not Over Clean or Tidy.

Alberta, Oct. 11, 1906.
Editor.—I have been an interested reader of your correspondence columns for some time. This month I opened my eyes with surprise at some of the letters. The farmers with one accord are "tooting their own horns" (as one of them expresses it), but as they say in the Old Country, "Self praise is no recommendation." It delights me to see so many good, model young men, as here described. This is a very encouraging outlook for the West, but I am afraid they must be peculiar to some parts of the country only. The young men of to-day require a servant, not a wife, and find it cheaper to marry a girl to sew and clean for them than to pay some one else to do it.

The girls of to-day require something more than a husband in name only and a good home, with perhaps a little love into the bargain would not come amiss. To my knowledge, the farmers round here are not over clean or tidy in their habits and as to tastes—well, they are a little too fond of frequenting hotel bars when they come into town, besides having many other bad habits. I don't suppose this district is any exception to the general rule. I won't say all are as bad as one another, but I think the model young man would do well to reflect a little on the fallen state of their unfortunate brothers.
From a Westerner.

A Chance for a Young Widow.

Winnipeg, Oct. 25, 1906.
Editor.—Being anxious to make the acquaintance of some nice young lady, I am taking the liberty of trespassing on the space of the Western Home Monthly, which I certainly think is the best family magazine published in America. I am a young man of good prospects, and having made some money would like to settle down with some one who would love me. The girl of my choice need not necessarily be pretty but she must be a Christian

and of a loving disposition. While I would prefer a single woman, a young, sensible widow might do. I shall be delighted to send my photo and give full particulars to any lady who may care to write to me.

"Handsome Harry."

Thinks Wife Should be Treated Right.

Moosomin, Sask., Oct. 21, 1906.
Editor.—I feel I must have a say in your columns if you can find room for me. You headed a letter, "Girls, what do you think of him?" So here's my opinion: He wants a slave. I read a letter from a bachelor who had a farm and everything comfortable, and paid his sister a good wage to come and keep house for him. He did the milking and churning, while she made the butter and looked after the fowls, and seemed very happy. What woman could but love and respect a man like that?
"English Girl."

Building up Comfortable Home.

Alberta, Oct. 14, 1906.
Editor.—I have been reading the many letters from young women of the West, and think there is a great deal of truth in many of them that both bachelors and married men might profit by. I am farming and trying to fix up a home for myself, so that when I ask someone to share my misery there will be more than love and Alberta scenery to live upon. I agree with "Spinster" about having a few comforts, and it would not be such a shock for a girl who had been accustomed to a comfortable home to leave her friends and piano behind. You might give my address to "Highland Lassie" as bad girls generally turn out good.
"Prairie Buffalo."

Says She is Lonesome.

Brandon, Man., Oct. 17, 1906.
Editor.—I have taken much interest in your valuable magazine for which my father has long been subscribing, and I feel it must be a great help to some of those poor, lonesome bachelors. I read "Spinster's" letter with the greatest interest, and quite agree with her, as I feel sure that it is quite the way with a large number of Western bachelors such as "Home Lover," who is a disgrace to his sex. I would be very glad if some of either sex under 21 would send me a letter. I would answer it with pleasure, as I live out in the country (Brandon) and it is very lonesome.
"A Dark-eyed Maiden."

Would Correspond with Decent Girl.

Gap View, Oct. 27, 1906.
Editor.—Having a married brother who takes your beautiful family journal, his wife takes pleasure in rubbing the correspondence columns into me. I would say for my part that I think there is fault to find on both sides. I would like to correspond with some decent respectable girl between 18 and 25 years of age, and who must be of good character. So if you could send me the address of some refined young lady, who also knows how to work if she has it to do, it would oblige me a thousandfold. I am a bachelor, dark complexion, am 5 ft. 8 ins. in height and weigh 160 lbs. I am 25 years of age and a Scotch-Canadian. I have 320 acres of land, and horses, implements, etc. I would like a woman who likes flowers and music, and who is a good housekeeper, and does not mind doing chores if necessary.
"One Who Will Stay."

The Long and Short of it.

Moosomin, Sask., Oct. 20, 1906.
Editor.—Having perused the correspondence in your valuable paper relating to the mating of unmarried people and being much interested therein the old adage, "Nothing venture, nothing have," presented itself to our minds, so after much meditation and hesitation we summed up courage enough to lay our case as it were before the eyes of some tender-hearted woman who feels that it is her mission to comfort and solace some disconsolate bachelor moulding away like an old cheese in a dreary shack in the lonely prairie. Modesty is becoming to all people, so it is said, and if this be true it makes it hard for one to describe his own virtues without enlarging on them.

We are two brothers well past 30. One is tall, the other short; one is fair, the other dark; our facial adornments, normal; temper certainly not angelic—too well acquainted with the peculiarities of oxen for the best side of it to be strongly developed. To sum up in brief, just two ordinary, every-day types of farmers, though capable of much improvement under judicious management.

Now word about our homes. They are of the humble kind, and, unfortunately, our means are narrow, and would therefore have to be such for some time to come. Now if some good, kind woman (and no other wanted) feels that it is incumbent on her to do a grand work and in so doing fulfil the mission for which she was destined, let her come and try her hand on the raw material right now. It is claimed by some that womanly modesty forbids her to make the first advances. In reply, I would say: If the mountain can't come to Mahomet, let Mahomet come to the mountain.
"Jack and John."

The morning cup of coffee often shapes the day. It should be Chase & Sanborn's.

ALL GROCERS

78

A MERRY XMAS

to all our customers, both in the City and out West. When first we advertised in the W.H.M., we were sceptical as to results, for we feared that people who lived out in the country would not risk ordering such important articles as hair goods by mail. But we very soon found out our mistake, and in a very short space of time were sending out wigs, toupees, and switches—not to mention goods of minor importance such as massage creams, etc.—to several points in Manitoba, Saskatchewan and Alberta, one or two even coming from far-away British Columbia. Our Mail Order Department is system exemplified, and we fill all orders by return mail. We wish particularly to draw your attention to our switches—they are made of finest quality of hair only and are absolutely undetectable.



Prices		Price Straight Switches	
16 in. long	\$ 2.00	16 in. long	\$ 1.00 to 1.50
18 " "	3.00	18 " "	1.50 " 2.50
20 " "	4.00	20 " "	2.50 " 3.50
22 " "	5.00	22 " "	3.50
24 " "	6.00	24 " "	5.00
26 " "	7.00	26 " "	7.00
30 " "	10.00	30 " "	10.00

How to Order.—Cut sample full length of hair, state length of hair, whether curly or straight.

Money refunded if not perfectly satisfactory. We carry a complete line of toilet preparations, and for a Xmas present what could be more appreciated than one of our fancy combs? All letters promptly answered.

The New York Hair Store
SEAMAN & PETERSON
Winnipeg and Cedar Rapids,
Local Store Y.M.C.A. BLOCK, WINNIPEG.

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Take three or four months in our classes and you will get a start on the road to greater success. Our teaching is largely individual. Your expenses are very moderate. Our motto is "Thoroughness." You get the benefit of years of practical experience. Don't try to "get along" without a good practical business education. Our catalogue tells about it.

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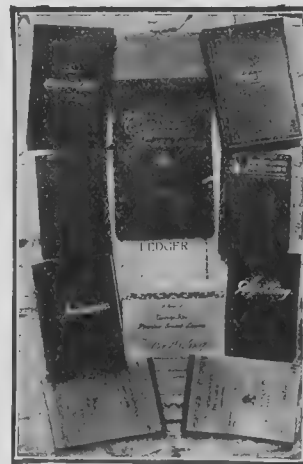
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The Wheat City Business College

Drawer W.

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Moth Proof. Frost Proof. Water Proof.

Excellent work guaranteed.

Fine Black Galloway Coats
made to your measure, everything first-class for \$25.00

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Parisian Hair Renewer
restores gray hair to its
youthful natural color and
beauty. Cures Dandruff
and makes the hair grow
strong and healthy.
All Druggists.

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Inquire of hardware merchants in your own town.
Selling price 50c. each. Waxed Thread 10c.
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SUITS, \$6.95**



We make ladies' tailored suits. Our leader is a Vicuna cloth (silk finish) similar to broadcloth in Black, Navy, Dark Green, Dark Grey, Seal Brown and Fawn. It is a \$15.00 tailored suit. We, the makers, offer it direct to you from our factory at \$6.95. We sell hundreds of these suits. The Jacket has a tight-fitting back with two straps down front and back. Lined throughout, wadded and padded. The skirt is 7-pore with two tucks on each seam, flaring at knee.

Same style suit in Grey Tweed, Light Grey, medium or dark Grey. \$7.50. Dark Tweeds in Black, Brown and Navy, \$7.50.

CLOAK shown comes 48 inches long. Two tailored straps in front and back. Velvet trimmed collar and cuffs. Lined yoke, loose back. Comes in light Grey, medium or dark Suing Tweed at \$6.95, equal to a \$12 cloak. Same shade tweed in heavy Cloaking Tweeds, \$8.50, equal to \$15 cloak. Same style in black Cheviot, \$6.50.

WAIST is made with a box pleat in centre and a box pleat on each side with a group of small tucks between, full sleeve with long tucked cuff, tucked back. Comes in Black Sateen, \$1.25. All shades Lustre, \$1.50. All shades Grape de Chine or Cashmere, \$1.95. All shades Heavy China Silk, \$2.50. All shades Taffeta Silk, \$2.95. Best Taffeta, \$3.50. Lining in silks only. Add 15 cents for postage on waists. Give bust measure around waist and around hips and length of skirt in front.

We guarantee satisfaction or take back goods and refund all money.
SOUTHCOTT SUIT CO.
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No matter how old the blemish, how lame the horse, or how many doctors have tried and failed, use

**Fleming's
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Use it under our guarantee—your money refunded if it does not make the horse go sound. Most cases cured by a single 45-minute application—occasionally two required. Cures Bone Spavin, Ringbone and Sidebone, new and old cases alike. Write for detailed information and a free copy of

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Ninety-six pages, durably bound, indexed and illustrated. Covers over one hundred veterinary subjects. Read this book before you treat any kind of lameness in horses.
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FOUNTAIN PEN Best quality, handsomely hand-chased barrels mounted with two one-half inch gold bands. Price \$2.00; or send us 50 cents, and the names of six responsible parties to whom we can send circulars and we will mail you this handsome and serviceable pen.—
**PERFECTION PEN CO., 132 Lasalle Street
Chicago.**

Married Man Tenders Advice.

Bankhead, Alta., Oct. 17, 1906.
Editor,—I have read a good many of the bachelors' letters in the Western Home Monthly. I must say that I think some of them very amusing. They don't want much. I think some of the writers have made a mistake in seeking a wife and would do better to buy a machine, as it would more fit their requirements.

Of course, a woman should be a good cook, keep the house clean, do the washing and mending and feed the poultry, but when it comes to feeding the pigs, calves, weeding the garden, splitting the wood, drawing the water and milking their five cows, I think it is time the hired man or machine was called in. How would the bachelors feel, I wonder, if, after doing a good day's work over the steaming wash-tub and house cleaning perhaps not getting the last of the washing done until 7 p.m., they had to go out and milk a few cows, feed calves and pigs, split some wood and bring in the water? I fancy they would not be the most pleasant of companions to spend the evening with after they were through.

One bachelor says, of course, she could play the piano in her spare time, go to town and mend the clothes. Evidently he does not consider mending clothes work. He should try mending clothes himself, as I did for some 12 years and always found it very tiring. As for playing the piano, I think his wife would be more ready for bed after doing the chores he has set down for her to do. I have done all the work mentioned, both indoors and outdoors and I greatly prefer the outside work, as I think the man has the best of it. I am a married man myself and have a good, capable wife and comfortable home, and I certainly advise bachelors to "get off the shelf," only don't let them expect too much from their wife. Remember a wife is a woman and not a mule, and should be treated as a woman. If you take my tip, you will find that you will come off much better, wife and children clean and tidy, house bright and comfortable—in fact everything, both inside and outside, trim and in ship-shape.

"Married Man."

We'll Forward Your Letter.

Spruce Grove, Alta., Oct. 18 1906.
Editor,—I am a reader of your valuable magazine and find it interesting. I ask you to send the enclosed letter to the address of "American Girl," whose letter appeared in your June issue.
"George."

Bill Wary Gets in the Game.

Saskatchewan, Oct. 12, 1906.
Editor,—I read the pages of your magazine with much interest. This hunting a partner for life through a newspaper does not suit me. It is like buying a pig in a sack—one would not know what he was getting. It is different from having a house-keeper, for either could end a deal of that kind, but the minister ties a knot that takes some kicking to get loose from. I think women should not be expected to do chores about the stable or outbuilding, except in a rare case of necessity where a horse was going hungry owing to the absence of the man of the house. I know that a man has more than enough to do to look after his affairs on the farm, and it is quite reasonable that a woman can find plenty to do in the house without doing other work. I believe in each helping the other partner where possible. Tell the girls to write me.
"William Wary."

Magazine a Peach

Lacombe, Alta., Oct. 18, 1906.
Editor,—Your magazine is a peach. Send the enclosed letter to "American Girl," Virginia, Wis. U.S.A., as I read she wants to correspond with some young man.

"Alberta Boy No. 6"

A Fellow in a Hurry.

Macoun, Sask., Oct. 17, 1906.
Editor,—I take great interest in your correspondence on the subject of matrimony, and if you could introduce me to a young woman of the right sort you would earn my everlasting gratitude. I am a prosperous young farmer with 160 acres of land, and would like a wife—a good woman.

Here is the sort I would like: Young and good-looking, a good cook and good housekeeper, able to play the piano. I ask her to please send photo with first letter, as I am a man of business and close deals quickly.

"Business."

Wants to Get Acquainted.

Regina, Sask. Oct. 9, 1906.
Editor,—I am a constant reader of your valuable magazine. I have decided to join the happy circle of young people who correspond. I am an American by birth and came to the West two years ago. I quite agree with "Young Man" in his ideas regarding girls who look for high ideals in young men. I think if some of these girls would try and build up their own characters first it would have a greater impression on the young men. I would like to correspond with "Young Man," whose letter is dated April 14. I enclose my name and address, and should he care to write I shall be pleased to answer all letters. I should also be pleased to hear from any of the members who would care to write to me.
"Uncle Sam's Girl."

Can't Do It.

Lajord, Sask.
Mr. Editor,—As I am one of your readers and finding in your correspondence column that I am interested, will you be kind enough and send me the address of the lady signing herself "Jane Eyre," from Ontario.
"A Western Farmer."

Wanted, a Companion.

Downing, Sask., Oct. 18 1906.
Editor,—I would like to know if you would send me the address of any young woman who would like a home. I am a bachelor of 45 years of age, and would like a wife as a companion, not a woman to do the chores or any work of that kind, but as a help-mate and true friend. I have a homestead, keep a few horses to drive about, and run a small country store, the revenue from which is amply sufficient for two or more.
"Easy Pleased."

Endorses "Young Woman's" Views.

Cottonwood, Sask., Oct. 28, 1906.
Editor,—Having read many of the letters recently published by you on the marriage question, I have been moved to air my own views on that subject, though perhaps it is only dry repetition of what has already been said. It seems to me that nearly every side of the question has been touched, and there is danger of the correspondence columns turning into advertising matter instead of debates.

I think the man who sent two letters at once for you to forward must be nearly as much in a hurry as the man from Rosthern. But I notice that "One in a Hurry" does not say he is in a hurry to get married; he merely says he is in a hurry to get acquainted. I took quite a fancy to his letter. I did not read the letter by "Young Woman," but from all accounts she must have given the young men a severe hauling over the coals. "Young Woman," I agree with you that there are parts of the country where young men the far too fond of a glass of whiskey with the boys. Cottonwood is one of those places, I regret to say. Recently I was present at a gathering of about a hundred people, who met together for the purpose of witnessing the joining of two lives together for good or evil. At that gathering the bride's father provided whiskey, and at midnight, when I asked my escort to take me home there was not one sober person in the assemblage. I find on getting acquainted with some Ontario girls that many of them do not know the effects of liquor well enough to see when a man has taken it. Why, have those girls seen less of it than we Western girls have? My father is as strict a man as one could meet and has never taken a spoonful of liquor in his life, even under doctor's orders; yet I hardly remember the time when I could not detect the signs of drink in a neighbor who used to drop in during the evening. Is it because men here drink more than they do in the East, or is it because we girls live more amongst men than Eastern girls do? Oh, "Manitoba Daughter," do you say you can excuse the farmers' girls for wishing to marry—what?—a man with a clean collar? But you voice my sentiments later on when you say that the farmer has the most free and independent life of all. I love the farm with its fresh air, its flowers and trees, its fresh vegetables and fruits, and all the liberty contained in the words "A farmer's wife." That is, if she has the right kind of husband. That is her own lookout if she is old enough to have seen anything of the world and its ways. That "Poor Bachelor" who says that ladies are supposed to speak first must think—what does he think, anyway? If you send him the addresses of any young ladies, he will do well to write the first letter. And what does he mean by "any of those so-called ladies"? Is it not possible for a woman to be a farmer's wife and a lady too? If not, what are the farmers like? "Disgusted" objects to our letters, it seems. Well, how under the canopy are we to get well acquainted with our future partners if we never meet? As I understand it, these letters do not mean marriage engagements or anything like it. They are simply introductions. We manage the rest ourselves later on. Surely once having been introduced, we can find ways to know each other better if first impressions prove pleasing.

Some of you men want wives to milk your cows. Is feeding pigs included? I have seen many a farmer's wife do that. For my part I do not believe it is a woman's place to milk cows. I milked from three to seven cows night and morning, winter and summer, for about six years. Often I tethered the cattle. One summer I had a wicked little Jersey bull amongst the lot. That summer five cows and the bull had to be led half a mile and their stakes moved every five minutes. Then there were the calves to tether and feed, too. Water had to be drawn from wells in pails for the stock. My arms ached many a time I can tell you, especially when in the winter my mitts and the ropes got icy. I often wished I had a brother. When I started to bake bread, I did not like to put my hands in it after milking cows, so I have not milked for several years, and never intend to again, except in case of emergency. To young ladies who do not know how to milk, I would say: "Do not learn." A good farmer will not care to have his wife around the stable more than he can help. "Little Rosebud" is right I think. She at least will make a good wife for the one who

can persuade her that he is the only one on earth for her. You may give my name to some of the young men if you like. I will answer any letters sent me with a view to acquaintanceship, but not necessarily with a view to the higher state of matrimony.
"Vinca."

Says he is Very Handsome

Mortlach, Sask., Oct. 11, 1906.
Editor,—As a regular reader of the matrimonial columns of your valuable paper, I must say that there are some who look on the question of marriage in a very sensible way. I am a bachelor farmer, 23 years of age, had a good education, am very handsome and a total abstainer. I am on a homestead and have a complete outfit of horses and machinery. I have not got the same idea as some bachelors have respecting a wife. I think that both husband and wife should be on an equal basis and neither a servant to the other.
"Kalamazoo Boy."

Sick of Baching.

Denholm, Sask. Oct. 19, 1906.
Editor,—I started to take your magazine about a year ago and have taken great pleasure in reading your correspondence page. I think it is a great thing for the bachelors. I am a young bachelor and got my homestead three years ago, and being sick of baching thought you might help me out. I do not drink, chew or smoke, and would like a wife who can play the piano, as I am very fond of music in the house. I think that if I could get a wife that would be a good cook and keep the house neat and tidy, I would have something to treasure. I would like to correspond with any young ladies between 20 and 50 years of age, and you can send my address to any whom you think would suit.
"Young Bachelor."

She has got the Men Sized Up.

Melita, Man., Oct. 25 1906.
Editor,—I have been a reader of your magazine for quite a few years, and followed the correspondence page with interest and amusement. I am pleased with the letter from the woman in Reston that appeared some time back, when she says that some men think women just working machines.

I saw in another issue a letter from a bachelor from Laurier and I fancy he is one who wants a working machine. A agree with him that a woman should be able to keep the house clean and be a good cook, do family washing and sewing, and be able to get up a good lunch and to look after calves, cows and poultry.

She should get help to milk cows, and as to feeding pigs that I think is a man's work. If the garden is weedy, she should get help. I know a woman who did all the things mentioned and in summer helped in haying and in harvesting, drove a binder all day and helped to stook the grain and also helped to stack. This poor woman would come from the fields tired out, and would have to turn around and get supper, then milk her six cows, feed the calves and numerous other chores. This poor woman was no better than a slave and her farmer hubby was apparently satisfied to allow her to work herself into an early grave. If the man would only assist her in doing some of the rough work about the house in return for the assistance that she rendered him, what a difference that would make. Some men deserve to batch it all their life, while others are quite deserving of a good wife. A good woman will do almost anything to help a good, kind husband.

I could tell your readers a great deal more about the way some of the farmers treat their wives, but I hate to trespass too much on your valuable space. My name will be found with the editor.

"Another Interested Reader."

A Defence of Her Sex.

Lyleton, Man., Oct. 20, 1906.
Editor,—I've just read a letter in the June Western Home Monthly from "Homesteader," Fishing Creek. I want to say that the class of girl he describes is very rare in this Western country. He says most of the girls are the type who sit in the parlor and sing, "Who Will Care for Mother Now?" while their own mother is doing the week's washing. Now I want to contradict that statement "flat." I think your readers will agree with me when I say that the ordinary Western maid is too warm-hearted and loving to allow her mother to do any heavy work. You will find her most happy when she is allowed all the housework herself, and as it is a poor house that cannot afford one lady—mother is the lady.

He writes about the girls going to a dance one night, choir practice the next night, etc. That may be a fact, but it does not interfere with their work, as they leave the house after them "as neat as a pin." The girl who would leave her house in a state of topsy-turvy would be considered of no account in the neighborhood.

I heard a young woman say the other day, "Yes, my hands are rough and red, and I am glad they are, because then I know mother's hands are soft and white." I hope the Western bachelors will read this letter and, of course, they know the above-mentioned is the kind of wife they want.
"Manitoba Maid."

Angels! Kindly Note.

Brookdale, Man.

Dear Editor,—I have followed with keen interest the letters from your readers. If there is any good womanly girl who would like to correspond with a young man (farmer) for friendship for the present, and matrimony if mutually attracted, you are at liberty to give her my address. I am on the sunny side of thirty, and my friends shake their heads and say I should get married. But "Lor bless you!" as the Londoner remarked, I don't see anything worth while. One married lady friend intimated to me indelicately that I was "too hard to please." So girls, take warning and save your stationery. With best wishes for your splendid magazine, and hoping the "correspondence page" may be successful in bringing some lonely single atoms into harmony and happiness, I am, yours sincerely,

"A Free Lance."

Who Wants To Get Married?

Spokane, Wash.

Editor,—Will some nice young lady wishing to get married, write to me. Give description in first letter. My description is 6 feet tall, weight 170, age 30, light brown hair, dark blue eyes, Irish and English descent, quiet disposition, good tempered, born in U.S.A.

"Blue Eyed Boy."

Wants To Make His Fortune.

Strassburg, Sask.

Editor,—Kindly send me the address of the young lady who signs herself "A Jolly Girl." I am an American, and have come over here to make my fortune in land. I have two sections of land in this vicinity, and would like to



First hotel at Lake Minnewonka, National Park, Banff.

correspond with some young Canadian girl with the object of matrimony. Sincerely yours,

"Fortune Hunter."

Still They Come For Jane Eyre.

Okotoks, Alta.

Editor,—I see in your May issue a letter from an English girl in Ontario signing herself "Jane Eyre." I should be glad if you would send me her address as early as you can.

"Albion."

There's No Expense.

Estevan, Sask.

Editor,—Please send me the address of the widow "Wants a Hubby," in May issue W. H. M. If there is any expense please let me know.

"William."

He's Weary Of It.

Ponoka, Alta.

Mr. Editor,—Will you please forward the two enclosed letters to "Widow No. 1," Grand View, and "Red River Girl." Am tired of farming alone and am pretty near the point of getting a helpmate or quit. I have a good place, 160 acres, in good location.

"One In Earnest."

Which One Will He Get.

Editor,—Please find enclosed two stamped letters to be addressed to two young ladies, one at Virden, Man., signed "Brunette," and the other to Ontario, signed "Jane Eyre." I am a bachelor from the States, am 23 years of age, have light hair and blue eyes, weight 175 lbs. I own a half section not far from town.

"Sunny Jim."

Who Wants Blue Eyes?

High River, Alta.

Editor,—In the May number of the W. H. M., I noticed a letter from a young man, Moose Jaw, signing himself "Not Particular," and would like to correspond with him. I am a young lady 18 years old, have blue eyes, brown hair, and am 5 feet 6 inches. Would like to hear from him at once.

"The Prairie Girl."



OTTAWA, ONT.

232 Cooper St., Jan. 8th, 1906.

You know what fearful trouble I have had all my life time from constipation. I have been a dreadful sufferer from chronic constipation for over thirty years and I have been treated by many physicians and I have taken many kinds of proprietary medicines without any benefit whatever. I took a pill for a long time which was prescribed by the late Dr. C. R. Church, of Ottawa. Also for many months I took a pill prescribed by Dr. A. F. Rogers, of Ottawa. Nothing seemed to do me any good. Finally I was advised by Dr. Rogers to try "Fruit-a-tives", and after taking them for a few months I feel I am completely well from this horrible complaint. I have had no trouble with this complaint now for a long time, and I can certainly state that "Fruit-a-tives" is the only medicine I ever took that did me any positive good for constipation. I can conscientiously recommend "Fruit-a-tives" to the public as, in my opinion, it is the finest medicine ever produced.

(Signed)

JOHN COSTIGAN.

102

IN THREE MONTHS "Fruit-a-tives" did what Doctors and drugs failed to do in THIRTY YEARS.

"Fruit-a-tives" cured the Hon. John Costigan of the worst case of chronic Constipation that the leading physicians of Ottawa ever saw. "Fruit-a-tives" gave this famous statesman what he had not had for 30 years—perfect health.

Mr. Costigan gives the credit where credit is due—to "FRUIT-A-TIVES"—the one remedy that can, and does, cure Constipation.

Fruit-a-tives

OR FRUIT LIVER TABLETS

are the only remedy in the world really made of fruit. Juices of fresh Apples, Oranges, Figs and Prunes are so combined that the well known medicinal action of the fruit is increased many times. Tonics are added, and the whole pressed into fruit liver tablets.

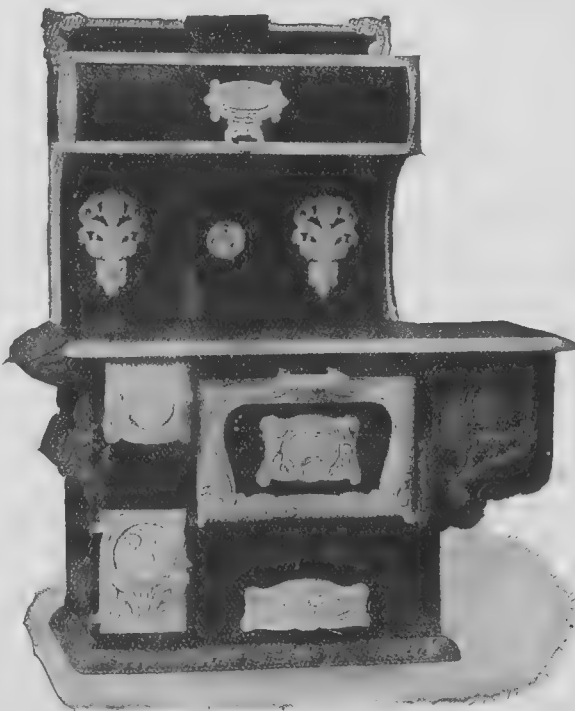
"Fruit-a-tives" owe their wonderful power, and their wonderful success, to the fact that they are made of fruit—that they ARE fruit, INTENSIFIED.

It is the medicinal principles of fruit that can restore the great eliminating organs—the Kidneys, Bowels and Skin—to their normal condition. That is why "Fruit-a-tives"—made of fruit—cure Constipation and cause the bowels to move naturally—correct all Stomach, Liver, Kidney and Skin Troubles—and build up the entire system.

If you are suffering as the Hon. John Costigan did—CURE YOURSELF as he did—with "Fruit-a-tives."

50c. a box—or 6 boxes for \$2.50. Sent on receipt of price if your druggist does not handle them.

Fruit-a-tives Limited - Ottawa.



THE ROYAL PENINSULAR

NEW MODEL FOR 1906

A range built to last and give entire satisfaction, Embodying the following features:—**Double Oven Door, Aluminized Oven, Double Flue Bottom, Key Plate Top, Draw Out Grate,** and besides it is the highest type of steel range construction. No other range has achieved so rapid a success. Thousands of them in use. Will burn coal or wood. Sold by all dealers. If your dealer cannot supply you, write us direct and we will see that you get THE ROYAL PENINSULAR.

Clare & Brockest

Winnipeg, Man.

Among the Flowers.

Flowers in the House.

Ivy leaved geraniums will flower better when grown in hanging baskets, where they can be trained as vines, than when planted out doors where they have more ground room.

One of the most fragrant winter blooming plants is the single petunia. These plants are apt to grow spindling in the dry heat usual to a living room. This can be avoided in a measure by pruning them frequently through the early winter months, giving them all the water they need and a sunny window, and they will blossom luxuriantly.

There are pretty little nickel or silver fern baskets, which will hold a bowl in which you can plant your little fern and add to the beauty of your table decorations, or the flower pot may be covered with glazed, colored paper fitted and pasted neatly around it, or with brown paper, decorated with figures.

Those who have lilies of the valley in their gardens, may have them blossom in the house by digging up a bunch at any time before the ground freezes. Pack them closely in a box, watering very slightly, leave them out doors until the middle of December, when they can be brought into the house. Put the box in a sunny window and water them freely, and they will blossom about the time of the holidays.

A Japanese fern ball looks like dried moss set in a wire netting, brown and unlovely. Suspend it from a hook in front of a window and water freely, and soon the moss will grow green, and the little delicately-tinted pale green ferns will show their curly heads, and grow until they completely cover the skeleton basket, and it will remain a thing of beauty all winter. When well started this makes a beautiful Christmas present for those who are fond of flowers.

During the winter months when flowers are expensive and difficult to procure, it takes one's ingenuity to get something to brighten the table at meal time, especially if one lives in the country. If there is a stocky little fern or any other husky plant with bright green leaves, in your window, use that for a center-piece, or get a plant from the florist, that, like the fern, will keep green without much sunshine and it will be a thing of beauty all winter, where flowers would soon fade.

Very pretty effects can be secured in your living room by having morning glories, verbenas or other plants which do not need much sunlight, in concealed flower pots behind pictures, or placed in various parts of the room. Slips of the tradescantia, maurandia and other vines which grow in water can be placed in bottles of water, which may be hung where they will not be noticed and the vines, as they grow, may be trained over the walls, or trailed over pictures, brightening the room and making it look attractive.

This is the season to "clean up" in the garden and yard. Remove all dead stalks of chrysanthemums, cosmos, golden glow, and other plants, also the strings on which the sweet peas and flowering beans twined. They should be burned, together with all that makes a litter and is a reminder of work left undone. It is best to protect all plants left in the ground no matter if they are supposed to be hardy. The ideal protection is a warm covering of leaves, but, lacking a sufficient quantity of them, use straw, or even branches from evergreen trees. Put a liberal coating of manure on your front yard now, so

that the winter rains and snows can send the fertilizer to the roots of the grass, and reward your painstaking care with a beautiful lawn.

Ivies. A successful cultivator of ivies feeds them on iron and cod liver oil. The iron is in the form of rusty nails, mixed in the earth. Another succeeded in forcing a luxuriant growth, by watering once a week, with a tea made of refuse tobacco leaves and stems.

Crab Cactus. The crab cactus is one of the most profuse bloomers of all the winter flowering plants. It is easily raised from slips, and requires very little care. It blooms about Christmas, and by a succession of buds and flowers, remains in brilliant color for several weeks. After the blossoming period, the plant can be set aside in the cellar and watered very rarely until spring. Plant it then, in a shady place, and it will need no further attention until fall. It grows through the summer and the buds form in the fall.

Yellow Calla Lilies.

One of the most beautiful of Luther Burbank's flower creations is the yellow calla lily. These lilies have a wide range of color from the pale lemon to the rich orange shades, and exhibit all the beauty and attractiveness of their white sisters.

Mr. Burbank obtained the first specimens from Africa, and by various processes known only to himself, has increased the richness of the coloring of the original lily until he has produced a wonderful flower, which is attracting a great deal of attention.

Some Pretty Experiments.

A pretty experiment is made by suspending an acorn by a thread within half an inch of the water in a hyacinth glass. In a few months it will burst and throw out a root, and shoot upward with straight and tapering stems, covered with beautiful green leaves.

A living basket is made by removing the inside of a carrot or sweet potato, leaving a wall of about three-quarters of an inch thick. Pass cords through holes pierced in the sides, and fill the cavity with water.

In a few days, up-turning sprays of green will sprout from the bottom and cover the outside. Then if a small bunch of violets is put in this quaint little cup, it will make a most charming addition to the room.

The geranium is one of the easiest plants to cultivate.

Let your cacti rest in a warm corner during the winter, watering them occasionally.

Six or seven-inch pots are large enough for even large plants. They will blossom better if the roots are not allowed too much room.

There has been a great improvement in geraniums, in the past few years, owing to the care in propagating. Some of the new single varieties have blossoms that measure three or four inches across with exquisite colors and shades.

Most flowers and plants need not only rich, mellow soil, but they need plenty of moisture. Water copiously but not too often. Potted plants must have drainage. The foliage of house plants needs sprinkling, as the showers sprinkle the outdoor plants.

25¢

That Cough

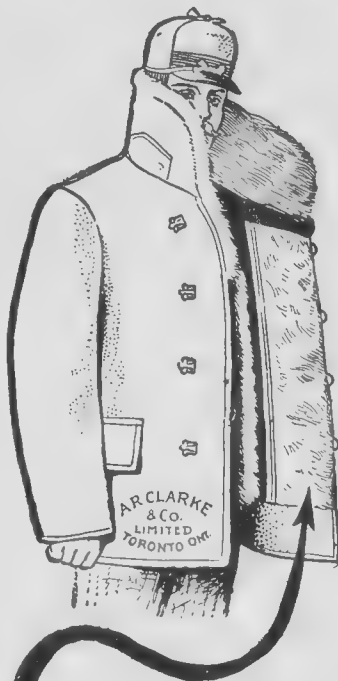
which ordinary remedies have not reached,
will quickly yield to

GRAY'S SYRUP OF RED SPRUCE GUM

It cures those heavy, deep-seated coughs—takes away the soreness—heals the throat—strengthens the lungs. None the less effective because it is pleasant to take. Just try one bottle and see how quickly you get rid of that cough. At your druggists. 25c. bottle.

25¢

"CLARKE'S" COATS



For comfort, warmth and wear. Ever try one? You can't realize how useful they are until you do. The best cold repellers ever worn, and nothing can equal them for wear. Keeps the body warm and comfortable in the coldest weather. Made of either Duck, Leather or Corduroy and lined with the best bark-tanned sheepskins with the wool on. Clarke's Coats have extra high storm collars, large inside, chest-protecting, sheepskin flaps, strong, unripable seams, big, unsagable pockets and, in fact, every feature to make them warm, comfortable and serviceable coats.

Every coat fits as a coat should fit, so as not to bind any part of the body. Guaranteed by our brand "Clarke's" that is on a label sewn on every coat. See that yours has it. Most dealers have them.

A. R. Clarke & Co., Ltd., Toronto, Can.



FREE HANDSOME 97-PIECE DINNER AND TEA SET FREE

\$1,000 Reward paid to any person who can prove we do not mean what we say. This is a chance of a lifetime. An honest proposition. We will give away, Free, 1,000 Dinner and Tea Sets, beautifully decorated in blue, brown, green or pink, each set 97 pieces, latest design, full size for family use, to quickly introduce Dr. Armour's Vegetable Pills, the famous Remedy for Constipation, Indigestion, Unhealthy Blood, Rheumatism, Kidney Trouble, to stimulate the appetite, regulate the bowels and beautify the complexion. We will make you a present of a complete 97-piece set, exactly as we claim, or forfeit our money. Take advantage of this if you want to get a handsome set of dishes **Absolutely Free.**

ALL WE ASK YOU TO SELL IS 10 BOXES AT 25c. A BOX

of Dr. Armour's Famous Vegetable Pills according to our plan. Every one who buys a box of Pills from you receives a present. We send 10 handsome pieces of Gold-finished Jewellery to give away with the medicine. You can sell the medicine quickly this way. **Don't miss this Grand Opportunity.** Write us to-day and agree to sell the 10 boxes and return the money, \$2.50, to us. We trust you with the Pills till sold. We are bound to introduce Dr. Armour's Famous Vegetable Pills no matter what it costs us. When we say we will give away these handsome sets of dishes we will do it. We arrange to pay all charges on the dishes to your nearest station. Don't miss this great opportunity. Write to us at once. Remember our dishes are beautifully decorated and are boxed, packed and shipped free of charge. Address **The Dr. Armour Medicine Co., Dish Dept. 54 Toronto, Ont.**

Making the Invalid Happy on Christmas Day.

Some of the well ones of our readers have thoughtfully and kindly suggested the Christmas gifts described below for the pleasure and comfort of the sick ones. With the gifts should be sent the heartiest and cheeriest of Christmas greetings to the invalids for whom they are intended.

A basket of three hundred and sixty-five flowers will make every day in the year blossom for the invalid who receives it. To make such a basket, collect all the interesting short stories, amusing pictures, poems, good jokes, puzzles, and any other interesting things which you may run across while reading the magazines and newspapers. Try to have three hundred and sixty-five of these, so that each morning for a whole year there may be something interesting for the invalid to read. Then cut out from floral catalogues the most natural and delicately colored flowers—as many of them as you have clippings—having quite a few of each kind of flower, so that there will not be too much of a mixture. Wrap each clipping in dark green tissue paper, and where the ends fold over on the top paste one of the flowers. "Pansies" for "thoughts" would be especially suitable for the more serious selections. Procure or make a pretty, fancy basket—now that basketry is so popular the latter way is possible and greatly to be preferred. Put in the small packages in layers separated by green crepe paper. In each layer there should be as many packages as there are days in the month, with a pansy package for each Sunday. If the rest of the flowers cannot be alike for the same layer, be sure that those which you use harmonize well. The topmost layer should have only seven packages, each one being tied with red ribbon and a spray of holly, and each one should contain a story suitable for Christmas week. For Christmas Day there should be, instead, a Christmas card, and on the outside of the package a label stating when it is to be opened. Tie a bow of red ribbon on the handle of the basket.

A Set of Small Pillows may be made from one large down pillow. Out of strong muslin make six or eight small cases, about ten inches by eight, or eight inches square, and fill them with the down from the large pillow. Then for each small pillow make a hem-stitched linen slip, or, for one or two, make a covering of some dark material, either silk or fancy muslin. These small down pillows are a luxury and most soothing when tucked under an aching spot.

A Magazine Rod is suggested as something useful and pleasing for an invalid who is not prohibited from reading. Attach a brass curtain-rod in front of the head of the bed by means of ribbon loops of a favorite color, and hang over it as many magazines as the length will permit. They will always be within reach and can be easily put back again without effort.

A Surprise Jacket makes a nice gift either for a lady or a gentleman. Make a jacket, in any style you prefer, with many pockets. In one place, a handkerchief, in another some "Comfort Powders," which are witty sayings wrapped up like powders. In another pocket place a little pad and pencil, a small book or any pretty trifle. The recipient of this novel house-jacket will feel as happy as little Jack Horner with his Christmas pie.

A Dickens Tray for one who is fond of the works of this particular author would make a pleasing gift. It could be done nicely in burnt wood or hand painting. The tray must be one having a rim about three inches in depth, and around this the various characters from Dickens be sketched. Little Nell and her Grandfather hand in hand, followed by David and Dora and her dog, Little Joe and other famous ones that happen to be favorites, might march in order around the edge of the tray.

A Comfort Box for a chronic invalid, or one who must spend even a few weeks in bed, is truly a blessing. A rather long but very flat box must be chosen, one that may be placed comfortably beneath a pillow. A "tie box" from the shops answers well, as it may be covered daintily, or a cheery Christmas card pasted over the name of the dealer. Divide off one square corner and make a nest where a watch may safely lie. Make a place for a nail-cleaner and manicure scissors, or a sharpened pencil and a little tablet will be appreciated; a tiny bonbonniere may be included, and a wee pincushion would not come amiss. Furnish the rest of the box to meet the needs of the special invalid who may often wish for one little convenience or another, but hesitates to ask frequently for these attentions.

A Bedspread of Pique and Lace. This is useful and pretty to freshen up a couch. It is also light in weight and inexpensive. It requires seven yards and a half of pique, twenty-seven inches wide, divided into three pieces of even lengths of two yards and a half each, and joined together with insertion, of which five yards will be needed. Finish the edges with a hem about six inches wide and put a lace

edging on plain. Torchon lace is suitable on account of its durability.

A Blanket Coverlet may be made of an ordinary single blanket covered with dotted Swiss. Allow enough Swiss on both sides to extend beyond the edge in a two-inch hem. Here and there fasten the Swiss to the blanket with bowknots of baby ribbon in a color to match the border of the blanket. This cover may be removed and laundered at any time.

A Bird Box, with its little feathered tenants just outside the window, will brighten many a wintry, stormy day for a sufferer. The box may be fastened to a stake planted in the ground so that it will come within reach of the window, or it may rest on slats projecting from the wall of the house on a level with the sill. It should be placed as near to the window as the birds can be induced to come, and not so far away that they cannot be fed with crumbs and nuts. A starch-box can be converted into a charming bird's residence by a clever boy.

A Slumber Robe made of silk or woollen patches, feather-stitched together and lined with the invalid's favorite color, would be a lasting comfort.

A Tray Cozy will keep a meal deliciously warm on its way to the sick-room. It consists of a cardboard box not using the lid, covered with pretty wall-paper on the outside and lined with paraffine paper. A strap made of ribbon and sewed on the top will answer for a handle.

Three Sets of Dollies, one for each of the daily meals, will give a fresh touch to the invalid's table or tray.

A Hot-Water Bag Cover made of red flannel and ornamented with a funny grinning face outlined in black and red floss will bring a smile even in times of distress.

Gifts that Will Help to Brighten Many Days.

Dainty laces for trimming lingerie, caps, aprons, etc., for the invalid who is fond of sewing.

Materials and some prints for passe-partout work.

Linen dollies and the silk for embroidering them.

A pyrographic outfit and some models for burning.

A doll's trunk with the tray fitted up like a work-box and the other compartments filled with odd pieces for patchwork.

Writing materials make a nice family gift. One member may give the lap tablet, another the stationery, some one else a fountain pen, and the child in the house some small blotting sheets tied together with ribbon.

Some Things to Buy in Shops.

A set of new curtains for the invalid's room.

An air cushion.

An album filled with new photographs of the family, friends and neighborhood views.

An electric candle.

A small atlas.

Humorous books.

A block of crystal cut into many sided prisms for a sunny window.

A silver call-bell, with a monogram.

A stand and some new plants. The family and friends may contribute to this gift, each plant bearing the donor's card, with a merry greeting.

Some Things You May Do on Christmas Day.

If you have a camera, take an invalid's picture.

If you can sing, play or read well, entertain someone who cannot go out for these pleasures.

Make a "pound of dates" by enclosing in a pretty pound box some invitations for pleasures that may be enjoyed by an invalid who can go out occasionally. The first one for Christmas Day might be an invitation for a drive.

Fill a fancy silk bag with little notes telling the invalid when either he or she helped the sender in any way, and of the beneficial results therefrom.

On Christmas morning send a holly wreath, to which is tied with a bow of ribbon your card, telling the invalid that she has been elected to membership in the "Society of Those Beloved by the Queen of Flowers," and that each month of the coming year the Queen will send a floral greeting in token of her affection. Deposit with a florist the sum of money which you may wish to spend each month, with the necessary instructions as to how, when and to whom the flowers are to be sent.

Prepare a Floral Breakfast, making each particular dish represent a flower. Make an orange like a sunflower by cutting the skin away in strips, and placing a date on the top. Cut the bread in long, thin pieces to look like a daisy, using a corn-cake for the centre. Cover a small box with crepe paper and put a paper butterfly on the top—to put over the butter. The sugar-bowl may be wrapped in crepe paper, with a paper rose fastened on the lid, and so through the whole menu, each dish may be especially prepared in this appetizing way.



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WE HAVE BEEN MAKING

"Dominion Pianos"

for more than 11,000 working days—about 34 years. When we started in the business we thought we knew how to make good pianos, and after we had sold a few other people thought so, too. Since then we have made and sold about 19,160 "Dominion" Pianos and more than 46,000 "Dominion" Organs. Every one has given satisfaction. What some of the 19,160 purchasers say about their "Dominion Pianos" is told in an interesting booklet, which we'll gladly send you if you're interested in good pianos. We want you to "Get Familiar" with "Dominion" Pianos.

THE DOMINION ORGAN AND PIANO COMPANY, Limited
SCAMMANVILLE, ONT.



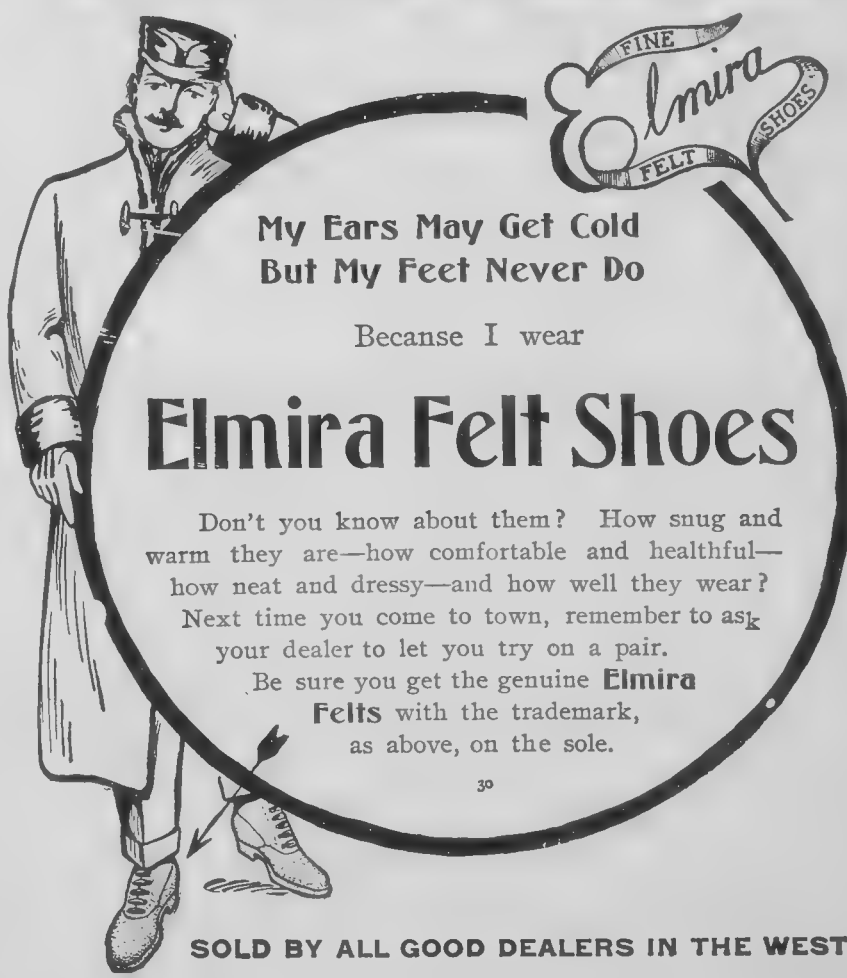
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My Ears May Get Cold
But My Feet Never Do

Because I wear

Elmira Felt Shoes

Don't you know about them? How snug and warm they are—how comfortable and healthful—how neat and dressy—and how well they wear? Next time you come to town, remember to ask your dealer to let you try on a pair. Be sure you get the genuine **Elmira** Felts with the trademark, as above, on the sole.

SOLD BY ALL GOOD DEALERS IN THE WEST

a double in double, chain 5, join to top of 3 chain.

11. Chain 3, 4 trebles in 4 trebles, (chain 11, 5 trebles in 5 trebles) 11 times, chain 11, join to top of 3 chain.

12. Chain 3, 4 trebles in 4 trebles, (chain 5, a double in center of 11 chain, chain 5, 5 trebles on 5 trebles) 11 times, chain 5, a double in center of 11 chain, chain 5, join to top of 3 chain.

13. Chain 3, 4 trebles in 4 trebles, (chain 6, a double in double, chain 6, 5 trebles in 5 trebles) 11 times, chain

(chain 11, 5 trebles in 5 trebles) all around.

21. Chain 3, 4 trebles in 4 trebles, (chain 5, a double in center of 11 chain, chain 5, 5 trebles in 5 trebles) all around, join.

22. Chain 3, 4 trebles in 4 trebles, (chain 6, a double in double, chain 6, 5 trebles in 5 trebles) all around, join.

23. Like 14th row, all around.

24. Like 15th row.

25. Like 16th row.

This completes the doily, as illustrated. If a larger one is required, either for a centerpiece of cover for round piano stool, other rows of "cogs" may be added, repeating the pattern from 17th row. The edge may be finished with a row of shells, or by filling the outer chain loops with doubles. The wheel, completed by the 10th row, makes a dainty tumbler doily, or a number of them may be joined to form a tidy.

KNITTED SHOULDER SCARF.

Large wooden needles the size of the little finger are used in making this shawl, which is most effective when made of bear brand Shetland floss used double. One pound of wool is required to make a shawl about two yards long.

Cast on 78 stitches.

1st Row.—One plain (*) over, narrow, and repeat from (*) until 1 stitch remains, 1 plain. Repeat this row until the shawl is the desired length—about two yards—then bind off. Tie a fringe in the ends.

The stitch used in making this shawl is called Herring-bone, and the effect is very pretty and dainty. This is very dainty work for the summer while seated on the piazza, as one can chat as well as knit.

Little Johnny—What is your papa's business?

Little Clarence—My papa is a poet.

Little Johnny—Huh! That ain't a business—it's a disease.

The teacher was explaining to her scholars the meaning of the word "transparent."

"Anything," she said, "is called transparent that can be seen through. Now, Willie, can you give me an example?"

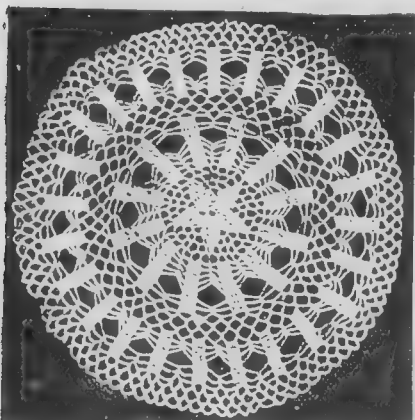
"Yes, ma'am," replied the boy. "A hole in the fence at the baseball grounds."

Mrs. Nagget—You don't love me as much as you used to.

Mr. Nagget—Think not?

Mrs. Nagget—No; you used to say I was worth my weight in gold, and

Mr. Nagget—Well, you're not as stout as you were, you know.



COG WHEEL DOILY.

6, a double in double, chain 6 join to top of 3 chain.

14. (Chain 5, a double in 4th treble following, chain 5, a double in 4th of 6 chain, chain 5, a double in 3rd of next 6 chain, chain 5, a double in 1st of 5 trebles) 12 times.

15. Slip-stitch to center of 1st 5 chain, (chain 5, a double in center of next 5 chain) all around.

16. Slip-stitch to center of 5 chain (chain 6, a double in center of next 5 chain) all around.

17. Slip-stitch in 1st and 2nd of 6 chain, chain 3, 4 trebles in next 4 stitches, (chain 4, a double in center of next 6 chain, chain 4, 5 trebles under next 6 chain) all around, joining to top of 3 chain which represents the 1st treble.

18. Chain 3, 4 trebles in 4 trebles, (chain 5, a double in double, chain 5, 5 trebles in 5 trebles) all around, joining to top of 3 chain.

19. Chain 3, 4 trebles in 4 trebles, (chain 6, a double in double, chain 6, 5 trebles in 5 trebles) all around, joining to top of 3 chain.

20. Chain 3, 4 trebles in 4 trebles;



LONGFELLOW ON GOLF.

MRS. NEWPORT (looking at book cover, "Evangeline—a Tale of Acadie"): Here's the very thing to get George for Christmas—a tale of a caddie. He's so fond of golf, you know.

How to Wash Clothes in Six Minutes

HERE'S a Washing Machine that almost works itself.

The tub spins half way around, like a top.

There's a pivot in center of Tub bottom. And there is a groove, around the pivot. In this groove, or track, there are ball bearings, like in a Bicycle wheel.

These Bicycle Bearings are little steel balls the size of small marbles. They roll in the track when the tub spins around on top of them.

All the weight of the Tub, and of the Clothes rests on these rolling balls.

That's why the Tub spins as easily when full of Clothes and water, as when it is empty.

So that a whole tub full of Clothes can be washed almost as easily and as quickly, with this machine, as a single garment could be washed.

"How does it wash Clothes, you ask."

See the two Springs under the Tub?

When you swing the Tub to the right (with handle at top) you stretch both these Springs, till the Tub goes half way around.

Then, the stretched Springs pull the Tub back from right with a bounce, and carry it almost half way around on the left side. Then the springs bounce it back to the right side again.

A little help is needed from you each time. But the Springs, and the Ball Bearings, do nearly all of the hard work.

Now, if you look inside the Tub you'll see slat paddles fastened to its bottom.

Fill the Tub half full of hot soapy water. Then spin it to the right. The slat paddles make the water turn around with the Tub till the Springs stop the Tub from turning further to the right and bounce it back suddenly to the left.

But the water keeps on running to the right, though the Tub, and the clothes in it, are now turning to the left.

Thus, the swift driving of this soapy water through the clothes, at each half turn, washes the dirt out of the threads without any rubbing.

Mind you, without rubbing, which means without wearing, the clothes.

It's the rubbing on washboards, and on other Washing Machines, that wears out clothes quicker than hard use at hard labor.

That costs money for clothes, doesn't it?

And the everlasting rubbing is the hardest work in Washing, isn't it? Rubbing dirty clothes on a metal washboard with one's knuckles, over a tub of steaming hot water, is harder work, and more dangerous to health, than digging Coal deep down in a mine.

Well, the "1900 Junior" Washer cuts out all the slavery of Washing, and half the expense.

It will wash a whole tub full of dirty clothes in Six Minutes. It will wash them cleaner in Six Minutes than they could be washed by hand in Twenty minutes. And it won't wear the clothes, nor break a button, nor fray even a thread of lace.

Because Running Water can't wear the clothes, nor break buttons, nor tear buttonholes. And, it is the hot, soapy water swiftly running through the clothes that takes all the dirt out of them in Six little minutes.

A child can wash a tub full of dirty clothes in half the time you could do it yourself—with half the work.

Think what that half-time is worth to you every week for Ten years!

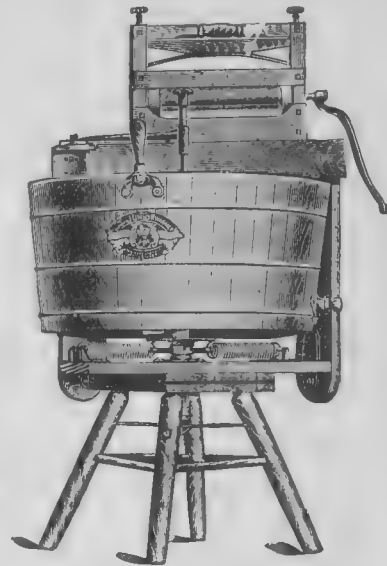
It is worth 50 cents a week to you. That is \$25.00 a year, or \$250.00 saved in 10 years.

And, a "1900 Junior" Washer lasts 10 years.

Well—pay us the 50 cents a week our "1900 Junior" Washer will save you, for a few months only.

Then you will own a "1900 Junior" Washer that will last 10 years, without any cost to you. But don't pay us a cent till you have tested the "1900 Junior" Washer for a full month, at our expense.

We will ship it to any reliable person free, on a month's trial, and leave the test to you. And we will pay the freight both ways, out of our own pockets. That shows how sure we are that the "1900 Junior" Washer will do all we promise.



If you don't find it does better washing, in half the time, than you can wash by hand, send it back to us. If you don't find it saves more than half the wear on clothes, send it back to us. If you don't find it washes clothes as easily as you could rock a cradle, or run a sewing machine, send it back to us. If it won't wash dirty clothes in six minutes, send it back to us.

Remember, we will pay the freight both ways out of our own pockets. You don't even say you'll buy it, till you have used it a full month, and know all about it. Isn't that a pretty straightforward offer, between strangers?

How could we profit by that offer unless our "1900 Junior" Washer would do all we say it will?

Don't slave over the wash-tub any more.

Don't pay a washerwoman for eight hours a week when she can do the work far better, with less wear on the clothes, in four hours, with a "1900 Junior" Washer.

The 4 hours a week less labor thus saves you 60 cents a week for Washerwoman's Wages.

Pay us 50 cents a week out of that 60 cents our Washer saves you, if you decide to keep it, after a month's trial. Then you own the Washer.

Write us today, if you want a month's free use of the quickest "Washer" in the world.

Address J. O. N. Bach, Manager "1900" Washer Co., 355 Yonge St., Toronto, Ont.



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Always everywhere in Canada use Eddy's matches.



All For 10c.
Only 10 Cents.

Ladies, send us if you wish the biggest value and best satisfaction. ONE PACKAGE ELEGANT SILK REMNANTS, new and beautiful, 60 GRAND PIECES; 1 YARD SILK RIBBON, 12 YARDS NICE LACE and pretty GOLD-PLATED BAND RING, with big Catalogue of genuine bargains in everything. All mailed for Address, FANCY SILK CO., P. O. Box 1528, New York.

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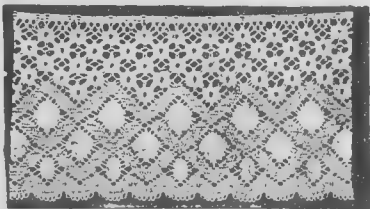
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Original Gold Cure, administered by and under the supervision of competent and skilled physicians for the past twenty-five years. Correspondence confidential.

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We give the biggest and best value in Laces and Ribbons. For only 25c, we will send 10 yards Silk and Satin Ribbons in plain and fancy shades, also 12 yards pretty design Lace with 50 handsome silk pieces and a prize jewelry article. ALL the above goods mailed postpaid only 25c. Address H. BUCHANAN Co., 53 Vesey Street, New York.

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Properties and Business of all kinds sold quickly for cash in all parts of the United States. Don't wait. Write to-day describing what you have to sell and give cash price on same.

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any kind of Business or Real Estate anywhere, at any price, write me your requirements. I can save you time and money.

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Story Pictures For the Children

Send 50 CENTS for a set of seven Story Pictures, beautifully printed and mounted. The little ones will spend happy hours weaving their childish fancies into stories of their own.

For 10 cents we will send one sample picture.

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DO YOU SKATE ?

The winter is approaching and soon the rinks will be in full swing.

A good Boot is a necessity if you want to enjoy skating, so communicate at once with

The RICHARDS SHOE Co.

439 LOGAN AVENUE, Winnipeg,

and get a pair of skating boots before the rush comes.

We are the oldest established boot company in the city and for 30 years have supplied all the leading skating clubs. Mail orders promptly attended to.

All our Boots are hand-sewn throughout.

10 SOUVENIR POST CARDS. Stunners, Comic, Korkers, no 2 alike, and our big magazine 1 year, 10 c., Leader Co., Dept., S. Z., Grand Rapids, Mich.

\$3 a Day Sure

Send us your address and we will show you how to make \$3 a day absolutely sure; we furnish the work and teach you free; you work in the locality where you live. Send us your address and we will explain the business fully; remember we guarantee a clear profit of \$3 for every day's work, absolutely sure, write at once. IMPERIAL SILVERWARE CO., Box 908, WINDSOR, CAN.

When writing advertisers, please mention The Western Home Monthly.

Round the Evening Lamp.

Puzzles, Problems, Rebuses, &c.

In each of the following sentences may be found the name of some kind of cloth:—

No. 1—HIDDEN WORD PUZZLE.

(1) Has Annie ever heard of Iconium—the Biblical Iconium I mean?

(2) We saw a snake while we were in the woods, and were much frightened; but Basil killed it with a stone.

(3) If you want something to drive that nail in with, there is a hammer in our kitchen cupboard.

(4) The drama will be rehearsed tonight; do you know your part, Adela, in Evangeline?

(5) When you pass through this thick-ket, look out for your scalp; acanthas are prickly.

(6) I opened the door and met the butcher bringing ham for dinner.

(7) Last night there was a grand revel; veteran and youth were there.

(8) You've got a bite; draw in your line, Nell.

No. 6—RIDDLE.

I'm part of a flower, a stem and a leaf. The gay love me not, for I'm always in grief.

The proud and the lowly alike know me not;

But the lonely and weary are never forgot.

I am not a day, yet I make up the week. And for me in years not in vain will you seek.

No musician am I, yet in bells hear me chime;

And will you but hasten, I'm always on time.

Answers to all the above Puzzles will be given in the January number of the Western Home Monthly.

No. 2.—CHRISTMAS-GIFT PUZZLE.

HOLIDAY GOODS



The twenty-six numbered designs in the show-window represent twenty-six articles suitable for Christmas gifts, including one or more for each member of the family. Nos. 1 and 2 are for grandfather; 3, 4, 6 and 12 for grandmother; 5, 7, 8, 9 and 10 for mother; 11, 13 and 14 for father; 15, 16, 17, 18 and 23 for sister; 19, 20, 21 and 22 for brother; 24 for baby; 25 and 26 for the one who is most fond of music. What are the gifts?

No. 3—ABBREVIATIONS.

(1) Behead and curtail a plaintive poem, and leave a part of the body.

(2) Behead and curtail a small fruit, and leave a quick, sharp blow.

(3) Behead and curtail a precious stone, and leave a domestic animal.

(4) Behead and curtail a coniferous tree, and leave a part of a circle.

(5) Behead and curtail a Turkish officer, and leave a forest tree.

(6) Behead and curtail a bird used for food, and leave a pinch with the nails or teeth.

(7) Behead and curtail a motive power, and leave a beverage.

(8) Behead and curtail a color, and leave a resinous substance.

(9) Behead and curtail a small animal, and leave a number.

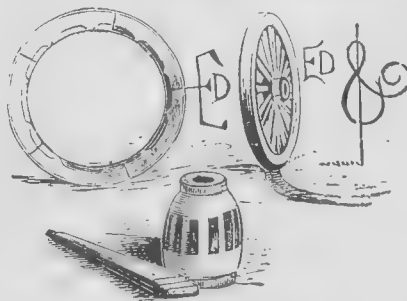
(10) Behead and curtail a large basket or hamper, and leave a small animal.

(11) Behead and curtail a dried fruit, and leave a small stream of water.

No. 5—PROBLEM.

A man bought 10 yards of carpet at 40 cents a yard, and 20 yards of cloth at 17½ cents a yard, and paid for same with chickens at 40 cents each, eggs at 25 cents a dozen, and potatoes at 70 cents a bushel. What quantity of each did he give?

No. 4—ILLUSTRATED REBUS.



ANSWERS TO PUZZLES IN NOVEMBER NUMBER.

No. 1. Ellipses.—(1) Centre, recent. (2) Estrange, sergeant. (3) Senator, treason. (4) Dread, dared.

No. 2. Pictorial Puzzle.—(1) "The Hub." (2) Fellow (felloe). (3) Right wheel. (4) Tale (tail). (5) A shaft. (6) "Boots." (7) Box. (8) Pause (paws). (9) Rains (reins). (10) Tire. (11) Spoke. (12) One hoghead. (13) Lash. (14) Chops.

Tobacco Habit.

Dr. McTaggart's Tobacco Remedy removes all desire for the weed in a few days. A vegetable medicine, and only requires touching the tongue with it occasionally. Price \$2.

Liquor Habit.

Marvellous results from taking his remedy for the Liquor Habit. Safe and inexpensive home treatment; no hypodermic injections, no publicity, no loss of time from business, and a cure certain.

Address or consult Dr. McTaggart, 75 Yonge Street, Toronto, Canada.

Nordheimer

Piano

Quality Counts in a Piano, and the Nordheimer is considered by connoisseurs the equal of any and superior to many makes in the market.

It has a pure, sympathetic, powerful tone, of matchless volume and resonance which has made the Nordheimer famous.

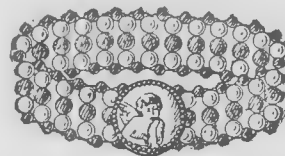
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NORDHEIMER PIANO CO.

The Pulford Block

Donald St., - - WINNIPEG, MAN.

Great Bracelet Bargain, No. 90.



Having an extra supply of these beautiful beaded bracelets we will give them almost away. Send 10 cents and we will send 50 Handsome Silk Pieces, also this beautiful Bracelet made of colored polished barrettes, also 3 Breast Pins, 1 Scarf Pin, Fancy Work Book and pretty Perfume Locket. This entire lot postpaid, only 10 cents. Address:—

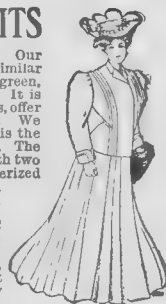
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\$6.95 FALL SUITS

We make ladies tailored suits. Our leader is a Vicuna cloth (dull finish similar to broadcloth) in Black, Navy, Dark green, Dark Grey, Seal Brown, and Fawn. It is a \$15 tailored suit. We, the makers, offer it Direct from our factory at \$6.95. We sell hundreds of these suits. It is the largest advertised suit in the world. The Jacket has a tight fitting back, with two straps down front and back, mercerized satin lined. The skirt is 7 gore, three tucks on each front seam, flaring at knee.

Money refunded if suit is not entirely satisfactory. Jacket separate, \$4.95; Skirt separate, \$3.95. Give bust measure, around waist, and around hips, and length of skirt in front. Add 80c and we will pay postage on suit. Order to-day.

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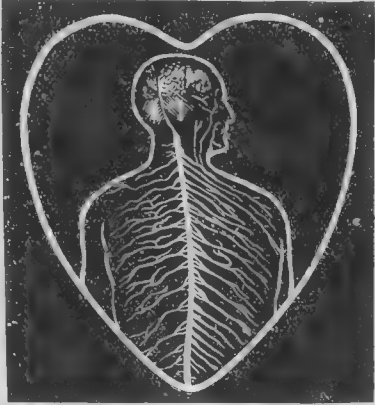
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MILBURN'S Heart and Nerve Pills.



Are a specific for all diseases and disorders arising from a run-down condition of the heart or nerve system, such as Palpitation of the Heart, Nervous Prostration, Nervousness, Sleeplessness, Faint and Dizzy Spells, Brain Fag, etc. They are especially beneficial to women troubled with irregular menstruation.

Price 50 cents per box, or 3 for \$1.25.

All dealers, or

THE T. MILBURN CO., LIMITED.
Toronto, Ont.

Health and Beauty.

Chapped hands often come from imperfect drying.

Don't sleep facing the light; it will weaken the eyes.

Camphor water is an astringent good for an oily skin.

Hot lemonade without sugar is excellent for biliousness and bilious headaches.

To harden the gums and sweeten the breath rinse daily with a little tincture of myrrh.

Pineapple is good for indigestion, the juice containing a digestive fluid similar to pepsin.

If you wish to preserve your teeth, take all medicines containing acids through a glass tube.

Almond oil and lanolin in equal parts rubbed into the eyebrows will stimulate their growth.

For a greasy, oily skin, put some astringent, a little alcohol or toilet vinegar, into the wash water.

If the hair is very oily and hard to cleanse, add a tablespoonful of alcohol to a large basin of water.

Warts and corns may be removed by touching them daily with a feather dipped in tincture of iodine.

A towel dipped in hot water, wrung out and applied to the back of the neck will cure the severest of headaches.

One of the best cures for indigestion and biliousness is a series of exercises that bring the abdominal muscles into play.

If the skin is hard, dry and wrinkled, use almond meal instead of soap; it will not deprive the skin of its natural oil, as many soaps do.

Hair that is thin and dry needs a tonic. A simple and effective one is made of bay rum, 4 ozs.; tincture of cantharides, 2 drachms.

An inexpensive and excellent tooth-powder is made of equal parts of powdered castile soap, powdered orris root and precipitated chalk.

Powdered charcoal will sweeten the breath. After eating onions, if a little is taken into the mouth the offensive odor will be taken from the breath.

The habit of biting the nails may be conquered by will power in an older person, but with children cut the nails very close and dip the ends of the fingers in quinine or a little extract of quassia.

For an anaemic condition of the blood take daily exercise and eat plenty of rare beef, eggs and any vegetables rich in phosphates.

An ounce of hydrate of chloral to a pint of water will be found beneficial for excessive perspiration and will remove any offensive odor.

One of the most effective corn cures is one-half ounce of collodion and six drops of canabis indica. Apply daily with a brush or a piece of cotton.

Honey is excellent in nearly all throat and lung affections. For a sharp tickling throat cough, a teaspoonful taken every few moments will quickly allay the irritation.

Ink and other stains may be removed from the hands by a solution of rose water and acetic acid in the proportions of eighteen parts rose water to one of acetic acid.

Never sleep in a room with closed windows; lower the upper sash an inch and raise the lower sash slightly. This will give a free circulation of air without creating a draft.

Light hair is brightened by adding a teaspoonful of salts of tartar and the juice of a lemon to the shampoo water. Frequent use of this is not recommended, as it will in time make the hair harsh.

For nails that are very brittle and break in the trimming, hold the tips of the fingers for a few minutes in warm olive oil, manicure with a pair of very sharp scissors.

Hands which perspire too freely should have a little powdered borax in the wash water, and after being thoroughly dried, dusted with the following powder: Powdered starch, 4 ozs.; iris, 4 ozs.; powdered borax, 1 oz.

The best and most effective wash for dry hair is the egg shampoo. Beat the yolk of an egg until light and stir into a pint of warm water, mixing thoroughly. This will prevent the egg gumming on the hair, as it often does when applied directly to the scalp. Rinse thoroughly in several waters, and the scalp will be free from dandruff and the hair soft.

Anything that impairs free and full circulation of the blood will cause wrinkles; therefore the woman who wishes to keep away wrinkles should abandon high stocks, tight collars, sleeves and shoes.

A double chin may be reduced by massaging with an upward movement. If the chin is held moderately high it will be beneficial to the muscles and the double chin will not be so noticeable.

To soften and whiten the skin on the hands stir into a half-cup of almond oil enough powdered oatmeal to make a thin paste, cover the hands with the mixture and sleep in loose gloves.

Hot water injures a fine dry skin. Have the water only tepid. Such a skin shows usually the lack of oil and may be treated with cold creams successfully.

For an oily red skin use a lotion made of three ounces of elder flower water, thirty drops of benzoin and a teaspoon powdered borax. If the skin is very oily, add a teaspoon toilet vinegar.

A badly decayed tooth, like any other decayed bone in the body, endangers the entire system. The decayed part should be entirely removed and the tooth filled, or if too far gone, have it pulled and suffer the loss of the tooth rather than endanger the health.

Be careful that the cold cream is kept covered and clean; as any oil gathers dirt quickly, the cream if left open will soon be covered with particles of dust and dirt; if this is rubbed into the skin, pores clogged with dirt will be the result.

A mixture to spread upon the face at night and said to whiten and also prevent wrinkles, is made by beating the white of an egg to a froth and adding a few drops tincture benzoin and a grain of alum dissolved in a little elder flower water.

High heels cause nervous disorders by straining the muscles of the spinal cord and back, and when worn on low shoes weaken the ankles. The sensible heel is low and broad; the shoe sole to conform to the contour of the foot should have a straight inner border and an outward curve on the outside of the foot.

Is Kissing a Healthy Practice?

It will be remembered with a shudder that during the past few years various high and eminent medical authorities have come out with stern pronouncements against the practice of kissing, and especially of promiscuous osculation. Nothing could be better calculated, we have been told, to spread the germs or microbes of disease than the use of the lips in this fashion, and fearsome pictures have been conjured up of the results almost certain to follow. While we have no reason to suppose that these warnings have as yet had any appreciable effect in diminishing the sum total of the osculatory exercises in which men and women have recently indulged, it can well be believed that they have thrown something of a chill over the business, and therefore diminished in some degree the bliss that should otherwise attend it. It is, therefore, with feelings of unmixed joy that we chronicle the fact that a distinguished French physician has gone against his colleagues and actually stood up for kissing. Far from being harmful, it is wholesome. The mistletoe should be encouraged by enlightened practitioners all the year round. Kisses carry microbes, of course. So much the better, says this amiable authority. The interchange of certain bacilli is a laudable and healthful practice. In kissing it is not so much the bad microbes as the beneficent ones that are exchanged. These good bacteria, as is well known, are not only favorable, but essential to digestion. If we were to sterilize our inner man, completely killing the white with the black sheep among our colonies of bacilli, we should instantly die. Now, by exchanging our friendly microbes we stimulate them. Kissing, therefore, is a natural therapeutic custom, the jolly physician concludes, and who knows but that some day the kissing cure will be ordered for dyspepsia by up-to-date physicians?

The World is Full of Pains.—The aches and pains that afflict humanity are many and constant, arising from a multitude of indistinguishable causes, but in the main owing to man's negligence in taking care of his health. Dr. Thomas' Eclectic Oil was the outcome of a universal cry for some specific which would speedily relieve pain, and it has filled its mission to a remarkable degree.

When the Liver is out of Order

Calomel, cascara, salts, strong liver pills and purging mineral waters won't do any permanent good.

When a person is bilious, the liver is not giving up enough bile to move the bowels regularly—and some of the bile is being absorbed by the blood. In other words, the liver is in a weakened, unhealthy condition.

Now, purgatives don't act on the liver at all. They merely irritate the bowels, and afford only temporary relief. But FRUIT-A-TIVES are the one true LIVER TONIC. They act directly on the liver—strengthen and invigorate this vital organ—and put it in a normal, healthy condition.

FRUIT-A-TIVES also stimulate the glands of the skin—and regulate the kidneys and sweeten the stomach. When skin, liver and kidneys are normally healthy, there can be no biliousness, no constipation, no kidney trouble, no impure blood, no headaches.

No other medicine known to science is so reliable and so effective in curing Biliousness as these fruit liver tablets.

FRUIT-A-TIVES are fruit juices with tonics added—and are free from alcohol and dangerous drugs. 50c. a box or 6 for \$2.50. Sent on receipt of price, if your druggist does not handle them.

FRUIT-A-TIVES
LIMITED,
OTTAWA.



Artificial Limbs

YOU can make no mistake in having your artificial limb made in Winnipeg. We guarantee a perfect fit.

We are experts at our business and we guarantee our work.

Write us for particulars and illustrated folders.

J.H. CARSON
54 King Street
WINNIPEG,
MAN.



Men Wanted.

Reliable men in every locality throughout Canada to advertise our goods, tack up show cards on trees, fences, bridges and all conspicuous places; also distributing small advertising matter; Commission or salary \$83 per month and expenses, \$4 per day. Steady employment to good, reliable men. No experience necessary. Write for particulars.

EMPIRE MEDICINE CO., LONDON, ONT.

When writing advertisers, please mention The Western Home Monthly.

How to Become Good

looking—that is, have a clear, natural, unblemished complexion, free from pimples, blotches, black heads, discolorations, muddiness, etc., is an easy matter if you go the right way about it. We are treating such troubles every day, always successfully.

Lines and Wrinkles, thin, hollow cheeks, withered skin and scrawny neck yield quickly to treatment with

Princess Skin Food

A preparation that prevents as well as removes wrinkles and other disfiguring touches of time. Price \$1.50, postpaid.

Get the Skin Food and Hydro-Vacu (at reduced price) and Take Face Treatments at Home.

ACNETINE and DERMO-NERVINE are guaranteed to cure Pimples. Blackheads, and all forms of Acne. We've cured thousands, and can cure you. Price, \$1.50 post paid.

COMPLEXION PURIFIER makes a poor complexion good: removes freckles, sallowness and all discolorations. Cures rashes, red nose, scaly skin, etc. Price, \$1.50 express paid.

DANDRUFF CURE is the best remedy for all scalp troubles; cures dandruff and any irritation; makes the scalp healthy. Price, \$1.00 express paid.

GOITRE SURE CURE (Internal and External). A most reliable home treatment for Goitre. Don't have a thick neck any longer. Use our cure. Price, \$2.00 express paid.

Send Stamp for Booklet "W." Consultation invited by letter; no expense.

Graham Dermatological Institute
Dept. W., 502 Church St., Toronto
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UNDERSTAND AT ONCE THAT OUR GENUINE PENNYROYAL WAFERS

are not for men, but women have for 20 years found them the best monthly regulator procurable, allaying "pains," correcting omission and irregularity. They are, in a word, reliable and healthful; \$1.00 per box, mailed anywhere; sold everywhere; 36 in box; yellow label; English-French printed.

Eureka Chemical Co., Detroit, Mich.

The Home Doctor.

THE UNCROWNED KING

Or God or Mammon, as he serves
Straight to his goal he cuts his way.
Perhaps on some vast continent
His hand was closed but yesterday.

"Aye, yesterday," you say. "But
Death—"
Because one died is all life done?
The uncrowned monarch never dies.
The sun hath set—there springs the
sun!

Nor shall his power be the less
If in his childhood's bygone peace
The gutter cradled him, nor may
A statelier birth his strength increase.

He is. For good or ill, he is:
And woe to those who blindly cling
Unseeing to the ancient thrones,
And reck not of the Uncrowned King!

Worth Remembering.

- (1) Avoid as far as possible drinking any water which has been contaminated by lead pipes or lead-lined tanks.
- (2) Avoid drinking water which has been run through galvanized iron pipes.
- (3) Avoid using anything acid which has been kept in a tin can.
- (3) When grippe or other epidemics are prevailing, wear a little crude sulphur in your boots or shoes.

Sleeplessness on a cold night may often be relieved by tying a silk handkerchief over the head, which sometimes gets cold while the rest of the body is warm.

For a hot water fomentation a much easier way than wringing cloths out of hot water is to fold the cloth to the required size, put it into a steamer and place over boiling water.

Excessive perspiration is often due to nervousness. A good iron tonic to build up the system and a sedative for the refractory nerves will relieve this annoying disorder.

In the case of a severe cut, try the immediately use of finely powdered rice or flour to the wound. This has been proved a great success in almost stopping the flow of blood from a very severe cut.

A French Doctor once said: "The best rules for children are the following:—
(1) Let them live in the open air. (2) Encourage them to live in the open air. (3) Make them live in the open air." Fresh air, nourishing food and sleep are the essential factors in the health of little children.

Salt and water used as a gargle will cleanse the palate and furred tongue. A pinch of salt on the tongue followed ten minutes afterwards by a drink of cold water, often cures a sick headache. Salt hardens gums, makes teeth white and sweetens the breath.

A Home-made cough syrup that is highly recommended calls for the juice of one lemon, half a stick of licorice, pounded fine, a tablespoonful of glycerine and a couple of ounces of good brandy; bottle and shake well, so as to thoroughly blend the ingredients. One to two teaspoonfuls is the dose.

Sleeping between blankets is a great preventative of chills, as by so doing the body is not chilled by coming into contact with cold sheets. Those who suffer from cold feet should wear loose white woollen bed socks. Heat-giving foods, such as butter, dripping, suet pudding, milk puddings, cocoa, soups and broths, produce heat in the body, which flannel, as a non-conductor, prevents from leaving the body.

For Breaking up a Cold.—Anything that will set the blood into active circulation is good for a cold. Bathe the feet in hot water and drink hot water or hot lemonade, on going to bed; take a salt water sponge bath and remain in a warm room; bathe the face in very hot water every five minutes for an hour or so; snuff salt water up the nose every hour or two. Four or five hours' exercise in the open air is often effective. Four of five grains of quinine taken at night will usually have a good effect. A vapor bath, followed by a cool sponge bath is good. In bathing, one should be careful not to get chilled.

Freezing and Frost Bites.—A point to bear in mind at this season is that, in case of freezing or frost bite, heat must never be applied at first. Aim at gradual restoration. Use friction, with snow, or ice, or cold water, and get up all the friction possible. After a while let heat be applied in the most gentle manner possible. If in the case of freezing, animation does not return, try artificial respiration, as in the case of drowning. If sores follow frost bites, treat with some reliable ointment. If there is much inflammation, poultice liberally. It is risky to rub frozen skin too hard. A safer way is to hold snow against the frozen spot with the warm hand till it melts and thus gradually sucks out the frost. Friction of the surrounding skin may be necessary to restore circulation.

It is a fact not generally taken into account, because but imperfectly understood that pure, fresh, cold water is one of the most valuable disinfectants, inasmuch as it is a powerful absorbent. Every sick room should have a large vessel of clear water frequently renewed, placed near the bed, even beneath it. This not only absorbs much of the hurtful vapor, but by its evaporation it softens and tempers the atmosphere, doing away with the dryness which is so trying and depressing to an invalid, or even to persons in health, for that matter. It has frequently been shown by actual experience that troubled sleep and threatened insomnia are corrected by so simple a thing as the placing of an open bowl of water near the sufferer's bed. On the same principle, water which has been standing in an open vessel in a sleeping room or a sick room should under no conditions be used for drinking; nor should any liquid intended as a beverage be allowed to stand open to contamination.

To Ward Off Liver Troubles.

It is a well-known fact that nine-tenths of the fevers and digestive ailments to which the human family are prone are due to an impaired condition of the liver.

Sooner or later most people succumb to "a spell with the liver," which often results in complications that require a doctor's attention and sometimes prove pretty serious in the long run. Blue pills and their modern equivalents simply skim over the surface of the trouble, as luke-warm water washes out a very greasy kettle, but do not reach the root of the disturbance; consequently, they do very little good, if any. That the liver is about the hardest worked organ of the human economy is a well-known fact, but few people realize that when it becomes deranged, clogged with effete matter that renders it unable to perform its proper functions, the whole system suffers from the poisonous overflow of bile, which is accountable for more physical and mental woe than any other single physical cause. To the man with the disordered liver everything in life is out of joint and not worth while.

The following preventive and cure I have never known to fail of its purpose when properly administered as soon as bilious conditions make themselves felt.

When you feel "that a fever is coming on," tired, chilly, miserable and without appetite, don't dose yourself with liver pills, but refrain from eating anything and drinking anything but water for half a day. At bedtime take the following mixture:—

One quart of hot water to which has been added a teaspoonful of common table salt and the juice of a large lemon. Take it as hot as you can swallow it comfortably, then turn into bed and forget your troubles. In the morning, immediately after rising, repeat the dose, even if it does gag you a little. Don't stop until you have taken your entire dose. Lie down for ten minutes, then dress and go about your duties for an hour or so, after which you will be ready for a light breakfast. Refrain from all fried stuff and sweetmeats.

Every morning for a week drink a quart of this salted lemonade and during that week eat no animal food or fats or pastries of any sort. Drink plenty of pure water and eat all the fruits and vegetables in season. After that the liver will be in fine working order and you will feel like a new person.

Surely the above remedy is simple enough for anyone. It has the merit of age and experience to back it, for it was popular long before most of us saw the light of day. Try it, farmers' wives, on your puny children, on yourselves, if you need it, and you will find that it will not only save doctors' bills and countless worries, but it will often prevent a fatal fever from getting hold of a run-down system. Children under ten years old should take only a pint of lemonade and not more than half a lemon and a quarter of a teaspoonful of salt.

Whooping Cough, when complicated with pneumonia, is one of the most fatal of all the children's diseases. An abundance of pure air, proper food, and general hygienic measures reduce the mortality.

A Subscriber asks for a talk on hard cider and its effect on the system. Hard cider is an alcoholic drink and can produce all the dire effects of other intoxicants. It is an especially dangerous beverage, as it is a common occupant of the farmer's cellar. Many a young man has been made a drunkard from too familiar association with his father's cider barrel.

A Christmas Carol.

"There's a song in the air!
There's a star in the sky!
There's a mother's deep prayer
And a baby's low cry!
And the Star rains its fire while the
beautiful sing
For the manger of Bethlehem cradles a
King!"



CLARK'S Corned Beef

is just fine Corned Beef—boneless and wasteless and very tasty. With Clark's Corned Beef in the house an appetizing meal is ready-to-serve at any hour. It saves time, coal and trouble.

Order some now from your dealer.

WM. CLARK, MFR.
MONTREAL 5-1-06



SYNOPSIS OF CANADIAN NORTH-WEST HOMESTEAD REGULATIONS

ANY even numbered section of Dominion Lands in Manitoba, Saskatchewan and Alberta excepting 8 and 16 not reserved, may be homesteaded by any person who is the sole head of a family or any male over 18 years of age, to the extent of one-quarter section of 160 acres, more or less.

Entry may be made personally at the local land office for the district in which the land is situated.

The homesteader is required to perform the conditions connected therewith under one of the following plans:

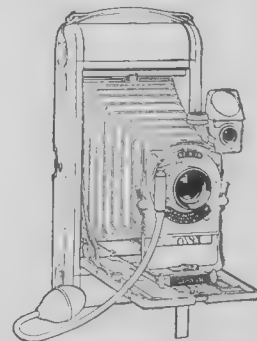
- (1) At least six months' residence upon and cultivation of the land in each year for three years.
- (2) If the father (or mother, if the father is deceased) of the homesteader resides upon a farm in the vicinity of the land entered for the requirements as to residence may be satisfied by such person residing with the father or mother.
- (3) If the settler has his permanent residence upon farming land owned by him in the vicinity of his homestead, the requirements as to residence may be satisfied by residence upon the said land.

Six months' notice in writing should be given to the Commissioner of Dominion Lands at Ottawa, of intention to apply for patent.

W. W. CORY,

Deputy of the Minister of the Interior.

N. B.—Unauthorized publication of this advertisement will not be paid for.



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The most powerful
liniment made.

25c. at all dealers.

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Pills for sick headache and
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handsome water color
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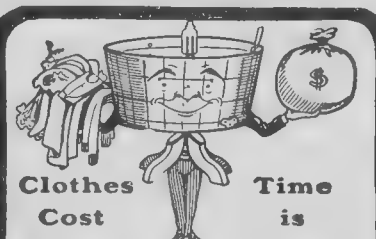
THE F. F. DALLEY CO., Limited
Hamilton, Ont. 166

PURE FOOD INSURES GOOD HEALTH

MAGIC BAKING POWDER

INSURES PURE FOOD.

E.W. GILLETT COMPANY LIMITED
TORONTO, ONT.



Clothes
Cost
Money

Time
is
Money

The New Century Washer

saves both—nothing easier or more effective—nothing half so quick. You sit to operate it, and a tubful of clothes may be thoroughly cleaned in five minutes. You cannot make a more profitable investment—the profits direct and incidental cannot be estimated. Local dealers sell it at \$8.50. Ask your dealer for it. If he cannot show you the machine write us for booklet.

THE DOWSWELL MANUFACTURING CO. LIMITED
HAMILTON, CANADA

Tricked by Dyspepsia

The Doctor Couldn't Tell Where The Trouble Lay.

"For the past seven years I have been a victim of dyspepsia and chronic constipation and have consulted the most noted specialists to be found on diseases of this character. None, however, seemed to locate the difficulty or give relief. In addition to this medical treatment, I have resorted to the use of many remedies and have given them faithful trial, but all to no purpose.

Upon the recommendation of a close friend, I purchased a 50c. package of Stuart's Dyspepsia Tablets and in less than five days noticed that I was receiving more benefit than from any remedy I had used before. I continued to use the tablets after each meal for one month and by that time my stomach was in a healthy condition, capable of digesting anything which my increasing appetite demanded.

I have not experienced any return of my former trouble, though three months have elapsed since taking your remedy."

We wish that you could see with your own eyes the countless other bona-fide signed letters from grateful men and women all over the land who had suffered years of agony with dyspepsia, tried every known remedy and consulted eminent specialists without result, until they gave Stuart's Dyspepsia Tablets a trial. Like the doctor above, they couldn't locate the seat of the trouble.

Dyspepsia is a disease which has long baffled physicians. So difficult of location is the disease that cure seems next to miraculous. There is only one way to treat dyspepsia—to supply the elements which nature has ordained to perform this function and to cause them to enter the digestive organs, supplying the fluids which they lack. Stuart's Dyspepsia Tablets alone fill these requirements, as is shown by the fact that 40,000 physicians in the United States and Canada unite in recommending them to their patients for stomach disorders.

We do not claim or expect Stuart's Dyspepsia Tablets to cure anything but disordered conditions of the stomach and other digestive organs, but this they never fail to do. They work upon the inner lining of the stomach and intestines, stimulate the gastric glands and aid in the secretion of juices necessary to digestion.

Stuart's Dyspepsia Tablets are for sale by all druggists at 50 cents a box. One box will frequently effect a perfect cure. If in doubt and wish more adequate proof, send us your name and address and we will gladly mail you a sample package free. F. A. Stuart Co., 61 Stuart Bldg., Marshall, Mich.

\$5.00 Brooch



Does it strike you as "almost too good to be true"? It is only one instance of the price-attractiveness of Diamond Hall's stock—backed by its half-century reputation for quality.

This Brooch (Catalogue No. 31683) consists of a 1 3/4 inch crescent of solid 14k. gold, supporting a lily-of-valley spray set with 16 pearls.

It is sent post free in dainty satin lined case.

We send upon request free of charge our large illustrated catalogue.

Ryrie Bros Limited
Toronto, Ont.

10 POST CARDS

Fascinating LOVER'S SCENES and cleverest Comics, 20c; highly colored, no duplicates. B. C. CROWN ART CO. Pittsfield, Mass.

Hints for the Housewife.

The Woman at the Bottom.

A woman's at the bottom, true,
Of much of wrong a man can do;
The motive, oft, of sin and crime,
Of wasted talents, squandered time.

The halter 'round ambition's neck,
On virtue, honor, fame, the check;
The lure to vice, dishonor shame—
To degradations past reclaim.

A woman's at the bottom, too,
Of most the good a man can do;
Incentive, she of noble deeds,
Embodiment of all his needs.

She strengthens him where he is weak.
She bids him name and honor seek:
Ambition spurs and points the way
To sun-kissed heights of fame for aye.

Or be his lot a lowly one,
With talents few and little done,
She fills his narrow life with cheer,
And still, through failure, holds him dear.

And so while one may lead to vice
Another shows him paradise;
And if the one who drags him down
Must, for it, bear the world's dark frown:

Then should not she, whose life inspires
The heart of man with pure desires
And noble aims, receive her due
Of loyal praise and homage true?

Things Worth Knowing.

If hooks for bathroom, kitchen and pantry are dipped in enamel paint there will be no trouble from iron rust.

Machine oil stains can be removed if, before washing, the spot is rubbed with a cloth wet with ammonia.

A shabby black bedstead will look greatly improved if rubbed with a cloth dipped in paraffin. This will both clean and freshen it.

To prevent bright pans from being blackened by smoke, rub with fat before putting them on the fire. Wash with hot water and soda.

Bronze ornaments may be cleaned by dipping in boiling water, then rubbing with a piece of flannel dipped in soapsuds, and dried with a soft cloth and chamois leather.

Try rubbing a mirror with a ball of soft paper slightly dampened with alcohol, then with a duster on which a little whiting has been sprinkled, and finally polish with clean paper or a wash-leather. This treatment will make the glass beautifully bright.

If one uses a wet chamois skin for dusting furniture, a furniture polish will not be needed. Take a soft chamois skin from ten to sixteen inches square, wet in warm water—do not use hot—wring out as dry as possible. Use same as duster. It will remove dust and finger marks, and leave furniture bright.

To Keep Oilcloth Bright and Glossy.—Never use soap in the water when cleaning oilcloth. It fades the colors and breaks up the paint. Ammonia also is to be avoided, because it gives the cloth a dull, dead look. If a brush is used, it should be a soft one, but it is better not to use any, except in cases where the oilcloth has been long neglected or poorly washed for some time previously. Take a clean flannel cloth and apply clean water, which is finally to be removed by soaking it up into the washing cloth again after it has been wrung out. The oilcloth is then wiped dry with another piece of clean flannel or coarse crash. After the oilcloth has become thoroughly dry apply to it some warm linseed oil. Only a very little is to be used, and slightly rubbed into the cloth, giving it a handsome gloss. The linseed oil will do more harm than good unless used sparingly. Skim milk is used in place of oil, and will give the oilcloth a beautiful gloss.

It is not generally known that eider-down quilts may be washed with very satisfactory results. In the case of a large one it is pretty hard work, and unless a wringer is available, and

there is a good drying accommodation, it should scarcely be attempted. But, given these conveniences, the operation is not really a very difficult one, and the labor entailed is certainly amply repaid. It will be wise to look the quilt over to see if there are any holes, and, if there are such, to mend them carefully before beginning to wash. Then shake the quilt well (out of doors if possible) to get rid of all superfluous dust. Then prepare a tub of warm water, sufficiently large in which to wash the quilt comfortably, add to it enough melted soap to produce a good lather, and also sufficient liquid ammonia to make the water smell slightly. Plunge the quilt into this, and wash it in the same way as you would flannels. Squeeze and pound it well in the water, working it up and down, and going over every part. Take a second and even a third soapy water, repeating the process until the quilt seems quite clean. Then rinse in an abundant supply of warm water until quite clear of soap. Pass the quilt through the wringing machine; it will require to be folded evenly and manipulated to a certain degree, whilst possibly the tension of the wringer may need to be loosened to its fullest extent; but it is quite impossible to wring such a thing by hand. Then shake the quilt thoroughly, and if this can be done by two people, and out of doors, it will be more satisfactory. The drying must be particularly attended to, the quilt being shaken and rubbed from time to time to prevent the feathers forming into clots. Outside drying is, of course, the best, in a good wind and out of the sun; the blowing about will help to keep the feathers soft. Even then the quilt should be turned once or twice upon the line and rubbed with the hands. It is, however, quite possible to dry it in the house, only more attention will be required, and the shaking and rubbing will have to be repeated oftener. When finished, the quilt should feel quite soft and equal to new.

The Care of Lamps.

People who are using lamps should know the right way to manage them. A smoky, oily, strong-smelling lamp is a nuisance, while a well-cared-for lamp is a joy and a comfort.

To begin with, every lamp owner should know that a new wick ought to be soaked or boiled in vinegar. This having been done, there will be neither smoke nor smell, while a much brighter light will be given.

Wicks are the main things to be considered in connection with lamps. Unless a wick is well cared for a satisfactory light cannot be had.

In the first place, those who have the care of lamps should never cut the wicks; rub the charred portions off every day with a soft rag. If the wick becomes too short to carry up the kerosene do not throw it away, but fasten a piece of cotton cloth to the end below and it will prove a good feeder. Wicks should not be allowed to grow too short, however, for then they clog the burners.

No better treatment for burners can be suggested when they have become gummy and prevent the wicks from moving freely, than to boil them in strong soap suds for a while. In this way they may be kept clean, and a clean burner always works well.

When lamps become very dirty a teaspoonful of soda to a quart of hot soap suds will cleanse them thoroughly, but the washing should be done quickly, lest the soda injure the outside metal, bronze or decorated china. And the drying is as important as the washing, for if a lamp is to be perfectly safe it must be thoroughly dry.

Indigestion

AND

LIVER & KIDNEY DISORDERS

All yield to Mother Seigel's Syrup. It is a vegetable preparation made from selected roots, barks and leaves. When your stomach fails to digest food properly all the functions of your system are out of order. The blood becomes impure and the poisons and acids generated affect your stomach, heart, kidneys and liver. But all of these troubles

ARE CURED BY

MOTHER SEIGEL'S SYRUP

IT CURED

Mr. George Sharp of 448 Banning St., Winnipeg, Manitoba, who writes:—"My wife and self use a great deal of Mother Seigel's Syrup for indigestion and we consider the Mother Seigel's Remedies to be the very best in the market."

It will Cure You.

Price 60c. per bottle. Sold everywhere.

IF WOMEN ONLY KNEW

Thousands of women suffer untold miseries every day with aching backs that really have no business to ache. A woman's back wasn't made to ache. Under ordinary conditions it ought to be strong and ready to help her bear the burdens of life.

It is hard to do housework with an aching back. Hours of misery at leisure or at work. If women only knew the cause. Backache comes from sick kidneys, and what a lot of trouble sick kidneys cause in the world.

But they can't help it. If more work is put on them than they can stand it's not to be wondered that they get out of order. Backache is simply their cry for help.

DOAN'S KIDNEY PILLS

will help you. They're helping sick, over-worked kidneys—all over the world—making them strong, healthy and vigorous. Mrs. P. Ryan, Douglas, Ont., writes: "For over five months I was troubled with lame back and was unable to move without help. I tried all kinds of plasters and liniments but they were no use. At last I heard tell of Doan's Kidney Pills and after I had used three-quarters of the box my back was as strong and well as ever."

Price 50 cents per box or three boxes for \$1.25, all dealers or The Doan Kidney Pill Co., Toronto, Ont.

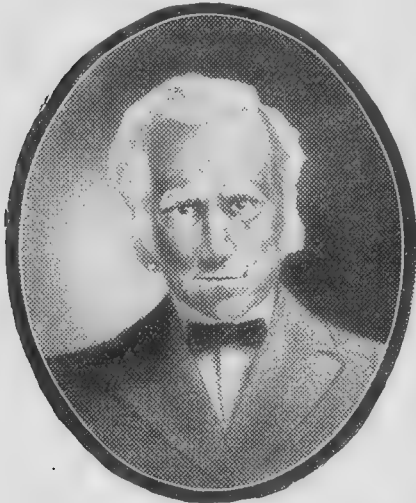
MEN WANTED RELIABLE men in every locality throughout United States and Canada to advertise our goods, taking up show cards on trees, fences, bridges, and all conspicuous places; distributing small advertising matter. Commission or salary \$300 a month and expenses \$3.50 a day. Steady employment to good reliable men. We lay out your work for you. No experience needed. Write for particulars. SALUS MEDICINAL CO., London, Ontario, Canada

Piles Quickly Cured at Home

Instant Relief, Permanent Cure—Trial
Package Mailed Free to All
in Plain Wrapper.

Piles is a fearful disease, but easy to cure if you go at it right.

An operation with the knife is dangerous, cruel, humiliating and unnecessary.



There is just one other sure way to be cured—painless, safe and in the privacy of your own home—it is Pyramid Pile Cure.

We mail a trial package free to all who write.

It will give you instant relief, show you the harmless, painless nature of this great remedy and start you well on the way toward a perfect cure.

Then you can get a full-sized box from any druggist for 50 cents, and often one box cures.

If the druggist tries to sell you something just as good, it is because he makes more money on the substitute.

Insist on having what you call for.

The cure begins at once and continues rapidly until it is complete and permanent.

You can go right ahead with your work and be easy and comfortable all the time.

It is well worth trying.

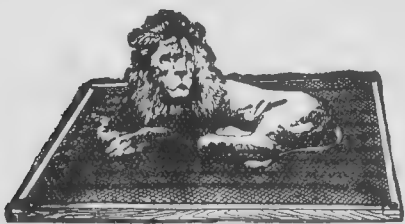
Just send your name and address to Pyramid Drug Co., 65 Pyramid Building, Marshall, Mich., and receive free by return mail the trial package in a plain wrapper.

Thousands have been cured in this easy, painless and inexpensive way, in the privacy of the home.

No knife and its torture.

No doctor and his bills.

All druggists, 50 cents. Write to-day for a free package.



At the school of Practical Science, Toronto, a practical test was made of the Hercules fabric, and it was declared to be more than five times as strong as ordinary weaves. That's what accounts for the popularity of guaranteed

HERCULES Spring Beds

They are stronger than any other beds made, and are also more springy and comfortable. Be sure that your dealer supplies you with the guaranteed Hercules bed interlaced with copper wire. Sleep on it for thirty nights and if it is not satisfactory, return to your dealer and he will return your money.

GOLD MEDAL FURNITURE MFG CO., LTD
TORONTO : MONTREAL : WINNIPEG

Boys and Girls.

Going to Bed.

I tell you what, when everything
Is sizzling in my head,
'Bout pirates, or a storm at sea,
Or Injun scouts, or battles—Gee!
I hate to go to bed!

I want to know, so awful bad,
Just what the end will be;
An' when that loud old clock goes whir!
I keep as still—I never stir—
But mother looks at me,

An' says, "My dear it's time for bed;
You know we can't allow
This sitting up." But then I tease.
"Aw, just this one short chapter—
please!
It's so exciting, now!"

Then 'tain't a minute till dad says,
"A lengthy chapter, son!"
An' mother says, "Come, come, enough!"
An' dad, he says, "That boy's a bluff!
Come youngster, scuttle!—run!"

An' then dad chases me upstairs,
To make me go to bed;
An' spansks me, an' I thump him back,
An' then he gives me one more whack
An' stands me on my head.

I hate to start to go to bed,
The same way, every night;
But dad, he makes it all a game—
I have to mind, though, just the same;
I tell you, dad's all right!

Then mother comes and hears my
prayers,

An' dad gets me a drink;
An' then dad hugs us both real tight
An' we hug back with all our might—
It's kind o' nice, I think.

Present-Day Philosophy.

The fact that someone else does
it is Society's excuse.

You can lead a man to college, but
you cannot make him think.

Anyone can be a power for evil—
it takes character to be a power for
good.

Certain men are determined to get
their share of what does not belong
to them.

For Boys Who Want to Seek a For- tune in the City.

Every country boy whose ambition
is to "go to the city," should ask
himself the following questions:

First. I am going to the city in the
hope of making my fortune. Is there
any duty at home on which I shall
turn my back when I go—any duty
weightier and more urgent than that
of making my fortune?

Second. For every dollar to be
earned there are at least ten competi-
tors in the city for one here in the
country? What qualities have I that
will insure me success over the other
nine?

Third. The jack-of-all-trades, or
"handy man, who can turn his hand
to anything," is not wanted in the
city. He is speedily tramped out of
sight. Success is to be won only by
the men best trained in their own
trades or professions. What trade
or profession have I? What proof
have I given of special ability in any
trade I have in mind, or that may
seem attractive to me?

Fourth. Have I energy, skill,
pleasing manners, tact to win a place
where the crowd and the competition
are so great? Or is my only quali-
fication for town work discontent
with home and village life and un-
fitness for work in the country?

Fifth. At home I have the good
will and friendship given to my family,
and to me by people who have known
me since I was born. This is a
valuable capital, out of which hap-
piness can be made to come. What
is there in the city to atone for the
lack of it to a poor, friendless boy?
Isn't there some occupation in the
village or the country town that I can
secure, or cannot farming, with ener-
gy and industry, be made to give me
an adequate livelihood?

These questions, if gravely con-
sidered, may lead a boy or girl of
common-sense to a wise choice at one
of the great turning points of life.

Some Don't's From Experience.

Don't laugh over others' mistakes.
You may stumble soon.

Don't think you know it all, for
you don't. One head can't hold a
hoghead.

Don't look for oak trees out of
acorns in a day or a year. It takes
time to ripen crop and character.

Don't judge a sermon by your ears.
There is a vast difference between a
tickle and a truth.

Don't trust your friends as proof of
piety. The "cash register" is far
more trustworthy and reliable.

Don't lie, for two good reasons:
First, it makes you a liar; and second,
it doesn't pay, long run or short.

Don't worry over the criticism of
brainless people. Braying, whether
by biped or quadruped, is only noise.

Don't read these "Don't's" and
then do them, for you will suffer. I
I know it, for I have tried it.

Don't lose faith in humanity, be-
cause there are some black spots.
Look at the sun, and then at the
looking-glass.

Don't quarrel over circumstances,
nor fret over impossibilities. It is far
better to climb mountains than to
curse them.

Don't be stingy because some of
your charity went wrong. Think
how much wasted mercy has been
poured out on you.

Don't expect large things from a
little minded man. Some folks are
built on the penny scale and weigh
that much only.

Magic Lamp Trick.

The magic lamp trick requires that
you shut out all the light from a room
except one ray, says the Boston
Herald. You can do this by closing
all the shutters except one, and
covering that window with several
newspapers or with wrapping paper,
in which a hole has been cut to admit
the ray.

With a mirror reflect this ray down
into a glass in which you have mixed
pure water and a few teaspoonfuls of
milk. The milk will shine with so
brilliant a white light that it will
illuminate the whole room.

Some pretty experiments may be
made with mirrors. Stand between
two that face each other exactly, and
you will see a long line of images of
yourself, so many that you can hardly
count them, and they will vanish in
the distance. If you hold a lighted
candle in your hand you will be able
to count more of them.

Place two small mirrors with their
edges together so that they will open
and close like a book, having the re-
flecting surface facing each other.
Put between them a lighted candle,
or other bright object, and the images
will increase in number as you shut
the mirrors together and lessen as
you open them.

Cut a design out of thick paper,
and paste it on a small mirror. Hold
the mirror in the sunlight so that the
reflection will be thrown on a shaded
wall, and the design will appear on
the wall very dark, with a light back-
ground.

Porous substances are those that
are full of tiny holes. Nearly every-
thing is porous, though the holes can-
not be seen with the unaided eye.
You may make an experiment to
show this by half filling a glass with
boiling water and placing over it
piece of pasteboard. On top of the
pasteboard invert a dry glass, and
the vapor from boiling water will
pass through the pores of the paste-
board and show itself as moisture on
the inside of the glass.

Make the same experiment with the
various substances, such as cloth,
wool, rubber, wood, glass or paper,
and you will find that some are por-
ous enough to let the water vapor
pass through while others are not.

METALLIC
WRITE FOR PRICES
METALLIC ROOFING CO.
LIMITED
WINNIPEG
CEILING

The Only Stocking for Boys.

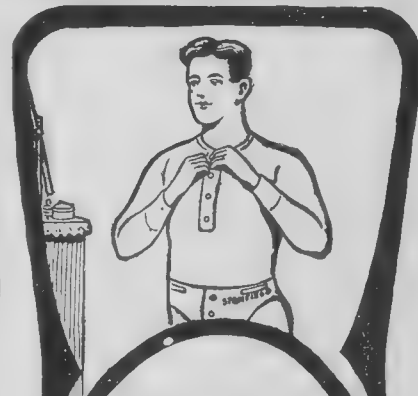


Dominion Brand

—the Stocking that makes
darning-day easy.

Postpone the coming of the
holes—ask your
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sist on seeing this
tag—on every
pair.

DOMINION
HOSE MILLS
A. Burritt & Co.
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Wear Guaranteed.



The Underwear That is Guaranteed

You get exactly what you pay
for—or you get your money
back—when you buy

Stanfield's "Unshrinkable" Underwear

Every dealer, handling
STANFIELD'S, is authorized
to refund the purchase price,
should any STANFIELD
garment shrink from any
cause.

Safe Underwear
for you to buy,
isn't it?

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The ARNOTT METHOD is the only
logical method for the cure of Stam-
mering. It treats the CAUSE, not
merely the HABIT, and insures natural
speech. Pamphlet, particulars and
references sent on request. Address

The Arnott Institute
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WOMEN FROM ALL PARTS OF CANADA

GAIN NEW LIFE AND STRENGTH THROUGH THE USE OF PSYCHINE.

Every day, in fact every mail, tells of the splendid help Psychine is giving to suffering women everywhere. By strengthening the blood-making organs, helping the stomach and clearing out any tendency to throat, chest and lung troubles, it is giving a new lease of life to thousands of Canadian women who have not known for years what it means to be really well. Listen to what some of them say:

MRS. ANDREW CAMPBELL, Coltonwood, N. W. T.

"I caught a heavy cold which settled on my lungs and gradually led to consumption. I could not sleep, was subject to night sweats, my lungs were so diseased my doctor considered me incurable. Rev. M. Mahaffy, of Port Elgin, Ont., Presbyterian Church, recommended Psychine, and I started to use it, with the result that the night sweats and cough ceased. I am now perfectly restored to health. Psychine has been a god-send to me."

MISS ETHEL M. WOOD, Brownsville, Ont.

"Two years ago I was going into a decline. I could hardly drag myself across the floor. My father got me to use Psychine, and people soon began to remark my improvement. I am now full of life, while a few months ago I could not struggle to church, 40 rods from my home. Psychine did it."

MRS. GEO. VOGART, Gananoque, Ont.

"I cannot speak too highly of Psychine. I was feeling nervous, trembling and run down, and had a bad cough. Psychine helped me more than anything I ever tried, and I give it all the praise."

MRS. D. McKINNON, Ingonish, C. B.

"La Grippe left my lungs and whole system weak. After dragging along and growing steadily worse on other treatments, I tried Psychine and found a complete cure."

MRS. E. V. BLAISDELL, Arnprior, Ont.

"I had felt miserable for a long time, had no appetite, couldn't get any sleep, and was unable to work or enjoy life. People said I was so old my constitution was breaking up, but by using Psychine I have proved this false. I am now well, and have been for the past five or six years."

These are only a few of the many, only a small part of the great volume of proof that Psychine is the greatest builder-up, tonic and germ killer of the age. It is doing a great work for the women of Canada. It cures consumption and all those conditions that lead to consumption.

Psychine is 50c. Per Bottle, Large Size \$1.00 and \$2.00 Per Bottle, at all Druggists.

DO YOU NEED FURS?

No doubt you do. We have the largest and most up-to-date stock of furs in the West. We handle everything in fur that you may require, and our prices you will find the most reasonable for the quality we give you. Why not

GET OUR CATALOGUE

It is yours for the asking.

Send us your name and address and we will mail you one post paid.

The Montreal Fur Manufacturing Co.

P.O. Box 36.

BRANDON, MAN.

Woman and the Home.

Rocking the Baby to Sleep.

Just when the night shadows hover,
Just when the dew falleth down,
Just when the bluffs brightly over,
Gleameth a crescent, a crown;
Just when the crickets are chirping,
Just when the gold stars out-peep,
Sweet 'tis to sit in the twilight
Rocking the baby to sleep.

Oh, the dear little hands that are stir-
ring
In tired and tender unrest,
Oh, the murmurous voice that is purr-
ing,
Oh, the head cuddled close to my
breast!
Floating in fragrance of flowers—
Sorrowful-swift the tears leap—
Sad 'tis to sit in the twilight,
Rocking the baby to sleep.

Hush! for the white lids are falling;
Hush, the rose lips are apart;
Hush! for I hear a voice calling.
Deep in the heart of my heart:
"Trust your dear lamb to the Shepherd,
Trust Him your treasure to keep!"
Hush! lest you waken the baby
Hush! for the baby's asleep.

Modern Grandmothers.

Times have changed since the days when the traditional grandmother sat in the chimney corner, knitting socks and mittens. Women who have married early in life have no more inclination at forty years of age, for subsiding into arm-chairs and giving up all interest in life, except such as center in their grandchildren, than the young mothers themselves.

There are artists, musicians, and writers among the grandmothers of today, women who are doing their part of the world's work, and women who have chosen careers for themselves while they are taking care of their own children, and have kept steadily on, with as much love in their hearts for the little toddlers, who have just come on the stage, as if their lives were given over entirely to pickling, darning, and knitting.

Fifty years ago all the grandmothers, except in a few rare instances, were fashioned after much the same type, whose outward expression was a handkerchief folded smoothly about the neck, a cap with a wide border, and a pair of spectacles.

Today they keep their own individuality, dress as fashionably as their purse will permit, travel in their own country and abroad, entertain, are delightful companions and friends—in a word, something besides a "grandma."

How to Live Long.

Fix deeply in mind the grand truth that life power rules the body, and that it alone can cure disease.

Life power lives in air, water, and food only; all else is hurtful.

Make cleanliness your motto, and watch against filth in both house and grounds.

Few starve for food, but many for air. Breathe deeply a hundred times daily. Wear no tight clothing. Above all, ventilate your sleeping room.

Beware of gluttony. If the appetite is dull, eat fruit only, or eat nothing. Use no fiery condiments, but live chiefly on natural grains, vegetables, and fruits. Never ask your stomach to chew your food—employ our teeth. Adorn your table not only with viands, but with flowers and smiles and kindly words.

Deformity is not awkwardness only, but danger. A high chest will give freedom to breathing and digestion, and help to cure many diseases.

Spend part of each day in muscular work, part in study, and part in good deeds.

Cold Water.

Fire and water are two elements which man can not get along without—especially water. The water we are writing about, however, is not the fluid that ships sail upon; or boys swim in, or in which fish live, but a different brand. It is just as powerful

as the kind which flows in its magnificence over Niagara Falls, or turns the wheels of the mighty mills and factories situated along the banks of some swiftly running stream. Its action is like the tiny drop of which finally wears away the largest stone. Unlike the pure, cold crystal water of our forefathers, or the sweet and tasty fluid drawn from the well by means of the moss-covered and iron-bound bucket, its action is evil, cruel and heart-breaking.

The cold water we refer to comes in different colored bottles with variegated labels. Nagging is one brand. The habit of finding fault. Picking flaws and never scattering a ray of sunshine in the shape of a gentle word of praise for a good action performed. Nothing is so discouraging to a person, whether a grown-up or a growing child, when conscientiously trying to do right, to be harped at because he didn't do better, and, when persisted in, breeds discontent and rebellion. There is a difference between reproof and fault-finding, just as there are different kinds of water—health-giving spring, and the disease-breeding stagnant kind found in blackened pools.

Another kind of water is the icy-cold brand, dished out under the name of discouragement, ridicule, and belittlement of worthy actions. All singers cannot rise to the greatness of a Jenny Lind or an Adelaide Patti. All artists cannot equal Raphael; or all writers cannot reach the Shakesperian height in literature. Because of this limitation, don't throw cold water on the hopes and aspirations of those who may some day reach a reasonable, if a somewhat lesser plane of greatness, but encourage every good and perfect action which tends to lift aspirants from the rut of the common place. A dash of cold water in some cases may be necessary—but in the main, Turkish baths are more appreciated than the Russian kind!

What is Physical Culture?

Physical culture is regarded as simply a fad by very many people, some of whom "go in" for it for a short time, and, providing themselves with tights or bloomers, join a gymnasium club or a class in physical culture, so-called, and go through certain prescribed exercises at intervals of a few days for a few months, then become engrossed in something else and give the matter no further attention.

After reading the following definition, given by one who is making the teaching and practice of physical culture the work of his life, one may get a proper conception of its importance. Bernarr McFadden says:

"Physical culture, in its broad, true sense, means the cultivation of all of one's physical forces, the storing-up of vitality and nervous energy, the building-up of superior health, and the bringing into being of a sound, clean, wholesome body, not alone through exercise, but also by means of correct habits of life, including sensible clothing, the use of proper food, correct bathing habits, proper ventilation of one's living and sleeping rooms, and other rational modes of life. In fact, the scope of physical culture is so broad that it embraces everything that is inclined to improve one's general bodily condition, favor the building of increasing energy, and thus add to the mental capacity, thereby making one fit for the duties of life. In short, physical culture means simply common sense in regard to health and health habits, as distinguished from the abject ignorance and incomprehensible stupidity in reference to those subjects so common among the masses of the people."

Those who know say that to gently rub the scalp with the finger tips promotes circulation of the blood, and circulation of the blood means a healthy head of hair.

HOUSEHOLD SUGGESTIONS

SUPERVISED BY THE CHEF OF THE MARRIAGGI, WINNIPEG

Christmas Salad.—This salad is much in favor and is inexpensive. Cook a pint of chestnuts until very tender; pile on a flat dish; when cool, surround with sprigs of cress and pour over a French dressing. Shredded celery and cress in combination are excellent for a change.

Apple Cream.—Boil twelve tart apples until tender, remove the skins and pass the pulp through a sieve; add a cupful of sugar, beat well, and fold into the pulp the well-beaten whites of two eggs; beat until white and foamy and heap in a glass dish; garnish with candied cherries and strips of angelica and serve cold.

Hickorynut Wafers.—These delicious little dainties hail from Vermont. For each egg allow one-fourth cupful of butter, one cupful of sugar, one cupful of the chopped hickorynuts; beat the butter and sugar to a cream, then add the well-beaten eggs and the flour with a pinch of salt; lastly, stir in the hickorynut meat; drop in small spoonfuls on buttered paper, flatten a little with back of the spoon and bake in a moderate oven.

Chestnut Stuffing.—Chestnut stuffing is the right kind for the Christmas turkey, and it is best made in this way: Throw the chestnuts, about twenty-five, into boiling water for a few minutes, remove and rub off the thin, dark skin; cover with boiling water and simmer for an hour; when soft, mash fine; add the nuts to a half-pound of pork and pound of veal minced fine, with a half-teaspoonful of pepper, two tablespoonfuls of salt and a cupful of stock.

Swiss Christmas Cake.—The whites of the eggs only are used. For three of these allow two ounces of sugar, two tablespoonfuls of red and three of white wine, one lemon and flour to make a paste; rub the rind of the lemon with the sugar, then dissolve it in the wine, add the white of the eggs beaten quite stiff and flour to make paste; spread over a buttered pan in a thin layer and cook in a rather quick oven. Immediately on removing from the oven, cut into narrow strips, and, while hot, wind them quickly around a small stick, and, when cold, slip them off. At serving time, pile high in a pretty silver dish.

Christmas Fruit Cake.—Rub one and one-half cupfuls of powdered sugar and one cupful of butter to a cream, and put with them the yolks of six eggs well beaten, one cupful of sifted flour, one-half teaspoonful of ground cloves and one teaspoonful of each of powdered cinnamon and ground nutmeg. Have the whites of the eggs whipped stiff and put them in now, with another cupful of flour; add one-half pound of raisins, seeded and chopped, one-half pound of cleaned currants and one-fourth of a pound of shredded citron, all well dredged with flour; stir them into the cake and bake this for two hours in a steady oven. This is an old Virginia Christmas cake.

Christmas Surprise Pudding.—For Christmas surprise pudding, make good, rich vanilla ice cream by any familiar recipe. Select a square or brick mould and line it with the cream to the thickness of one and one-half inches. Have ready cream whipped to a stiff froth, in which place cherries and pineapple, cut into bits, have been soaking; fill the center of the mould with the mixture; cover the top with ice-cream and smooth with a knife dipped in cold water; cover the can tightly and pack in ice and salt for two hours. Serve plain or with whipped cream. For a two-quart mould, one quart of ice-cream, one pint of good, sweet cream and a half-pound of candied fruit will be required.

Stuffed Apples for Roast Goose.—These are especially nice. Pare and core the number of large, tart apples required and place them in the bottom of a large pan; to two cupfuls of white stock add a bay leaf, a teaspoonful of minced onion and salt and pepper to taste; simmer for twenty minutes, strain and pour over the apples in the pan; cover and simmer until they can be pierced with a fork; carefully remove from the stock and set aside to cool; blanch two cupfuls of chestnut meats; slice and cover with the stock; add four teaspoonfuls of currant or green-grape jelly and a little salt and paprika. Arrange the apples as a garnish around the goose on the platter. Serve with the sauce.

Frozen French Rolls.—Add one-half cupful of sugar to seven egg yolks and beat until thick and creamy; pour on to this one cupful of scalding-hot milk, a pinch of salt, and cook until the mixture coats spoon; cool, and add the whip from one pint of double cream and two tablespoonfuls unsweetened chocolate (grated), one teaspoonful vanilla. Freeze as for ordinary ice-cream, then line a cylindrical mold with this mixture, leaving a well in centre, which fill with the following: Add two tablespoonfuls of gelatine dissolved in a little cold water, then add it to one quart of cream, two tablespoonfuls of sugar, one teaspoonful of banana extract; whip to a stiff froth, remove froth to mold, adding throughout all kinds of candied French fruit, cut fine; cover with the chocolate mixture. Cover with buttered paper, tie the lid securely, smear edges with butter; bury in ice and salt for two hours.

CHRISTMAS CONFECTIONERY.

Chocolate Fudge.—One quart of granulated sugar, one-half pint of milk, one-half cupful of butter, half a cake of Baker's chocolate; let it boil nine minutes, then remove from the fire; add two teaspoonfuls of vanilla and stir steadily for five minutes, until it is soft and creamy.

Butternut Taffy.—Two cupfuls of light brown sugar, one-half cupful of butter, which must be washed to take out the salt, three-quarters of a cupful of thin cream, boiled together until the mixture is elastic but not brittle; it will take about one hour for this purpose. Do not stir it. When it is done, add one teaspoonful of vanilla and a cupful of butternut meats.

Delicious Peppermint.—Two cupfuls of granulated sugar and half a cupful of water boiled hard all over for about three minutes, then add two teaspoonfuls of essence of peppermint; take from the fire and stir hard until it is white and creamy; drop it on paraffine paper; swirl the spoon as you drop the cream, or the peppermints will not be round. The dropping must be done very rapidly.

Mince Pie Candy.—Take the white of one egg and mix with it powdered sugar until it forms a creamy substance stiff enough to mould; into this press nuts, raisins, chopped figs, dates, preserved ginger, citron and some of the different spices used for mince pies; pack into a tin box lined with paraffine paper and leave it for a while to ripen, then cut with a sharp knife into cubes the size of caramels, do them up in paraffine paper and pack into a fancy box, labelled "Mince Pie" on the outside.

Marshmallows.—Home-made marshmallows are delicious, and a box filled with this dainty would be highly prized by most young people. To make them, take three ounces of gum arabic, one-half pint of hot water. Dissolve the gum arabic in the water, strain and add half a pint of powdered sugar; boil ten minutes, or until the syrup has the consistency of honey, stirring all the time; remove from the fire and add the white of an egg, beaten very stiff; mix it thoroughly and add two teaspoonfuls of orange-flower flavor; pour the paste into a pan dusted with cornstarch and spread it about one inch thick; cut into squares, and, when cold, roll it in confectioners' sugar.

Candied Fruits.—A box of candied fruit is enjoyed by many, even more than candy. They may be very daintily packed in a small straw basket. When tied with ribbons, it makes a very attractive gift. Two cupfuls of granulated sugar and one cupful of hot water; boil this slowly half an hour without stirring. Carefully dip the point of the spoon into the syrup and then into cold water. If the thread formed is brittle, the syrup is ready for the fruit. Figs cut in halves, white grapes, English walnuts halved, blanched almonds, dates and oranges pared, quartered and dried, may be used, also large raisins and peanuts. Hold each piece of fruit on the end of a long silver hatpin, dip them separately and then drop them on a cold dish covered with paraffine paper.

CHRISTMAS DECORATIONS.

The custom of recent years in giving the home a festive appearance for Christmas is one to be highly commended.

The use of holly and mistletoe, the plants sacred to Christmas, is now very general, and as they are abundant in our markets, as well as cheap, every household may be made bright with them. In parlors and sitting-rooms, wreaths, crowns and festoons can be arranged over mantels and windows, as well as hung from lamps and over pictures.

For the Christmas dinner-table, a large bowl of holly leaves, with the berries, make a beautiful centre-piece; while tiny bunches of holly laid at each plate brighten the table wonderfully. Cakes may be ornamented with candy designs of holly, while ices may be moulded and colored in the same style. If in remote localities it is not possible to obtain holly and mistletoe, green of some other variety should be procured, as the display of artificial wreaths of holly is bad taste. All-over greens, such as pine, cedar, spruce, etc., can be utilized, and berries of some sort arranged with these can be made into beautiful decorations. When chrysanthemums are yet blooming, they add greatly to the beauty of the table; the bright yellow and dark crimson are particularly appropriate for the Christmas dinner-table.

In arranging the table, the cakes, bonbons, nuts and fruits may be placed on it at the beginning, and will give it a festive appearance, rendering very little additional decoration necessary.

To serve an informal Christmas dinner with as little trouble to the family as possible should be the aim of every housekeeper. The soup may be placed at each plate before dinner is announced, the turkey carved at the table and passed with the vegetables, the salad and dessert dished by the hostess. By the exercise of good judgment and management, the dinner may thus be served with simple elegance, even in the humblest household.

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WINNIPEG.

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Now is the time for Grain Growers' Associations to make contracts for reliable twine. Write to us, we can supply your needs.

You will require a **soil packer** this spring; let us have a chance to talk to you. We have the old reliable **McColm**, and the price is right. Send us \$9.50 and we will ship you a **harrow cart**. You need not walk after the harrow any more. **Light Steel Harrows**, \$2.50 per section.

If you want a **buggy** this season let us quote you. **Good Goods at reasonable prices.** Send a post card for our list.

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About the Farm.

SOME OBSERVATIONS.

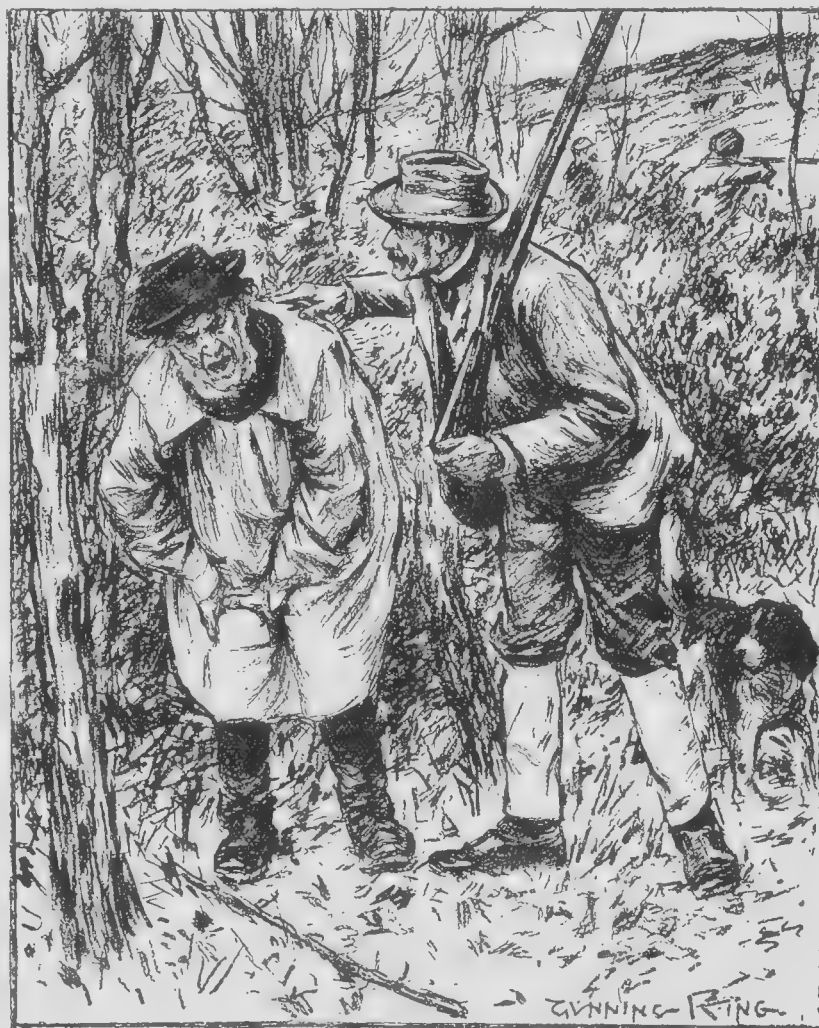
It is now the season when the farmer has a little leisure to look ahead and plan for the new year. One of the difficulties most likely to confront him is the question of help, both outdoors and in.

The following article is well worth reading, as it can be applied to the Canadian Northwest as well as to the adjoining States south of our boundary line:—

Booker T. Washington, the head of the Tuskegee Institute, in one of his lectures draws a picture of the Iowa farmer riding a sulky plow or a sulky cultivator in preparing or cultivating his corn crop, and contrasts this with the operations of the one-suspender, single-mule negro farmer of the South; and then goes on to show the utility of the latter trying to raise corn in competition with the northern farmer who rides at his work. "If you will watch the white man closely," says Mr. Washington, "you will notice that he is nearly always sitting down." This is somewhat the impression which most persons, remote from the country, have of the agriculturist; yet the farmer knows that it is not sitting down, but

the golden age so far as farm help was concerned. The descendants of these "greenhorns" may now be found at the head of vast business enterprises in the cities, in the professions, in the national halls of legislation, and doubtless not a few of them in the ranks of the "four hundred." Young and lusty immigrants who come from those countries to-day either seek the cities or attach themselves to the region of the cheap lands!

Men, like crows, blackbirds and buffalo, are gregarious. The great majority seek their kind, and this is what makes so many men cling to the cities, where the work is harder, the living meaner and life much less helpful. I know a woman who is successfully engaged in convincing shallow, hollow-cheeked, worn-out factory girls how much finer and healthier is service in a farmer's family than within the stifling walls of the mill, with its eternal grind. Missionary work of this sort, it seems to me, would be possible also among the poorly-fed, overworked and ill-housed men of the cities,—if only some means were devised for securing a common meeting place for farm employees after the labors of the day were over.



THE LAW OF COMPENSATION.

Docrout (who has shot a beater in the leg): Never mind, my good man, I'll take 'em all out for nothing!

getting up and hustling, that makes thirty bushels of wheat and seventy-five bushels of oats grow to the acre.

Modern invention has done much to lighten labor on the farm, but vastly more to expedite it; and the hired man is not yet eliminated from the situation. I have before me the diary of a forebear who, in the midst of a strenuous life, found time for many years to set down daily the incidents of his busy hours. The time was during and after the Revolutionary war, and from the book I learn that harvest began in June and lasted till along in September. (The capacity of the old barn, which still survives, proves that the crops could not have been more than half of what they are on the same acres to-day.) I learn, too, that the question of help was then, as now, an important and vexatious one,—the propensity of the harvest hands to go off and get drunk being not the least of this good man's troubles.

With the modern harvest lasting in many sections but a fortnight, we still find harvest help as scarce as when in the earlier times every "prentice boy" claimed and received his "two weeks in harvest";—so scarce, in fact, that the yearning cry from Kansas and Nebraska is so insistent that the husky "half-back" and "left tackle" from the eastern colleges hasten to the help of the Great West.

It is not at the harvest time alone, but at all seasons, that the help question looms up. The time when the ranks of the farm hands were recruited from Ireland, Germany and Sweden was

When all things are considered, including pure air and greater freedom and comfort, wages on the farm will average as high as the general average in the towns, while the gain in cleaner moral and physical living is almost beyond computation. It is worth a good deal to acquire the healthy, ferocious, dyspepsia-destroying appetite which comes from contact with the soil. I can yet recall, after the lapse of many years, that "all-gone" feeling that came over me along about ten in the morning in the back field, when it seemed as though the dinner gong never would sound!

In some localities I note that there is a disposition to solve the help problem by decreasing the size of the farms; but this, at the best, is only a mistake. The inevitable tendency of the times in the older settled portions of the country is in the direction of more intensive farming, and this requires intelligent labor. To make two blades of grass grow where but one grew before requires more than "main strength and awkwardness." It requires not merely the plowing of a furrow and the broadcasting of seed, but also technical skill, a knowledge of the chemistry of the soil, and trained hands and eyes. The farm employee of the future will be a craftsman, as skilled in his art as any member of other guilds.

The galvanized iron pans such as are used as drip pans under the refrigerator make excellent water pans for winter use.

POULTRY NOTES.

"Bad luck to you hens!" said Farmer Mike.

"When eggs are selling at forty cents—

What sort of time is this to strike? What can you say in your own defence?

When eggs were worth but a cent apiece You shelled them out in spring and fall;

But now in the face of this great increase.

You give me not an egg at all. I'll cut off your rations—I'll reduce the bill;

If that doesn't answer, I'll kill de-cit—

I'll cut off your heads, by my faith, I will!

If we can't have eggs, we can have meat."

"In these times it is the saving of the waste, the stoppage of leaks, and the utilizing of the by-products that makes many a business pay a profit which would otherwise show a loss."

It is claimed that the average size of fowls of flocks especially noted for egg production is considerably larger than the average size of pure bred fowls kept for show.

Grit, fresh water (slightly warmed in winter) and charcoal are the best condition powders. Be careful, however, to feed nothing hot and give no hot water to overheat the fowls and be followed by colds.

When you find the water frozen in the water vessels pour boiling water over the outside and on the bottom of the pans rather than waste it on the ice.

You can force winter laying by proper food selection and care. To attempt to force it with condiments like red pepper or egg powders is to cause inflammation of the digestive tract and the organs of reproduction. The hens will make you pay for it in time.

"Only occasionally is a poultry keeper to be found who prepares his fowls in the best manner for market, and such a one is usually a poultry woman, whose natural skill and enterprise soon win for her plump, nicely dressed fowls special customers who are glad to pay an extra price."

Broken crockery makes good grit, if there are no long, sharp splinters to injure the fowl, but children should not be permitted to prepare it; there is too much danger of injury to their eyes. A flying piece of a heavy plate struck one person in the eye, causing a very painful injury and loss of a week's time.

Hens, like all other animals, require salt. Too much, however, is poisonous, and care should be exercised if rock salt is fed to the cattle to keep the hens out of the feeding yards till the salt is gone, as they sometimes mistake the salt crystals for grit, with disastrous results. One of our experiment stations found that in a pen of hens of the same age the yield of eggs was twice as great per hen from the hens having salt than from the hens without.

Green Bone as an Egg Food.

The introduction of green bone to the poultry bill of fare has to a great extent solved the problem of winter egg production.

During the summer months the poultry, especially if given a free range, can gather a sufficient number of bugs and insects to satisfy the demand for meat; but during the winter, when freezing weather has destroyed the insect crop, it becomes a serious question how to supply the proper substitute, unless a green bone cutter is brought into commission.

True, there are a number of commercial articles on the market that are valuable as a substitute, but their relative value to green bone is about on a par with canned beef and fresh steak.

We say this not in disparagement of the meat scraps on the market, for we use them, too; but to rely upon them exclusively as a meat ration will not bring about the desired results.

We add commercial meat scraps to the morning mash, daily, using fifteen per cent.; but in addition, twice a week, we give a noonday meal of green cut bone. Of the latter, however, we allow but a pound for every sixteen head of stock, past experiments proving that an average of an ounce is sufficient for each fowl.

Green bone is a complete food, being rich in nitrogen, albumen, carbonates and phosphates of lime, all of which are essential to the manufacture of eggs.

The accepted analysis of green bone is carbonate of lime, six to seven per cent.; phosphate of lime, fifty-eight to sixty-three per cent.; phosphate of magnesia, one to two per cent.; fluoride of calcium, two per cent.; animal matter, twenty-five to thirty per cent.—the remainder of the weight being water.

Green bones are bones fresh from the butcher, with the adhering gristle, meat, etc. Sometimes the butchers will have several large pieces of meat which they cannot sell, and which add great value to the bone.

Some years ago, Inland Poultry, in referring to green bone as a poultry

food, said that its great value lies in its well-proportioned and numerous constituents, which are just what is needed by the hen to produce eggs. In it we have lime for the shell, mineral matter for the yolk and albumen for the white.

There is only one objection to green bone: which is, it is somewhat concentrated. If fed entirely on it, the hens will eat too much. Hence it becomes necessary to feed it in connection with such bulky food as clover or bran.

Green bones containing the natural juices, as well as the adhering substances, are superior to the bones that have lain on the ground for years and lost all these juices or animal matter. Dry bone, when fed to hens, is insoluble, and can act only as grit, as very little, if any, of the mineral matter can be digested. Green bone, on the other hand, is quite soluble, and easily assimilated by the digestive organs of the fowl.

Butter Making.

The making of butter, no matter whether for farm or market, is something which should be done in an absolutely cleanly way. There is no other article which, in the course of construction, will absorb impurities and odors as quickly as butter, and nothing which shows so clearly the care put into its making.

Of the first importance is the care of the utensils used. Rusty pails will taint the milk; paddles, unless thoroughly scalded, will hold atoms of dust in their fibres.

Experienced dairymen discard rusty pails at once, and careful ones never let them get rusty, for they give them such careful attention that holes come before rust does.

Let all your crocks and jars be as sweet-smelling as a rose. Hot soapy water must be used plentifully, and clear hot water follows as a rinsing. Never use a cloth to wash or wipe. Use brushes for washing, and scalding hot water will dry itself. After the vessels are all quite dry they should be set in a clean pantry, mouth down, with a small stick placed under each one so as to keep them from smelling musty. When making the butter, work it just enough to take out the butter-milk and not too much, or the grain will be spoiled. Use an ounce of salt to a pound of butter, pack and put away in a cool place, where no dirt or dust will cover it.

A Case of Necessity.

One Sunday two small boys were industriously digging in a vacant lot, when a man who was passing stopped to give them a lecture.

"Don't you know that it is a sin to dig on Sunday, unless it be a case of necessity?"

"Yes, sir," timidly replied one of the boys.

"Then why don't you stop it?"

"Cause this is a case of necessity," replied the little philosopher. "A feller can't fish without bait."



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Many of the largest farm and poultry buildings in the country as well as government and railroad warehouses, factories, etc. are now roofed and sided with Paroid Roofing. The above illustration shows the largest stock barn in Minnesota, covered with Paroid. In spite of cheap imitations it grows in popularity, because every one who uses it finds it economical, extra strong, durable and thoroughly satisfactory. Make no mistake—get Paroid.

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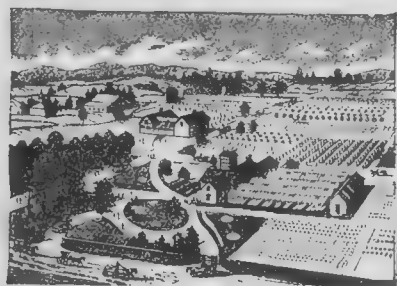
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For full information and catalogue write

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(Over 800 acres)
Toronto, Ontario.

When Writing Advertisers Kindly Mention The Western Home Monthly.

In Lighter Vein.

A Christmas Warning.

Dey say de beas'es knows de signs—
Roos' high, chicken—roos' high;
'Ca'se fros' is on de punkin vines,
An' yaller is de papaw rin's,
An' dat mean Chris'mus come, I fin's—
Roos' high, chicken—roos' high.

You'd bettah sleep wid one eye shet—
Roos' high, chicken—roos' high;
An' leab one yeah to heah wid yet,
Or you'll be yanked off fer a pet.
Now min' you, chicken, don't forget—
Roos' high, chicken—roos' high.

'Ca'se Chris'mus is a-comin' roun'—
Roos' high, chicken—roos' high;
An' sperits—Lawd! you jes be boun'
Dey'll be a-snoopin on de groun'
To ketch whateber kin be foun'—
Roos' high, chicken—roos' high.

Mah mouf's a-wat'rin' whe'r or not—
Roos' high, chicken—roos' high;
An' when you's bilin' in de pot,
Don't tell me dat you's mighty hot,
An' dat mah 'vice you cl'ar furgot—
Roos' high, chicken—roos' high.

Bostonesque.

"Did Santa Claus bring you everything you wanted, Johnnie?"

"I assure you, madame," replied John Beaconsfield Hill, etat 8, of Back Bay, Boston, "that I expressed no wish as to what the mythical personage, Santa Claus, should deposit in my hosiery, because of the fact that I am quite well aware without any equivocation that Santa Claus exists only in the imaginations of the mentally deformed, and the idea of suspending any article of my wearing apparel for the purpose of having it used as a receptacle for tokens of affection is repugnant to one who is deeply interested in the study of disease forms and microbes, to say nothing of—"

But the inquirer had fainted away.

The Pastor's Christmas.

The Reverend Wetherby Ponsonby Gunbusta was liked and loved by his entire congregational flock.

When he complained of feeling out of sorts, no matter how infinitesimal the ailment, they pestered him with suggestions and medicines, both home-made and patent.

Whenever his birthday came around they unloosed their purse-strings and smothered him with fancy pillows, bizarre doyleys and other zigzaggy embroidery.

And now Christmas had come and gone, and the Gunbusta parsonage was stacked with a myriad gifts, as if it was a store house belonging to Santa Claus himself.

But, although these things designated the appreciation of his followers, he was worried.

"Can the world be going wrong?" he soliloquized, viewing the heterogeneous mass. "Here I have received just three hundred and eighty-four gifts and a dog, and not one—no, I am dreaming, I am dreaming, I am dreaming."

And he threw himself upon his reclining-chair and closed his eyes to things from him. Then he opened his eyes again; but lo! the same sight confronted him. His eyes were not deceiving him. It was the truth, the very truth.

A Young Diplomat.

"Say, ma," said Willie, "aren't we going to have a Christmas tree this year?"

"No, Willie," answered the mother. "I haven't time to attend to it this year, and your father is so busy that he will not have time to fix it up, either."

Willie was silent for some time. Then he went over and sat on a footstool beside his mother, who was doing some fancy needlework.

"Say, ma," said Willie, meekly, after a long pause. Seeing that her son was not inclined to finish the sentence, she said, kindly:

"Well, Willie?"

He rested his elbow on her lap and, leaning his head on his hand, watched her fingers working dexterously for a few seconds. Then he continued, slowly:

"Say, ma, you told me I mustn't fight, didn't you?"

"I certainly did, Willie."

"Well, say, ma, you know Willie Smith, what lives across the street?"

"Yes."

"Well, I was talking with him yesterday, and he said his mother was nicer'n mine, and I sed't she wasn't, and then we got to fightin', an', say, ma, you won't be mad if I licked him, will you? An' I told him't my mother was the nicest looking lady in the street, an' don't you forget it, an' I said't my mother wasn't old and wrinkled like his mother was, an' he said't his mother was more generous'n mine, an't she was going to fix him up a nice Christmas tree, an' then I couldn't help it, ma, and I licked him some more, an' just then a big policeman came along an' said't he'd run us both in if we didn't stop fightin', an'—"

But his mother had risen from her chair by this time. She called the girl and told her to go to the grocery store and order a nice Christmas tree—the nicest one they had.

Delicate Question of Service.

"Bah Jove, old fel, I was wanting to see you, you know. I had just had my man call you up at your apartments, but got no answer. Not home, I suppose?" "Oh, yes, deah boy. But, you know, my man doesn't like to answer the phone when I am theah myself. He says it puts him too much in the light of a serving man, don't cher know, and, of course, I could not think of doing it myself when he's theah, old, fel," replied Spendrite.

Took No Hint.

"Do you believe history repeats itself?" asked the anxious waiter.

"I certainly do," replied the patron, rising from the table, after his meal.

"Well, a gentleman who was here yesterday gave me a 25-cent tip," said the waiter.

"Oh, well," said the patron, buttoning up his coat to leave: "perhaps he will be in again today."

A One-Sided Conversation.

The late Governor Russell, of Massachusetts, was a fine conversationalist, and always enjoyed talking. He was asked to address a meeting in one of the small cities of Massachusetts one evening, and went by train. The cars were quite well filled when he got in; so he asked a gentleman if the vacant seat beside him was engaged, and, receiving a negative nod in answer, sat down.

Immediately a conversation started, and was carried on until the city was reached, where both men alighted. Before they left the train they exchanged cards, and shook hands cordially when they separated on the station platform.

Governor Russell arose to address the meeting and commenced by making flattering remarks on the city and people, and said: "I met one of your citizens on the train coming here to-night, and we had a most enjoyable conversation; in fact, I don't know when I have had such a delightful talk as I had with him. By the way, he gave me his card," taking it from his pocket and reading the name on it.

At this the audience was convulsed with laughter. The governor was somewhat taken aback, and failed to see the point, and so asked a friend about it after the lecture was over. The friend said, "Why that man is deaf and dumb."

Orders Coming Slowly.

"How's business? Getting many orders?" asked the stout man.

"More than I can handle," said the short man. "How's it with you? Had any orders lately?"

"Well, business is pretty good. I haven't had an order for a year and a half, but I expect to get one next fall," said the stout man.

At this point Chief Clerk Brownell came out of his trance and became possessed of an irrepressible curiosity. Calling the short man aside he said:

"Who's your stout friend?"

"Travelling man," said the short citizen.

"Well, he certainly has mystified me. What's his line?"

"Suspension bridges."

A Dreadful Dream.

Senator Dubois was lamenting the decay of oratory among American statesmen.

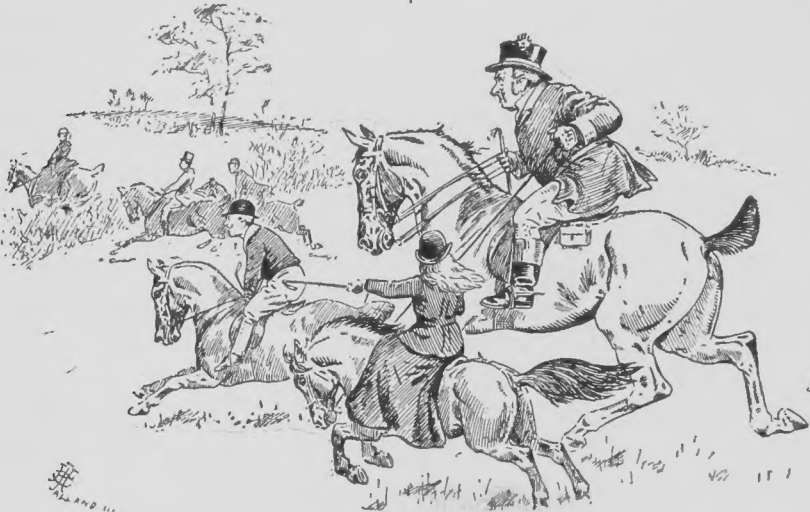
"With only a few exceptions," he said, "we have in Washington no orators worthy of the name. On this account I had to accept in silence during the last session an acid criticism from a clever woman."

"I attended a meeting of the Senate the other day," she said, "and that night I had a terrible dream."

"What did you dream?" said I.

"The lady smiled."

"I dreamed," she said, "I went again."



MISS KITTY: Now, John, if you prevent my jumping another fence, I'll borrow Tommy's knife and cut the leading rein!

As "Paw" Saw It.

"Paw, what was the fine large school that we saw in town to-day?"

"That was the University."

"Paw, I'd like to go there to school."

"You must be crazy! If you went there you'd have to work like an ox, with your head, all the days of your life."

Bound to Agree.

Secretary Shaw and Senator Carter, of Montana, were swapping stories one day, when the Secretary of the Treasury told a good one about a man out in an Iowa town who was never known to disagree with a statement of another, no matter how improbable it might be.

"One day a group of fellows determined to see if they couldn't get Smith—I'll call him Smith," said Secretary Shaw—"to express a dissenting opinion. So, when Smith came along, one of the boys said:

"I had a most remarkable experience the other day, Smith. As I was coming down town through the hills yonder, I saw a buffalo up a tree eating grapes, so I shot him. Did you ever see a buffalo up a tree, Smith?"

"Well, I can't say that I have," returned Smith, regretfully.

"What?" persisted the story-teller, "Never saw a buffalo up a tree eating grapes?"

"Well, no, I never saw a buffalo up a tree, but," said Smith, brightening up, "I know they are very fond of grapes."

Anecdotal.

During his late campaign in New York, W. R. Hearst told the story of a man in an automobile who, having run down a pedestrian, clapped on his brakes, and, looking over his shoulder, shouted: "Hey, there, get out of the way!" The man who had been knocked over, yelled back: "Great Heavens, you're not coming back, are you?"

A man came up to a lecturer in a hotel in Kansas City, saying with enthusiasm: "Well, sir, I enjoyed your lecture very much last night." "I didn't see you there," "Oh, I wasn't there." "Well, what do you mean by telling me you enjoyed my lecture, and you were not present?" "Oh, I bought tickets for my girl's father and mother, and they both went!"

When ex-President Cleveland's son Richard, was about five years old the stork brought another son to the Cleveland family. Dick was told of the arrival of a little brother, and he was very curious to see him. Mr. Cleveland took the first opportunity to gratify the lad's curiosity. Dick gazed at the bit of red humanity for quite a while, and then, with great seriousness, he looked up into his father's face and said, "Pop, he'd make a first-rate bait, wouldn't he?"

A recent visitor to Beaconsfield churchyard asked a middle-aged native of the village to be directed to

the graves of Burke and Waller. The man said he had no recollection of any such persons having been buried there. "But," he added, "you see that little chemist's shop over there? That's where Devereux, the trunk-murder man, used to be an apprentice!"

A temperance lecturer, speaking in Keene, N. H., reminded his hearers of the story of Dives and Lazarus. He pointed out how, when Dives was in Hades, he did not ask for beer or wine and whisky, but for one drop of water. "Now, my friends," said the lecturer, "what does that show to us?" A voice from the back of the hall instantly replied: "It shows us where you temperance people go to."

A boy who had accomplished a good deal in football but little in his studies was dropped from one preparatory school and immediately invited to another. He had been there a few days when he met a member of the faculty. "Well," said the professor, "how do you find it here?" "Pretty fair," said the boy. "That's good. Find it smooth going, eh?" The boy considered. "Well, I shouldn't like to say that exactly," he said. "The field's sort of rough yet in places, sir."

Nothing looks more ugly than to see a person whose hands are covered over with warts. Why have these disfigurements on your person when a sure remover of all warts, corns, etc., can be found in Holloway's Corn Cure.

We are Manufacturing Jewelers. Buy from the Maker

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With the help of our Catalogue and Mail Order Department we are enabled to bring you into almost personal touch with our store and—we lay stress on this point—we are jewelry manufacturers thus we are enabled to sell to you at manufacturers' prices. Thousands of people avail themselves to this advantage. "Why not you?"

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1.—Solid Gold Ring, set with 2 garnets and 4 pearls	\$3.00
2.—Solid 14k. Stick Pin, set with 13 pearls	3.75
3.—Solid Gold Stick Pin, one pearl in centre	1.50
4.—Solid Gold Ring, heavy, set with amethyst or garnet	3.75

The accompanying illustrations are from our Catalogue.

Ambrose Kent & Sons, Limited

156 Yonge St. MANUFACTURING JEWELERS TORONTO

Stove Simplicity

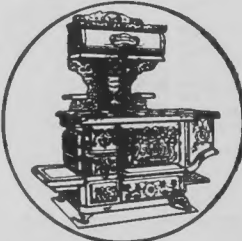
Some stoves need as much poking and urging as an "old-skate" horse. Such stoves waste fuel, waste time, spoil the cooking, exasperate the spirit and make the whole household go wrong. All that kind of bother and delay and disappointment are unknown where they use a

HAPPY THOUGHT RANGE

So simple a child can operate it. One damper heats the oven; another increases the fire; other dampers so check down the fuel consumption that a fire-box of coal will last from twelve to sixteen hours. When you want a hot fire in a hurry, this stove will give you one in five minutes. A little girl or a little boy can be taught to operate a Happy Thought Range without any trouble.

Every Happy Thought burns coal or wood.

Ask your dealer about the simplicity of Happy Thoughts. Write at once for our illustrated catalogue—free.

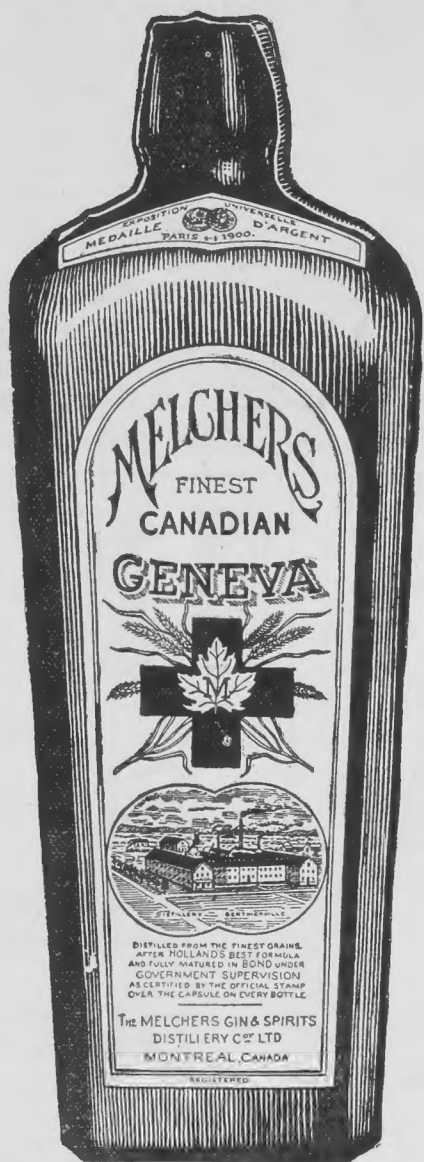


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FREE FREE



This Beautiful Fur Scarf Given Away

This handsome **Fur Scarf**, made of fine black full-furred skins is about **48 inches long**, and has six large beautiful black tails. The fur is full, soft and fluffy, just the right style, equalling in appearance **black Martin Scarfs** that cost **five or six dollars**, ornamented with nice plated Neck Chain of very handsome appearance, rich, warm and stylish looking. We will **give away** one hundred of these extra fine **Fur Scarfs** to ladies and girls who will help introduce Dr. Armour's famous Vegetable Pills, the greatest remedies on earth for the cure of indigestion, constipation, rheumatism, kidney complaints, weak and impure conditions of the blood, catarrh, female weakness, etc. We want a few honest agents in each locality to receive our handsome Furs.

DON'T SEND ANY MONEY

Just send your name and address and agree to sell only eight boxes of these famous remedies at 25c. a box. **We trust you** and send them by mail postpaid. Each customer who buys from you is entitled to a **handsome present** from us. You can sell them quickly. When sold return us the money and we will send this **lovely Fur Scarf** at once. If you sell the goods and return the money quickly we will give you an opportunity to secure a handsome "Gold" Watch or a magnificent Solid Gold-finished Jewelled Ring. Free, besides the Scarf, without selling any more goods. Don't miss this opportunity. Write now before you forget it and you can soon secure these **handsome presents**. Address:

**The Dr. Armour Medicine Co.,
FUR DEPT. 7 TORONTO, ONT.**

NOTE—This is a Grand Offer by a reliable Company.



ENTERTAINING MISCELLANY

VARIOUS SUBJECTS CLEVERLY TREATED

Negro Version of "The Ninety and Nine."

"Po' lil' brack sheep dat strayed away,
Away in de win' an' de rain—
De Good Shepherd He say, "O hirelin,
Go fin' My sheep again."
But de hirelin' say, "O, Shepherd,
Dat sheep am brack an' bad."
But de Shepherd He smile, like dat lil'
brack sheep
Wuz de onliest lamb He had."

"An' dat lil' brack sheep am lonesome,
For de win' an' de rain am col',
An' He say, "O, hirelin', hasten,
Out dere, so far f'um de fol'.
But de hirelin' frown, "O, Shepherd,
Dat sheep am ol' and grey!"
But de Shepherd He smile, like dat lil'
brack sheep
Wuz fair as de break ob day.

An' He say, "O, hirelin, hasten,
Lo! here is de ninety an' nine,
But dere, 'way off f'um de sheepfol',
Is dat lil' brack sheep ob Mine!"
An' de hirelin' frown, "O, Shepherd,
De res' of de sheep am here!"
But de Shepherd He smile, like dat lil'
brack sheep
He hol' it to be mostes' dear.

An' de Shepherd go out in de darkness
Where de night was col' an' bleak,
An' dat lil' brack sheep He fin' it,
An' lay it agains' His cheek.
An' de hirelin' frown, "O, Shepherd,
Don' bring dat sheep to me!"
But de Shepherd He smile, an' He hol'
it close,
An' dat lil' brack sheep—wuz—me."

Miscellaneous.

Hearthstones, if painted with two or three coats of white enamel, will only require to be wiped with a damp cloth when soiled.

Varnished paint can be kept looking as bright as though freshly done by soaking in water some time a bag filled with flaxseed, and then using it as a cloth to clean the paint.

Never rinse white lace in blue water under the impression that this will improve the color. Real lace should be finally rinsed in skim milk, which will give it the soft, creamy tint so much admired.

When cleaning grates, add half a dozen drops of turpentine to the black lead, stir well, and a beautiful polish will be the result when finished. It also keeps stoves from rusting when not in use.

A mixture composed of equal parts of turpentine and linseed oil, will remove white marks on furniture caused by water; rub it in with a soft rag and wipe off with a perfectly clean duster.

Iron rust on marble can be removed by rubbing with lemon juice. Another help for it and other stains, is to mix one ounce of finely powdered chalk, one ounce of pumice stone and two ounces of soda; mix with water and rub the mixture over the stains until they disappear.

An excellent polish for floors is made of half a pound of beeswax, shaved, put into a gallipot and covered with turpentine; stand by the fire to dissolve. When using, put some on a flannel and afterward brush with rather a stiff brush, such for instance, as a scrubbing or boot brush.

To wash embroidered linen, make a strong suds of some white soap and lukewarm water—castile soap is best—and wash the pieces carefully in that. The washboard should not be used. Rinse them immediately in lukewarm water, then in water slightly blued, and then hang them to dry; when half dry, lay them smoothly on a clean cloth, doubled or laid over a piece of double-faced white canton flannel, and press them on the wrong side with a hot iron until they are dry. If the embroideries are fringed, comb the fringe out carefully with a coarse comb.

Wall paper that has become bruised or torn off in small patches and cannot be matched, may be repaired with ordinary children's paints. Mix the colors till you get as nearly as possible the desired shade, and lightly touch up the broken places, and at the distance of a foot or two the disfigurement will be quite unnoticed.

A Hint in Cleaning Brassware.—To clean Indian or other brass trays much engraved, nothing is superior to plain spirits of turpentine rubbed on with a soft rag and carefully rubbed off with a clean duster. By this method no powder, etc., is left in the engraving or carving of the brass, which is often the case when paste is used. Turpentine is much better than lemon juice for brass.

Items of Interest.

The Japanese lover, instead of an engagement ring, may give his future bride a piece of beautiful silk to be worn as a sash.

The King of the Belgians makes only one appearance at public worship in the course of the year. This is on the day which commemorates his accession to the throne.

The dislike entertained in Servia to fair hair is so great that it extends even to the white hair of old age. No Servian matron who respects herself would appear in public with white hair. Nor does she hide the fact that she dyes it periodically.

Preserved fruits hermetically sealed in earthenware vessels were found in Pompeii during some excavations. When opened they were found to be comparatively fresh, and it was this fact that gave the idea of canning fruits, meats and vegetables in chemically sealed vessels.

"Dead Sea fruit" refers to the fact that the beautifully yellow fruit commonly known as the apple of Sodom, flourishes in the neighborhood of the Dead Sea. It has a peculiarly inviting appearance, heightened by the dreary nature of its environment, but the fruit is extremely bitter.

Disappearing paper is a French novelty. Ordinary paper is first steeped in sulphuric acid, diluted according to the intended durability, and is then dried and glazed, the acid being partially neutralized by ammonia vapor. The material is adapted for temporary use. Sooner or later it falls to pieces.

The Czar's eldest daughter has one of the finest collections of penny toys in the world, which have been sent to her from Paris, London and Berlin.

In Stuttgart and some other South German cities fishes are imported by the carload under municipal supervision and sold at low prices for the benefit of the poor.

Women sailors are employed in Denmark, Norway and Finland, and are often found to be excellent mariners. In Denmark several women are employed as State officials at sea, and particularly in the pilot service. They go out to meet the incoming ships; they climb nimbly out of their boats; they show their official diploma and they steer the newcomer safely into the harbor. It is the same in Finland.

Many of the curiosity shops planted in the back streets of most country towns in England are kept up by large London firms, who, from a prolonged study of human nature, have discovered that people who are shy of buying old furniture or old silver in Bond Street or Piccadilly are ready and eager purchasers of precisely the same objects at a rather higher price when they come upon them in the back streets of a country town.

DON'T BUY GASOLINE ENGINES

alcohol engine, superior to any one-cylinder engine; revolutionizing power. Its weight and bulk are half that of single cylinder engines, with greater durability. Costs Less to Buy—Less to Run. Quickly, easily started. Vibration practically overcome. Cheaply mounted on any wagon. It is a combination portable, stationary or traction engine. SEND FOR CATALOGUE. THE TEMPLE PUMP CO., Mfrs., Meagher and 15th Sts., Chicago. THIS IS OUR FIFTY-THIRD YEAR.

UNTIL YOU INVESTIGATE

"THE MASTER WORKMAN,"

a two-cylinder gasoline, kerosene or

Facts and Figures.

The Bank of England contains silver ingots which have lain in the vaults since 1696.

Britz, a suburb of Berlin, is one large rose garden. The number of roses cut daily in season is about 13,000.

A dog show which opened at the Crystal Palace, London, recently, contained 3,503 entries, valued at \$1,250,000.

The elephants in the London Zoological gardens earn \$4,000 a year by carrying visitors about on their backs.

The oldest lighthouse in existence is at Corunna, Spain. It was erected in the reign of Trajan and was rebuilt in 1634.

A recent weighing of dandelion down has shown that 1,000,000 of the dainty parachutes are needed to make a pound.

Sea weeds do not obtain nourishment from the soil at the bottom of the sea, but from the matter contained in sea water.

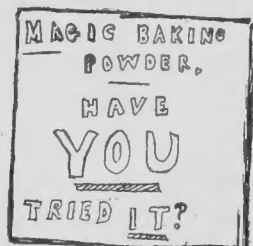
Japan's Fisheries.

Japan leads the world in the economical and scientific development of its fisheries. It has more persons engaged in this industry than any other nation. Sharks are among the commonest food fishes of Japan. They are sent to the markets to be "butchered" like beeves in other countries.

The extent of the Japanese fisheries may be judged from the size of some of the nets employed by the fishermen. A net employed for catching yellowtails recently seen was more than a mile long. It had a bag 900 feet long, 250 feet wide at its mouth, and 125 feet deep. On one occasion 10,000 fish, averaging twenty pounds in weight, were taken at a single haul.

Windmills as Newspapers.

In Holland, births, marriages, and deaths, instead of being recorded in newspapers, are indicated by windmills. When a miller gets married he stops his mill with the arms of the



SIGNS OF THE TIMES.

Sir John Sinclair, a Scottish baronet, has presented gramophones and records to 300 asylums and institutions, on condition that they are played to the inmates for half an hour every day.

During the past 20 years 2,061 balloon and airship ascents have taken place in Germany, and only 36 cases of accident have befallen the 7,570 persons taking part in them. Consequently one trip in 57 comes to grief, or one aeronaut in 210 meets with an accident.

The Khedive of Egypt is one of the potentates who have profited, both morally and financially, from the protection of Britain. In addition to his annual grant of \$500,000 he has amassed an enormous private fortune, and his morals are infinitely better.

The most valuable desolate islands in the world are the Liakoys, in the Arctic Ocean, off the mouth of the Lena, in Siberia. They are frost-bound and utterly barren save for arctic moss, but they contain such enormous quantities of fossil ivory that they are exceedingly valuable—in fact, although uninhabited save for the ivory diggers, and of themselves incapable of supporting life, they produce a revenue of \$5,000,000 a year.

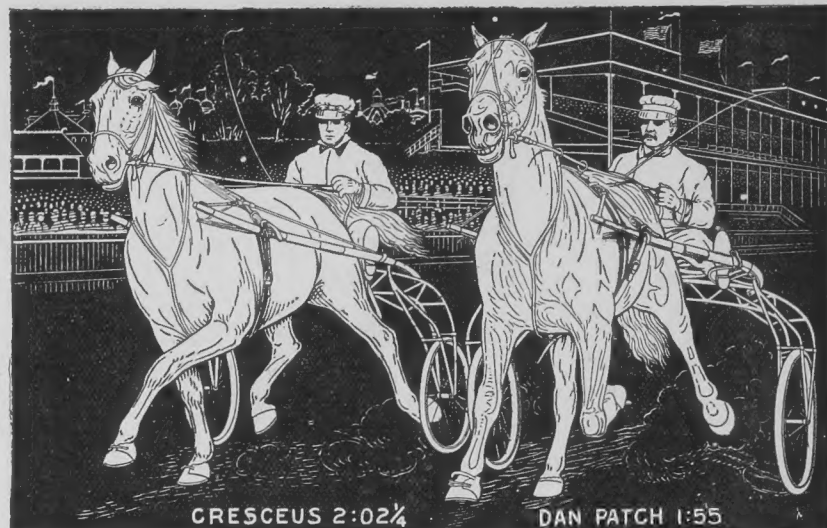
wheel in a slanting position and with the sails unfurled. His friends and guests frequently do likewise with their mills, in token of the ceremony.

To indicate a birth the wheel is stopped with the arms in a slanting position, but at a more acute angle than for a marriage, and with the two upper sails unfurled.

Should a miller die, the sails of his mill are all furled and the wheel is turned round until the arms form an upright cross, in which position they are left until after the funeral has taken place.

The Mexican Bridegroom.

The bridegroom in Mexico finds marriage a very costly business. He is expected to buy the trousseau, and he is fortunate if he can satisfy the extravagance sanctioned by custom and prompted by ardent passion. Young men from the country are said to be often seen in the City of Mexico purchasing all sorts of finery for the ladies of their choice, and the spectacle they present as they consult the measurements, which they carry with them for all sorts of garments, is very amusing.



THIS BEAUTIFUL COLORED PICTURE MAILED FREE

We have just published a beautifully colored reproduction of the above picture, showing Dan Patch 1.55, the World's Champion Harness Horse, and Cresceus 2.02 1/4, the World's Champion Trotting Stallion. This picture shows Dan and Cresceus in their natural colors and would sell for \$2.00 if gotten out in a small edition. We will be very glad to forward you one of these attractive lithographs absolutely free, postage prepaid by us.

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International Stock Food Co.
TORONTO, CANADA

33

Danger in accepting cheap and inferior substitutes. There is always a personally profitable reason for a dealer trying to sell you something by claiming it "just as good."

The GRANBY Lad

Im Tommy Tough, and as tough they say,
As GRANBY RUBBERS in a different way.

They're tough and good, Im tough and bad,
But tough or not, Im a GRANBY lad.



Some people look almost club footed because of the ugly rubbers they wear. GRANBY RUBBERS always have a neat, clean cut appearance, and they WEAR LIKE IRON.

When Writing Advertisers Kindly Mention The Western Home Monthly.

WIT, HUMOR AND FUN

LIFE'S COMIC SIDE TREATED BY CLEVER PENS

Now doth this question make ma sigh
And father scratch his nose—
How can five plunks the presents buy
To fill eight pairs of hose?

"Does Mistletoe bear fruit?"
"Yes, my son, very often. Forbid-
den fruit."

The only man we ever knew who
got what he wanted for Christmas
was a fellow who didn't want anything.

Hamfatt: "What's a good way to en-
joy yourself at Christmas?"
Romeo: "Don't look at your presents
till the next day."

Flora: "Charlie kissed me under the
mistletoe last night. Did he kiss you?"
Dora: "Why—er—not under the mis-
tletoe."

Mrs. Brady: "Be quiet, both av yez.
What yer cryin' fer?"

Little Ellen: "Me mudder says Santy
Claus has gone out on strike, an' dere
ain't goin' to be no Christmas."

"What do you expect to give your
husband for Christmas?"

"I think I shall give him the same
cigars I gave him last year. The dear
absent-minded man has scarcely touch-
ed them."

Paul: "Whad jer git fo' C'rissmus,
'Ginny?"

Virginia: "Mammy's ole gum shoes.
Whad yo' git?"

Paul: "I hain't quite shuah yit, but
I fink pop's done fo'get t' lick me fo'
suckin' dem aigs lars' night!"

Miss Saintly: "Now, children, I will
give a silver dollar at Christmas to
every boy who has a perfect mark in
conduct!"

Bill McGinnis: "Say, teacher, I'll take
a quarter now, 'n' call it square!"

Dar's always er race problem 'bout
Chris'mus times, an' dat's 'tween de
little niggers ter see which un kin git
ter de big house de quikes' ter ketch
de white chillun Chris'mus gif.

Bobby: "Say, mamma, what are you
going to give me for Christmas?"

Mamma: "Oh, anything to keep you
quiet, Bobby."

Bobby: "Well, nothing will keep me
quiet but a drum."

Clossun: "I want to look at some
rings for a Christmas present."

Clerk: "Yes, sir. About what price,
sir?"

Clossun: "The cheaper the better."

Clerk: "And is there any stone your
wife prefers, sir?"

Little Emerson: "You don't believe in
any such ridiculous myth as Santa
Claus?"

Tough Jimmy: "Naw! I'm next to
dat game. All de same, it's a good
graft to let on you believe in him an'
get all dat's comin' to you."

"What makes you cry so bitterly,
little boy?" asked the kind gentleman.

"De 'tree Sunday-schools I j'ined is
goin' ter have der Christmas treats all
on de same night," wailed the little
boy. "Boo-hoo!"

"Has your wife finished her Christ-
mas shopping?"

"Yes. She expects now to be able to
put in all the rest of her time looking
at things she might have bought for
less money if she had only known it."

Drummer: "Were there any novel
features at the Christmas-tree enter-
tainment last night?"

Ruralville Merchant: "Yes; the gen-
tleman who impersonated Santa Claus
did not catch fire from the candles on
the tree and get fatally burned."

May: "If I were as rich as Uncle Tom
I'd be ashamed to be so stingy."

Maud: "Why?"

May: "I gave him a beautiful burnt
leather necktie I made all myself for
Christmas, and he sent me only a twen-
ty-dollar gold piece in return."

"Remember," said the stern parent.
"If you are not a good boy Santa Claus
may fail to bring you anything on
Christmas."

"I know," answered the practical
child, "but I was good before last
Christmas and I didn't get anything that
I wanted, anyhow."

Subbs: "The cook going to quit next
Saturday? Great Caesar! Perhaps if
you were to drop a hint that we intend-
ed giving her a nice present at Christ-
mas she might reconsider."

Mrs. Subbs (dejectedly): "I did, dear,
and that's why she gave notice. She
said she didn't care to work any longer
for such scheming folk."

"About this time of year I always
regret that I wasn't trained to the
priesthood," said the pompous butler.
"Why?" meekly inquired the chef.
"Well, nobody gives priests green,
pink and yellow neckties for Christmas
presents."

A young man married against the
will of his parents, and in telling a
friend how to break the news to them
he said:
"Tell them first that I am dead, and
then gently work up to the climax."

He (encouragingly): "I'm sure of one
thing, my angel: you and I will never
quarrel as that couple are doing."

She (with decision): "Indeed, we
won't. If you ever speak to me as he
did to her, I'll have you arrested."

A well-known judge fell downstairs,
punctuating his journey with a loud
exclamation point at every step. A
bystander hurriedly raised him up and
solicitously inquired: "Is your honor
hurt?"

"No!" snapped the judge, "but my
head is."

An American traveller in England
heard the following in a third-class
railway carriage near London:

Mother (opening a parcel of sand-
wiches): "Johnnie, what kind of sand-
wich will you 'ave?"

Johnnie: "I'll 'ave 'am, mother."

Mother: "Don't say 'am, dear. Say
'am!"

Man in the corner (chuckling to him-
self): "Both of 'em thinks they're say-
ing 'am."

Borus: "I suppose you saw those
'Rhymed Reflections' of mine in the
Grab Bag magazine. That was the re-
sult of a curious mistake. I had ground
out the lines with the intention of writ-
ing them in a friend's autograph al-
bum, but sent them in mistake to the
publishers of the magazine instead of
the poem I had intended to send."

Naggus: "I was sure there was a mis-
take of some kind when I saw the
magazine had accepted them."

Music Teacher: "That boy of yours
gives promise of being a great clarinet
player."

Boy's Father: "Great Scott! I sup-
posed all the time he was merely try-
ing to get back at the family in the
flat above ours, where they keep a
graphophone and a parrot."

"Just back from Europe, are you?
Did you have a rough passage over?"

"Several of 'em. I had to lick the
steward three or four times in order
to get any attention at all."

No More On Earth.

"Sir, I am a student of the Political
Study Club."

"Well, what can I do for you, sir?"

"I want to look through your teles-
cope, sir."

"My telescope?"

"Yes, sir; I want to see if Saturn's
smashed his rings, too."

Repartee.

Policeman (to tramp on park bench):
"There is no sleeping allowed here!"

Tramp: "There ain't? Then what
are you doing here?"

He: "Did you know I had become an
actor?"

She: "No. All I heard was that you
had gone on the stage."

Ella: "Will you go with me next Sat-
urday to see the college teams play
football?"

Stella: "I don't understand the game."

Ella: "You don't have to understand
the game; you just have to be blood-
thirsty."

Binks: "I believe that Mary does not
love me any longer."

Jinks: "Did she say as much?"

Binks: "No; but she let her little sis-
ter sit in the parlor with us last even-
ing."

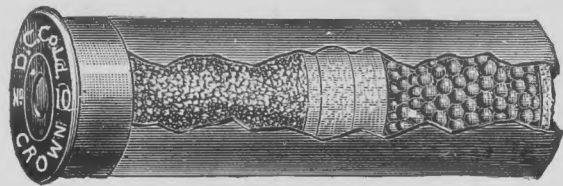
Lucile was making her first visit in
the country.

"What's that?" she cried, as she saw
the fireflies.

"We call them lightning bugs. Didn't
you ever see any before?"

"No; the bugs in our town ain't lit
yet."

A theological student was sent one
Sunday to supply a vacant pulpit in
a Connecticut valley town. A few days
after he received a copy of the weekly
paper of that place with the following
item marked: "Rev. —, of the senior
class at Yale seminary, supplied the
pulpit at the Congregational Church
last Sunday, and the church will now
be closed three weeks for repairs."



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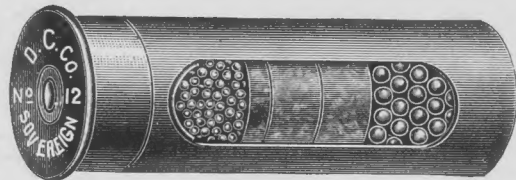
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